March 28, 1936

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Collier's

T ONAL WEEKLY

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ARCH 28 1936

AS DIFFERENT AS DAY AND NIGHT
A. Overholt & Co.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T.
Established 1810
1 PINT 100 PROOF
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROADFORD, PA. U.S.A.

You'll Know This Hearty Taste Among a Thousand

ROBUST with grateful warmth, Old Overholt American straight rye whiskey—bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision*—is the standout among all its kind.

At your first sip, your palate delightedly says: "Here's something finer at last." That's the different, grainy, full-rye flavor which no other whiskey gives you.

You like it even better at your second sip, and thereupon you seal a firm friendship for life. Once accustomed to this taste, no substitute will ever fool you.

Mix Old Overholt as you will, and see how staunchly it holds its potent goodness. Made in the 125-year-old way—every hearty drop is at least four-and-a-half-years old in wood.

Today the rare satisfaction of this fine, full-flavored Pennsylvania rye is yours at Old Overholt's lowest price since the coming of repeal. At your favorite bar and at your liquor store.

** U. S. requirements as to full 100 proof, storage in barrels, and absolute freedom from addition of younger spirits, are more rigid than those of any other country in the world.*

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

OLD OVERHOLT

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A. Overholt & Co.

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"TO SETTLE A BET," said Chester Kerr, Yale '36

to the YALE NEWS Photographer, "I turned out 100 pages longhand, but I just *couldn't* make his Parker Vacumatic run dry!"

LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE
102% More Ink
Holds 102% more ink
Visible ink supply
Scratch-proof point

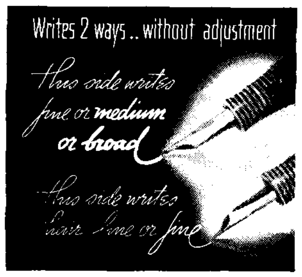
Yes, this Revolutionary Pearl Beauty holds 102% More Ink

than old-style, because it eliminates numerous parts—and shows you when to Refill

Chester Brooks Kerr, assignment editor of the YALE NEWS, challenged a Parker Pen advertisement—bet that his friend's Parker Vacumatic wouldn't write twice as many words on a single filling as the old-style pen that Kerr himself used.

"But I lost," Yale-man Kerr told the YALE NEWS photographer, "and now I take back everything I said. For my friend filled his Parker, and I started writing with it.

"When I'd turned out twenty pages of manuscript, I held the pen to the light, expecting to see it about empty. But the ink level was still high up in the barrel, so I kept on until I'd written forty pages more. Then I looked again. I looked once more when I'd finished page 100—about 10,400 words. But every time there was still enough ink left for me to continue indefinitely.


Writes 2 ways.. without adjustment
This side writes fine or medium or broad
This side writes hair line or fine

"'I give up,' I exclaimed, and called it a day. For I just *couldn't* make his Parker Vacumatic run dry."

Due to its *Visible Ink Supply,* 102% GREATER ink capacity, rare and beautiful laminated Pearl style, and its SCRATCH-PROOF Platinum-and-Solid-Gold Point that writes two ways without adjustment:

- —the Parker Pen has become a 2 to 1 favorite in leading colleges and universities.
- —in America more people prefer it than the next four ranking pens combined!
- —it is favored in 91 countries throughout the world.
- —U.S. and foreign countries alike recognize by patents the genius of Parker's miracle Vacumatic.
- —many modern institutions, banks, hotels, and transportation lines are adopting the Parker as standard equipment. To mention one,—the Milwaukee Road's crack, streamlined, oil-burning "HIAWATHA" train—the 100-mile-an-hour flash that has made railroad history.

Unlike ordinary sacless pens, Parker's sacless marvel contains no SQUIRT-GUN PUMP—nothing to render it useless later. That's why it's GUARANTEED mechanically perfect. And of course, the Parker Vacumatic has NO RUBBER SAC—NO LEVER FILLER—no old-fashioned filling mechanism of any kind.

Keep your obsolete pen for sentiment, if you like—but to speed your learning or earning in these swift-moving times, carry this TOP-FLIGHT invention. And whenever you send a pen as a GIFT, be sure it bears the name "Parker Vacumatic"—for that is the NAME the one who receives it will eagerly look for.

See and try the genuine at any nearby pen counter today. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

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Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10
$7.50
Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

Quink—the New Discovery in Ink Does What No Other Ink Can Do

Parker Qu*ink* is the fastest growing ink in America because it cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any *other* pen. We created this pen-cleaning ink to guard the famous Parker Pens from old-time, pen-clogging inks.

Qu*ink* dissolves sediment left by ordinary inks. And Qu*ink* dries ON PAPER 31% faster, yet does NOT dry in a pen. Get Qu*ink* today from any store selling ink and your pen will never clog.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

FRANK EVERS' first important assignment as a government man was tough. He had to follow Duke Benson to Tucson, Arizona, and see that the Duke and his superiors were captured. Dead or alive—and there wasn't much chance of taking them alive. But that wasn't what made Frank Evers wish his chief had sent him somewhere else. There was a girl with Duke Benson; the girl Frank loved.

W. R. Burnett, who wrote "Little Caesar" and "Doctor Socrates," describes his heart-breaking chase and its dramatic finish in a short story called "Across the Aisle."

"I AM Idaho's next senator." That is the story of the Honorable Charles Ben Ross and he is sticking to it through thick and thin. The fact that there is an obstacle in his path, Senator William Edgar Borah, for whom the citizenry of Idaho have voted automatically time out of mind, does not faze him in the slightest. Governor Ross believes in concentration. He concentrated himself into the governorship. Now he is concentrating on Mr. Borah's seat in the Senate. Natives of the state are awaiting the contest with excitement. There are "Storm Warnings in Idaho." Walter Davenport takes you there to see why.

THE glow from a burning airplane threw dancing red shadows on the snow and put a queer spot of color against the low clouds. The temperature was ten below, and the pilot of the plane was doing his best to kill its designer—whose life he had just saved. It was a crazy fight. But you'll see some sense in it after reading "Little Guy" by Leland Jamieson.

WE'VE often wondered what makes people climb mountains. Now we know. Edwin Muller has written an article about it. He's an expert climber himself, but he makes no attempt to answer the question. He just pushes an ice axe into your hand and takes you along to see for yourself. "Up You Go!"

VERY likely you share our admiration for the amazing gifts of John Dyce, the blind detective. His latest exploit will dumfound you—unless you stop to remember that the only reason no one else could solve the mystery was because it was based on a visual illusion. "Sight Unseen" is by Thomas McMorrow.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Kyle Crichton, Bernard DeVoto, Sax Rohmer, Quentin Reynolds, Frank Condon and others supply you with fun and facts in a perfectly balanced diet.

This Week

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March 28, 1936

Cover by C. C. Beall

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JOHN T. FLYNN
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GEORGE CREEL
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FRANK CONDON
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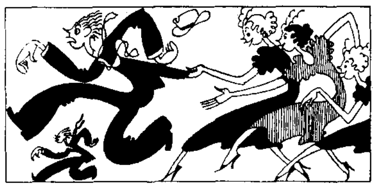
●

Any Week

NOT that there is anything we can do about it, but Mr. Oren Rhea of Denver, Colorado, reports that there are twenty million "single women of marriageable age in the United States." Somehow, thinks Mr. Rhea, this surplus must be curtailed if industry is to revive with anything approximating completeness. He admits the impossibility of plowing them under or shooting them. And yet he finds but fifteen million "eligible bachelors" to absorb the girls. An admittedly nasty situation. Mr. Rhea has several rectifying proposals but something tells us to change the subject.



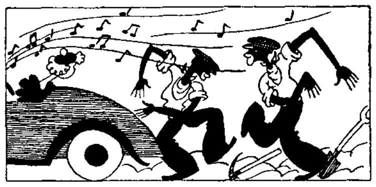
AND we do so because, perhaps, a Mrs. T. Sommat of Detroit, Michigan, says we lack courage. "If," says Mrs. Sommat, "you had any courage at all you would give the world the names of the nine men who run this country and are responsible for all our troubles."

WE haven't any idea who they are and we'd have quite a bit of trouble being convinced that a mere nine men could have done a job of such proportions. But we do have a faint recollection of having said that about 130,000,000 persons were to blame, that being our rough estimate of the population.

WHICH fetches us neatly to Mr. Louis M. Mander of St. Joseph, Missouri. To Mr. Mander came a lady who wanted to know the name of the man in Washington who was guilty of "all the scandalous mismanagement that was going on." Mr. Mander told her she was a bit general and added: "Just what mismanagement do you refer to?" And she replied: "That's what I intend to find out, Mr. Mander."

BUT that doesn't impress us much. Last week we were visited by a gentleman who had come in to protest. He couldn't quite recall the name of the story that had irritated him but he did remember that the author's name began with H. At any rate, the tale had it that a lady schoolteacher had gone to the principal's office and smoked a cigarette. And he doesn't like schoolteachers who smoke cigarettes. We did our best for him. "Are you sure," we asked, "that it was in Collier's?" And he said: "Oh, yes, I'm sure. You see, I'm a very careful reader and have a good memory."

ANYWAY, our invaluable friend, Mrs. P. R. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, while driving her car toward Little Rock the other day, came upon an example of what Washington likes to call WPA activity. "Picture," says Mrs. Sheaffer, "a gang of colored men doing their level best to leave Mother Earth undisturbed—and get paid for it. Everything calm and peaceful like. I turned on my car radio. A lively hoedown came forth. The boys stirred. Presently they came to. Mattock and grubbin' hoe began to beat time. Straw and clouds of dust nearabout suffocated me. Then the boss-man politely told me I would have to 'leave out.' If I kept my radio going the job would be completed before night. But the work schedule called for several days more for each man."



BUT that's only a sample of what the government has on its mind these days. We arrived in the Senate wing of the Capitol not long ago. On the floor a great mass of tremendous problems were being talked down. But we followed a crowd of gesticulating senators and correspondents who were so heated in their exchanges that we thought that here at last we were right in at the birth of something of world-quaking importance. But, no. It was all about a new washroom in the Senate Press gallery. The newspaperwomen were insisting upon it. And the newspapermen were certain it wasn't necessary—some going so far as to say that newspaperwomen weren't necessary. And the senators trying to please both.

WHEREUPON we left Washington, striking south, and at Gainesville, Georgia, we got to talking to a native who told us we wouldn't be playing fair with ourself unless we stopped in Atlanta to see Governor Gene Talmadge. "Gene's back from up among the Yankees," he told us. "I ain't seen him but I hear his trip was right disappointin'. Wind howled so bad the folks couldn't make out what Gene was sayin'."

AND another gentleman told us that he had just come out of Arkansas where over a door he saw a homemade sign: "Townsend Plan Club, Successor to Huey Long Headquarters. Wipe your feet."

AND dry those tears?

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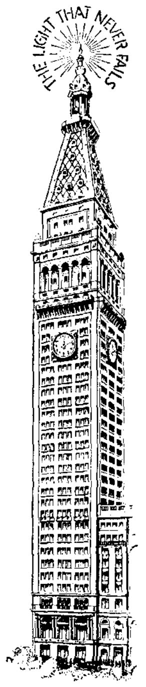
Take your baby regularly to the doctor for health checkups. Consult him about immunization against some of the diseases of childhood.

The Healthy Child

EVERY prospective mother is a builder. She has the most important job in the world—the building of a human being—a son or a daughter. Foods are her building materials—both the food she eats before her baby is born and the food she gives him during babyhood.

The building process must begin even before the baby is born. Under her doctor's care and observation, the prospective mother will be advised what she should eat, the amount and kind of exercise she should take and how much time she should spend out-of-doors in fresh air and sunshine.

Perhaps the mother should be on a special diet or restricted exercise—because of underweight or overweight or some difficulty with her blood pressure, kidneys or heart. It is important to know and observe these conditions long before the baby arrives.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

After the baby is born, he should when possible have the food that is best for him—his own mother's milk. But if conditions prevent, the doctor will order the best substitute. Into baby's diet must go all the elements needed to build sound teeth, sturdy bones, strong muscles. His food must contain the vitamins needed to help him grow into vigorous childhood and to build up resistance to help him fight off disease.

The Metropolitan will send you a 32-page book "The Baby" which was prepared by experts. It tells not only about his feeding, but gives helpful advice regarding his clothing, bathing, sleep and play. All this information supplements the advice you will receive from the doctor who periodically examines your baby.

This useful book "The Baby" will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 436-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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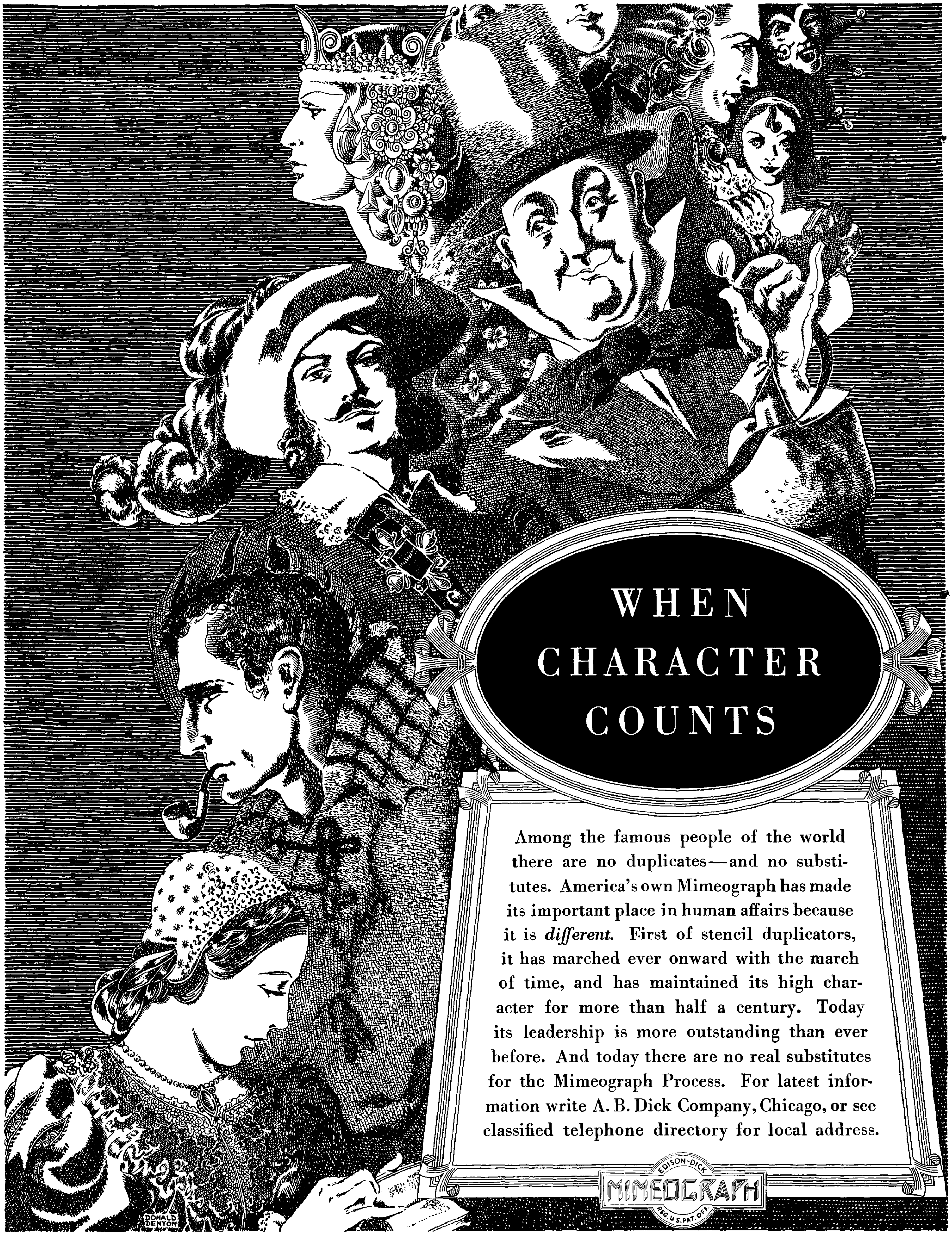

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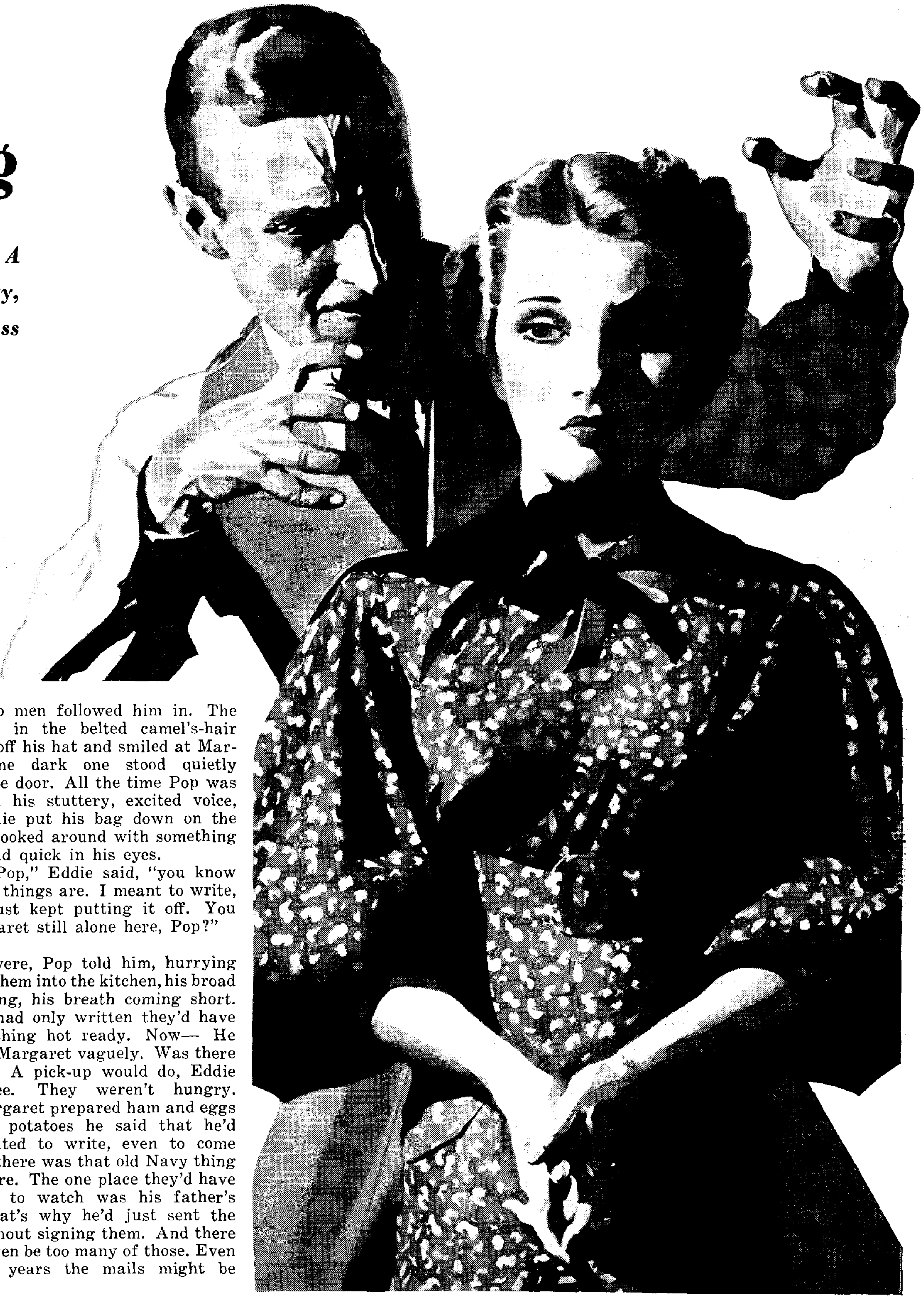
Homecoming

Margaret Riley's brother comes back. A swift-moving, stirring drama of today, with a climax that will hold you breathless

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



It was Stern who, in a great bound, was behind her

MARGARET knew him at once, the moment she opened the door and saw him cut out of the porch darkness by the glow of the light behind her, with the other two men flanking him, a step in back at each side, and the faint, loose smile unchanged and graven on his lips. The ten years seemed only to have sharpened his small features and made them quieter, more intent; he still was slender and dapperly dressed, in a fine double-breasted blue suit, a black, snap-on bow tie set neatly between coat lapels at the inverted white triangle of his shirt.

"Hello," he said. "I'll bet you don't even know me, Sis."

The mustache moved tightly as he grinned at her. Precise, curved, trimmed up from the mouth, the narrow dark strip did not give his face age but a dark kind of boldness under the black eyes that were bright and quick-moving, with the same small core of secrecy, of contained and hidden amusement, centered in the irises. Margaret would have known him by them, by the smile, if everything else about him had changed.

"Eddie," Margaret said. "You're Eddie."

The surprise in her was too sudden, too complete, to be touched by excitement in that first moment. Opening the door wider, she kissed his cheek; behind her was the sound of Pop's steps as he came from the kitchen into the hall.

"And Mr. Riley," Eddie said, grinning again. "How'd you like to help me work my way through college?"

Pop stared at him a moment. Then he could just grip his hand with his plump face beginning to shine dazedly, and stutter: "Well, boy, it's—it's—Eddie! Eddie! Why didn't you write? Why didn't you let me know where you were? Why didn't you tell us you were coming?"

Eddie stepped in through the doorway, watching him with that lazy boy's smile, and the dark, secretly amused eyes.

"Keep your shirt on, Pop. I didn't know myself I'd be coming back until yesterday. Then I thought it would be nice to surprise you."

The two men followed him in. The blond one in the belted camel's-hair coat took off his hat and smiled at Margaret. The dark one stood quietly against the door. All the time Pop was talking in his stuttery, excited voice, while Eddie put his bag down on the floor and looked around with something careful and quick in his eyes.

"Now, Pop," Eddie said, "you know how those things are. I meant to write, sure. I just kept putting it off. You and Margaret still alone here, Pop?"

THEY were, Pop told him, hurrying before them into the kitchen, his broad face shining, his breath coming short. If Eddie had only written they'd have had something hot ready. Now— He turned to Margaret vaguely. Was there anything? A pick-up would do, Eddie said—coffee. They weren't hungry. While Margaret prepared ham and eggs and fried potatoes he said that he'd often wanted to write, even to come back, but there was that old Navy thing hanging fire. The one place they'd have been sure to watch was his father's home. That's why he'd just sent the cards, without signing them. And there couldn't even be too many of those. Even after ten years the mails might be watched.

"Yes," Pop said, his eyes clouding. "There's always been that, Eddie. Only—well, I've thought of it often. I thought it might have been my fault. It wasn't because of anything I did that you ran away, Eddie?"

"Don't you worry about that," Eddie said. "It was the town, Pop—I guess I was a crazy kid just running wild." He looked around the room, nodding. "It all even seems the same." The dark man—Mr. Stern, Eddie called him—was sitting next to him, and Eddie touched his arm. "I haven't been back in ten years, Lou. And now it don't seem that long. It's hard to believe. Pop looks younger now than he did then."

"Ah," Pop said, nodding his head uncomfortably. "I've worried about you, Eddie. Many a night. Not knowing where you were was hard. I'd even thought," Pop said, rubbing his thumb slowly under his chin, "that they'd have forgotten that Navy thing, Eddie. Eighteen you were; if you made your peace with them they mightn't be hard. They wouldn't be, on a boy."

Leaning back in the chair, Eddie smiled at him.

"How'd you like to know that's all fixed up? I've been doing pretty good for myself, Pop; I know some people—big people—who could smooth out a lot of things worse than a kid who didn't know what it was all about, deserting ship. That's all fine, Pop. They're seeing to it in Washington now. Another week and they write it off the books."

"Thank God," Pop said heavily. "It's a weight off my shoulders, Eddie. You were a good boy—reckless maybe, but no harm in you."

"That isn't even the best part," Eddie said, smiling at him. "Mr. Stern and Mr. Carter here are thinking of building a factory in town. They're Stern and Carter—hardware. That's why I took a chance on coming down before things were fixed in Washington. If they build it they're going to put me in charge—general manager, Pop. How would you like that?"

Mr. Stern cleared his throat. "I'm sorry," he said, "that Eddie said that. I wouldn't want you building any hopes, Mr. Riley. Nothing's definite yet; we only came down to look around. If we find a good spot cheap enough we'll buy.

But you know how people are, Mr. Riley, when they find out they have something you want. Prices go up to where you can't touch them. If that happens—" He smiled faintly, shrugging his shoulders.

Pouring fresh coffee, Margaret turned to see the blond man, Carter, rubbing a hand over a quiet, foolish grin. It was a jar to the surprise that had held her silent, listening to them—an odd surprise that faintly, somewhere deep, held foreboding. It was almost as if she was not glad to see Eddie back. Trying to dismiss that thought, she looked at his dark, boyish face, grave now, as he spoke to Pop across the table.

He'd been reckless, Pop had said. Something more, perhaps, that Pop had never learned. There was that business at Grant's, where he'd worked for a week. But she'd paid it all back, every penny, and Pop had never known anything about it. Old Mr. Grant liked Pop; he'd kept it quiet. And there were other things. They troubled her now, though she tried to tell herself she was silly. Eddie was her brother, and she was glad to have him back. It was only that after ten years he might have been a stranger, the only things remembered about him, the hard, secret eyes, the thin smile. She thought, oddly, that if those things had gone from him, if they had changed, the warmth and closeness she fought to feel would have come easily, when she kissed him, without struggle. The foreboding would not have been in her.

"You see how it is?" he said earnestly. "I'll have to lay low until I hear from Washington, Pop. And you and Margaret mustn't tell anyone we're here—not even Mr. Stern or Mr. Carter. Because if that got around people would be able to figure out why they came; they wouldn't be able to look over the town and negotiate quietly for a site. If you want me here you and Margaret will have to keep quiet, Pop. For two or three days, a week maybe, no one must know we're here. Not until everything's settled. They'd give me five years for deserting from the Navy. And if they caught me before my friends fix it it's all spoiled. I'd go to jail, Pop. They couldn't help me then."

Across the table Margaret drank her coffee quietly. It might all be true; she had no way of knowing. But when she heard Pop's voice she felt afraid, and with something fierce and protective rising in her she thought that he couldn't have come back to trick Pop again. He couldn't. Why would he lie?

Afterward in her room she thought that Eddie was her brother and she loved him. He'd grown up, out of wildness; he'd changed. And she was glad he was back. Glad, glad. . . .

But the small touch of fear was on her as she fell asleep.

EDDIE and the men slept late the next morning, so that she and Pop had breakfast alone. Over his second cup of coffee Pop stopped and looked up at her.

"Wednesday night," he said. "Your Johnny will be up. But there mustn't be a word, girl. You heard Eddie—no one's to see him. You'll wait at the gate. You won't mind that?"

He nodded at her solemnly, and the action brought the uneasiness back somehow, wrinkling her dark brows. But Pop didn't feel it. Backing his sedan away from the shiny dark car of Lou Stern that crowded it in the small garage, he was full of plans. Nobody now would remember that old talk about Eddie—not when the factory was built, and he was Mr. Riley, General Manager. He was going to be somebody, and Pop had been sure of it all the time. The boy had brains—good blood, Pop said, nodding to himself, was bound to show. When he had parked his car at the railroad station he stood for a moment in the agent's door, and winked at her knowingly as she waited to cross Lathrop Street to her office. Not a word, his uplifted finger cautioned her. Not a whisper.

The foreboding faded and died in her under the normal matter-of-factness of Mr. Larkin's voice, the crisp, sharp rush of typing his dictation. It seemed nothing but silliness. The blond man and Mr. Stern were—funny; but that might be merely because she didn't like them. At eight that evening, when she met Johnny at the front gate, the foreboding had nearly gone.

"I thought we'd walk," she told Johnny.

He bowed low, holding her hand.

"Your slightest whim," he said. "We walk, madam."

DARK and quiet under a line of oaks, the path crossed the brow of the ridge and meandered out to starlit intimacy on the far side. Their house was the last one on Hill Street, cut off from view by a fringe of woods around it, and looking back she could see the yellow blur of windows, patched across by the thick spread of tree limbs. Now, with Johnny, the foreboding had entirely vanished; the reason for secrecy had ceased to have anything furtive about it. Pop was down there talking to him, and Margaret thought it had only been the first surprise, the shock. Pop was pretty happy. Nothing else mattered a great deal.

Below them the town spread out in a light-filtered spray of streets and houses, glittering through the May darkness with something familiar and comfortable about them. There was a bench on the brow of the hill where they had sat before, where they sat now; and Johnny told her how things were going at the bank. They were pretty busy; often he didn't get out to work on the house until after seven. But in August it would be finished—surely in August—and they talked mostly about that time. Miraculously it was eleven when he glanced at his watch.

But they sat for a while longer in the sweet, vague darkness of the meadow; and then they came down the hill, and Johnny kissed her at the gate. In the parlor Lou Stern, set solidly on his chair, was talking to Pop.

"We were out this morning," he said. "Mr. Carter and myself. Just for a short while—we don't want to be seen too much. But it looks like a live town, Mr. Riley. If we find the property we want at the price we can pay I haven't seen any place I'd like better."

On the couch Eddie lay back with his arms under his head, a cigarette in his mouth and his eyes moving lazily as he saw her.

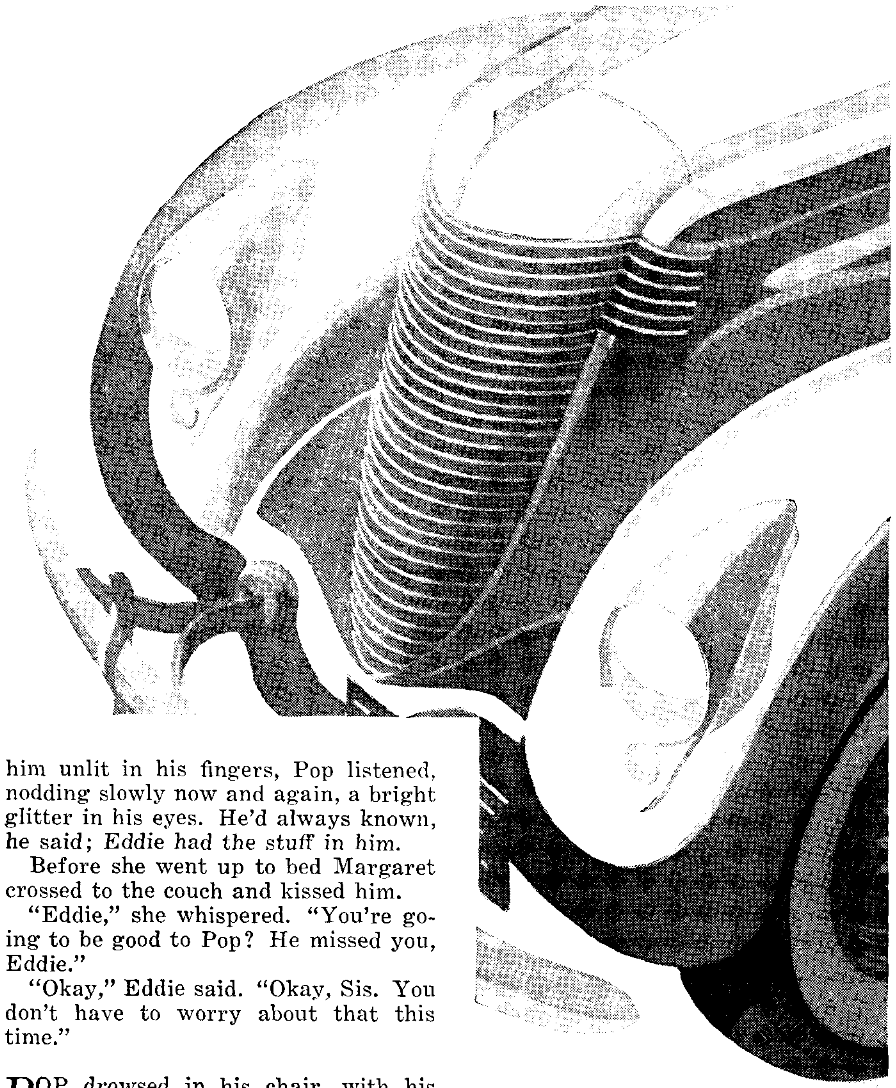
"Hello," he said. "How were the movies?"

"Walking," Pop told him. "Out walking."

He winked portentously at Lou Stern.

When Eddie smiled his lips moved full and slow, then remained still for a long time, drawn smoothly back into the boyish, apple-flushed cheeks. He seemed to be smiling to himself, at something no one else saw, at some remembered place or moment that brought with it a remote and singular humor. After Lou Stern had gone upstairs he watched the ceiling like that, while she and Pop talked and asked him questions.

He was an accountant, Eddie said; he'd picked it up knocking about the city. If it hadn't been for the Navy thing, and the fear that they'd be still watching, he'd have come back to see them. Until that was settled he'd had to keep low, not even risking the chance of having them come up to see him. But he had a fine job now. In his chair, with the cigar that Lou Stern had given him unlit in his fingers, Pop listened, nodding slowly now and again, a bright glitter in his eyes. He'd always known, he said; Eddie had the stuff in him.



Before she went up to bed Margaret crossed to the couch and kissed him.

"Eddie," she whispered. "You're going to be good to Pop? He missed you, Eddie."

"Okay," Eddie said. "Okay, Sis. You don't have to worry about that this time."

POP drowsed in his chair, with his hands on the arms, his broad face relaxed under the lamplight. Margaret kissed him lightly, her heart warm. It was a fine thing that his son had come back. Eddie watched her, smiling, the thin dark glitter in his eyes. It seemed friendly now, though still amused, in the bright, warm room.

Long after, she woke in darkness to a faint mutter of voices directly below her, in the kitchen. She listened to them drowsily before the thought struck her that Pop might be ill; then she got quickly out of bed. But when she was halfway down the back stairs she stopped, recognizing the voices.

"A hell of a thing," the blond man said, with something loud and thick in his voice. "Where does he get off taking my liquor away? I need a drink, Lou."

Lou Stern's voice was lower, more cautious, but through the open door it was distinct enough.

"Forget that," he said. "If Rosy heard you down here—"

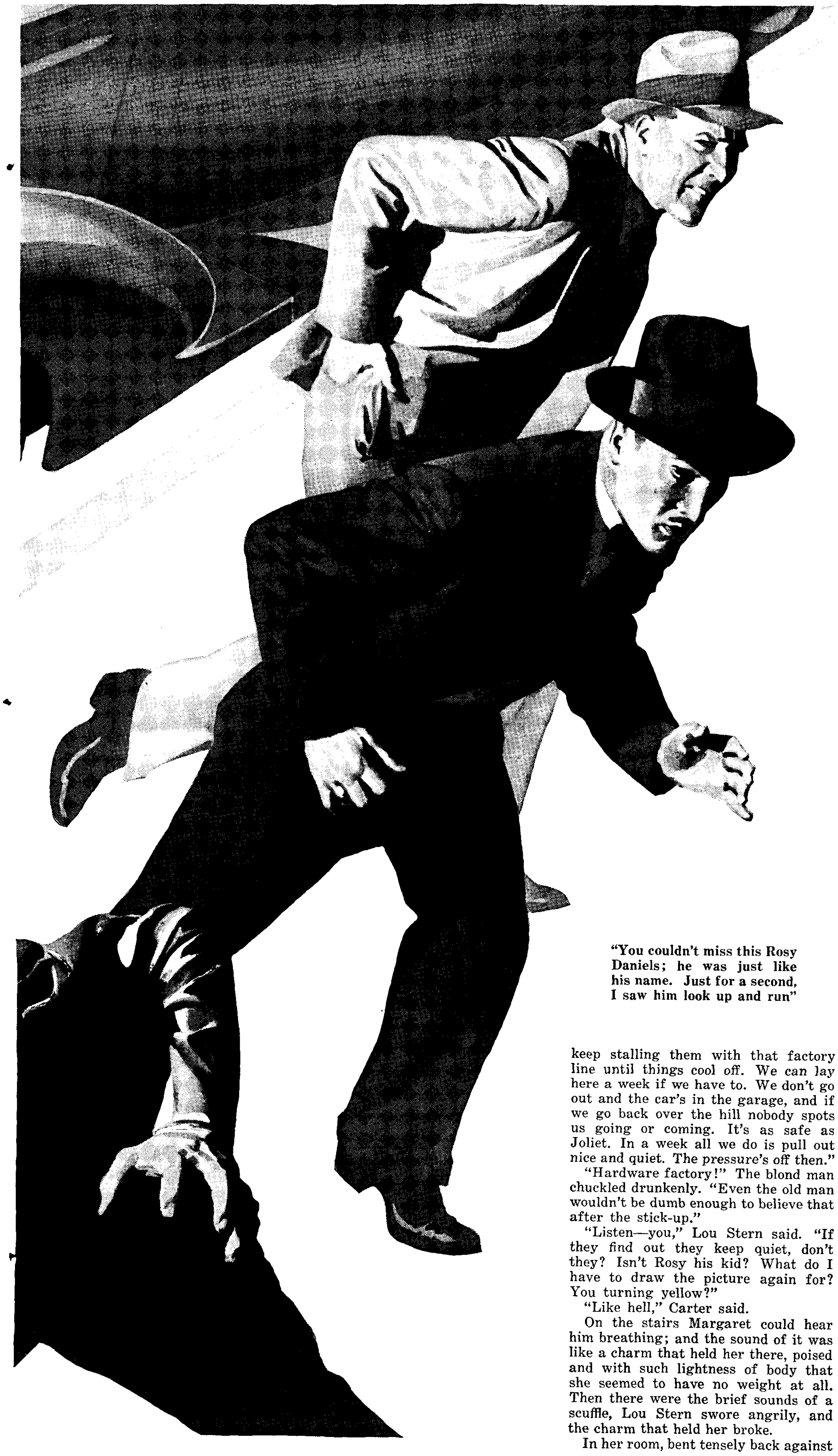
"So what?" Carter asked hoarsely. "So what? Who the hell is Rosy Daniels? If I feel like pulling out of here I pull out. And maybe I do feel like it."

"You won't pull out on Rosy Daniels," Lou Stern said softly. "Maybe he is red-hot; but you won't pull out on him, Artie. He planned this thing too long to let any heel spoil it. The one time he was picked up the cops couldn't get any dope on him. They don't know who he really is; no one knows but us. In the big town he's Rosy Daniels—but here he's Eddie Riley."

"Okay," Carter muttered. "And what does that get us?"

Lou Stern cursed him in a gentle voice.

"You can't see it—you're too dumb. But Rosy worked in Steel's when he was a kid, during summer vacations, and Steel's got a pay roll that runs to thirty grand. We knock that over Friday while the old man and the sister are working. Then we duck back here and



"You couldn't miss this Rosy Daniels; he was just like his name. Just for a second, I saw him look up and run"

keep stalling them with that factory line until things cool off. We can lay here a week if we have to. We don't go out and the car's in the garage, and if we go back over the hill nobody spots us going or coming. It's as safe as Joliet. In a week all we do is pull out nice and quiet. The pressure's off then."

"Hardware factory!" The blond man chuckled drunkenly. "Even the old man wouldn't be dumb enough to believe that after the stick-up."

"Listen—you," Lou Stern said. "If they find out they keep quiet, don't they? Isn't Rosy his kid? What do I have to draw the picture again for? You turning yellow?"

"Like hell," Carter said.

On the stairs Margaret could hear him breathing; and the sound of it was like a charm that held her there, poised and with such lightness of body that she seemed to have no weight at all. Then there were the brief sounds of a scuffle, Lou Stern swore angrily, and the charm that held her broke.

In her room, bent tensely back against the closed door, she heard them pass. But after they had gone and it was quiet she did not relax; inside she seemed caught and formed in a white-hot glow. Against some inner, shrinking darkness she could see big cars careening with frenzied speed; she could see headlines and the unforgotten picture of a dying trooper, she could hear the cold, crisp voices of radio men—the reports from Racine, St. Paul, Detroit, Chicago. And the smaller towns—Mason City, Waterloo, Storm Lake and Portage, Logansport and Mishawaka. The incredible car passed through, it sometimes stopped, and in newsreels she had seen the gas station men who had served them, the waitresses, smiling and excited before the camera, who had sold them food. Rosy Daniels, Lou Stern had said—and now in her the name was a dreadful key, a cold burning that devoured her mind. Written blackly in blood and terror, and a spurting violence, across autumn and a frozen winter and the kind months of spring, it came before her now, alive and flaming. Rosy Daniels—and quietness for a month, with Rosy Daniels dead, Rosy Daniels hiding, Rosy Daniels fled to Canada.

But it was a simpler thing than any of those. Rosy Daniels had come home. There was a boy named Eddie Riley who was back out of darkness, out of ten years, out of blood and the terrible name that had not marked him, nor changed the lidded humor in his eyes. Against the door Margaret whispered: "Pop! Pop!" Her heart was riven, her eyes too dry for tears.

HER father was already up when she came down in the morning. With her checked apron distended tautly across his big front, his eyes intent and absorbed, he was mixing a huge bowl of batter, while the great iron pan warmed behind him, on the stove.

Pop had always been proud of his pancakes—man's food they were, and only a man could prepare them right. He was so absorbed that he did not notice Margaret's paleness; and when, half through her coffee, she heard Eddie and the others stirring upstairs, she rose and kissed Pop quickly. She knew she could not look at them, smile and talk; she said Mr. Larkin wanted her early that day.

Outside on the walk a light breeze swept in smooth long puffs across the valley, from hills on the far side bathed in clear colorless morning light. Before her the Bennett twins spewed out through their gateway, and ran off with schoolbags banging against their scrubbed knees. Once, very long ago it seemed, she and Eddie had come down the hill like that; but, as she tried to remember, the impressions came back vague and blurred, and the great, quiet pain flowered in her heart.

IT DID not change all morning. The swift and frenzied succession of voices, of figures, started again in some small part of her mind, as if they had a life of their own, independent of her will. Quietly insistent there came the urgent whisper of the terrible name, faint cries, and the bold, dark eyes, the boyish face, the silent and furtive amusement. There was something she could do, something she must do, and at lunch time, meeting Johnny, she ate and talked with some detached part of herself that did familiar, accustomed things, trying to make clear to herself what it was.

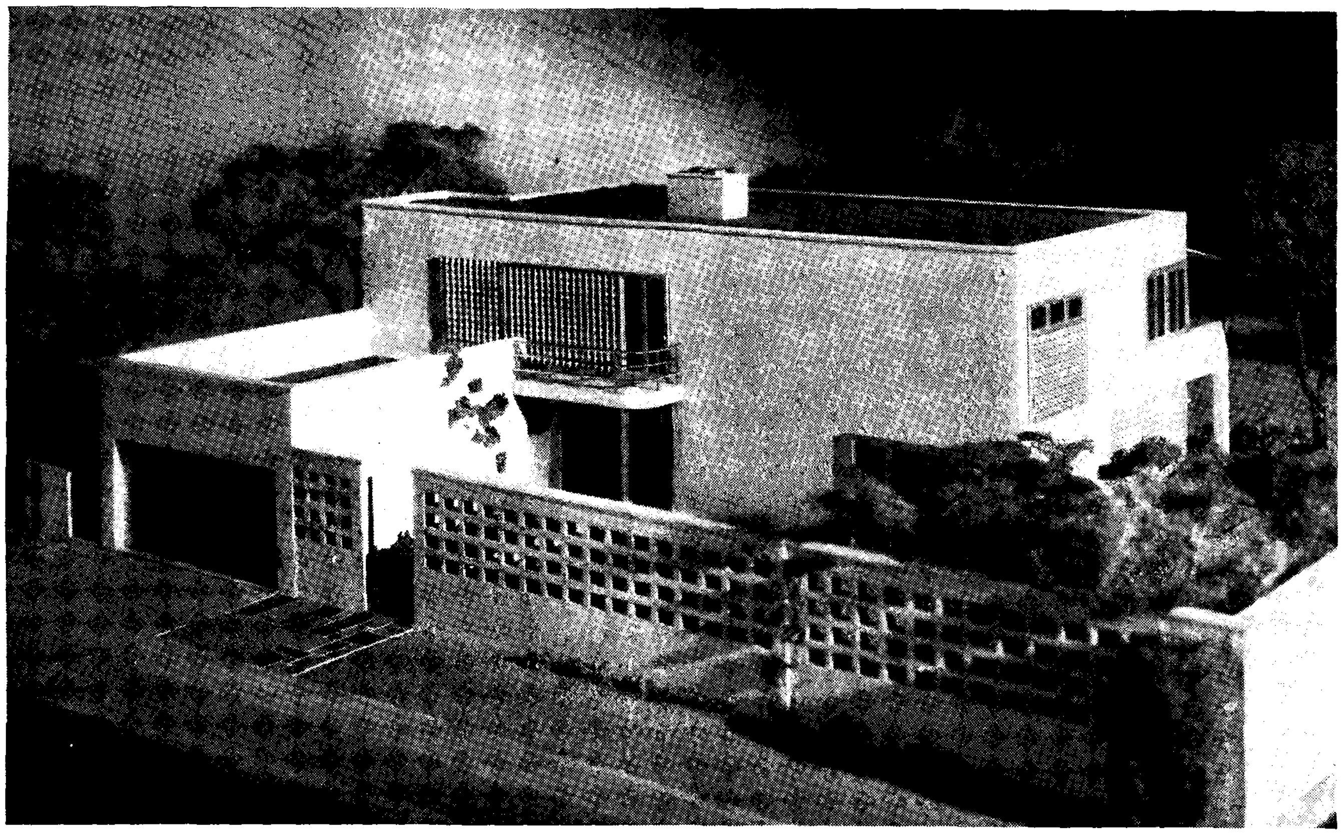
"Here," Johnny said, when they were having dessert. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you don't know what I'm talking about, hon."

She tried to force the thickness in her cheeks into a smile.

"I'm sorry, Johnny. I'll try to do better. Do you—are you busy at the bank?"

(Continued on page 68)

The time when you had to arrange your life to suit your house is past. Now you can begin with your requirements for living and build your house to fit them. That's what "modern architecture" means. And here is an example. Collier's retained Edward D. Stone, a distinguished modern architect, to draw plans of an ideal modern house for a man of moderate means. Experts in other fields, taking full advantage of the newest materials and the latest devices, have collaborated to make it the last word in efficiency, economy and charm. In later articles the house will be landscaped, decorated and lighted. Here Mr. Flynn proudly shows you Collier's house



A Good Place

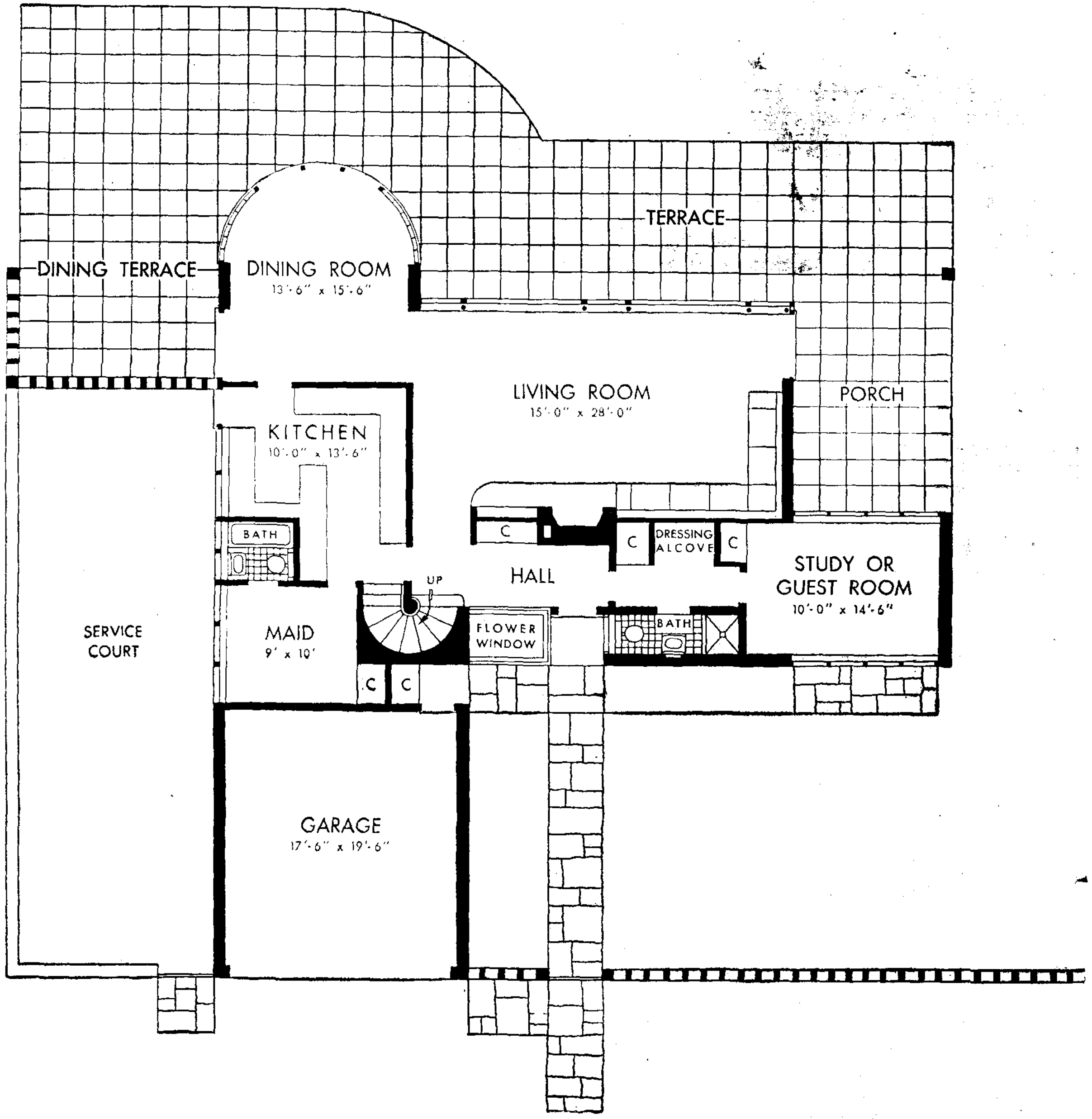
THOSE politicians who are brawling about the country now talking about plans to make Americans a peaceful and contented people are monkeying with something they little understand. For Americans seem never to be contented unless they are dissatisfied.

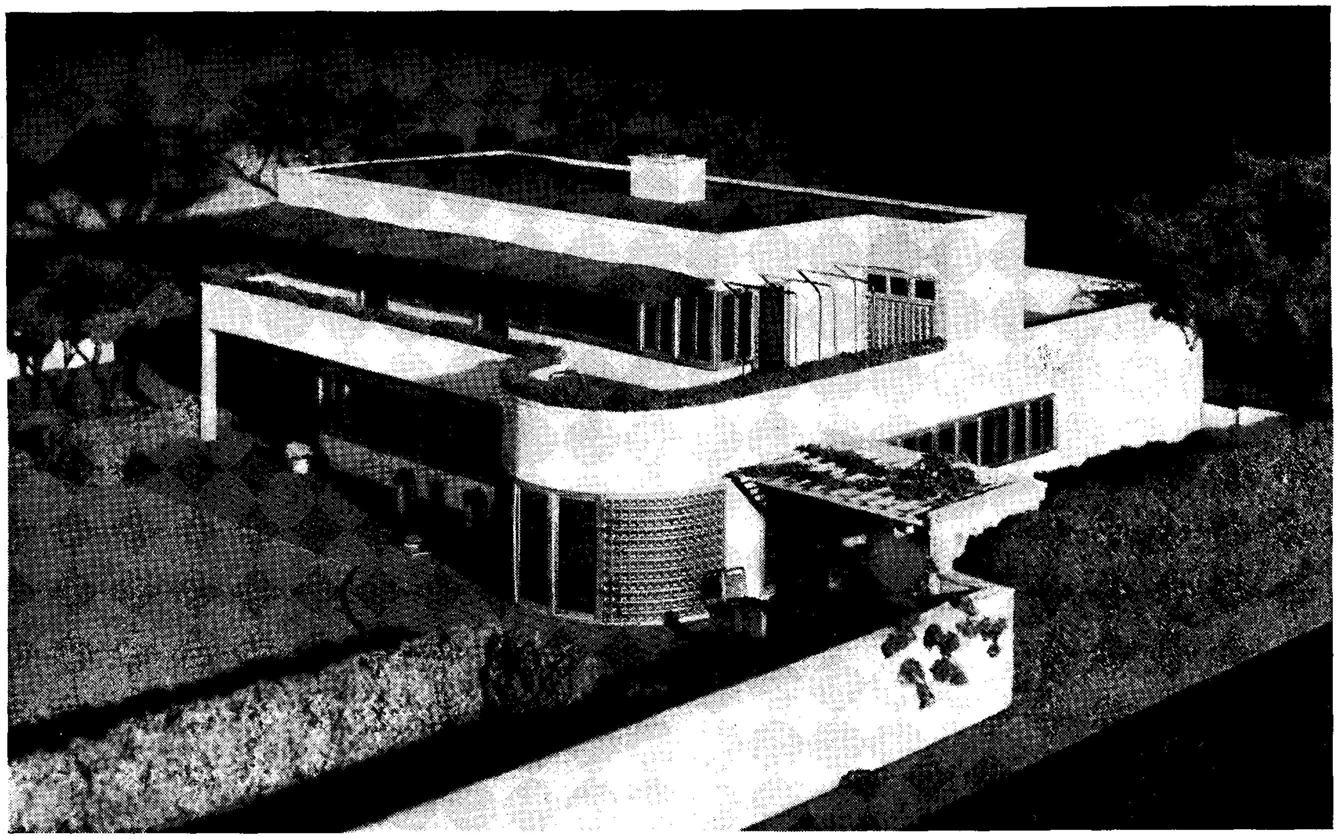
At least America is never prosperous when it is satisfied. When it is satisfied with its houses, its cities, its laws, its processes, its parks, its horses and buggies, it drops right into a depression. When it gets dissatisfied with what it has and proceeds to take vigorous measures to get something better, the depression departs. The men who end depressions are the men who plant the divine spark of dissatisfaction in our minds.

Edison made practically everybody in America dissatisfied with the oil lamps and Welsbach burners. The motor makers made everybody dissatisfied with the five-mile-an-hour gait, the buckboards and the dust roads. Can it be that, all of a sudden, we are about to develop a robust dissatisfaction with our homes? Can it be that we are about to start flinging most of our outmoded rooftrees on the scrap heap with the student lamps and barouches of yesteryear? What! You don't believe it?

Well, just hunt up a picture of Main Street and Market Street back in the gay nineteen-tens. Lay it alongside a picture of the same Main and Market Streets today. Then ask yourself what has become of all those gaudy business blocks—the Masonic Temple, the Emporium, the Grand Hotel, and those solid three-story office buildings where the lawyers, dentists, insurance solicitors and blue-sky merchants had their lairs? Somewhere back in the late nineties an American architect learned how to use the newly developed technique of steel construction to build skyscrapers—mighty six- and ten-story towers. And presto! We called in the wreckers and put them to work reducing all those proud business blocks to heaps of brick and plaster. And made work.

And so, early in this 20th century, architects began to talk about functionalism, and, setting aside the romanti-





At the top of the opposite page you see Collier's house as it would appear from the street: the garage on the front where it is easy to drive in and out, an entry court that makes an outdoor living-room, a play deck above the garage, a band of glass brick to light the upper hall and stair well. On this page you see the house from the privacy of the garden, with bedrooms, living-room and dining-room all enjoying the view. Plenty of deck space and terrace. That's glass brick again, set in the curve of the dining-room to give more light and yet avoid a goldfish bowl effect. Everything works and has its purpose, but the result is none the less charming and livable

to Live

By John T. Flynn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE H. VAN ANDA

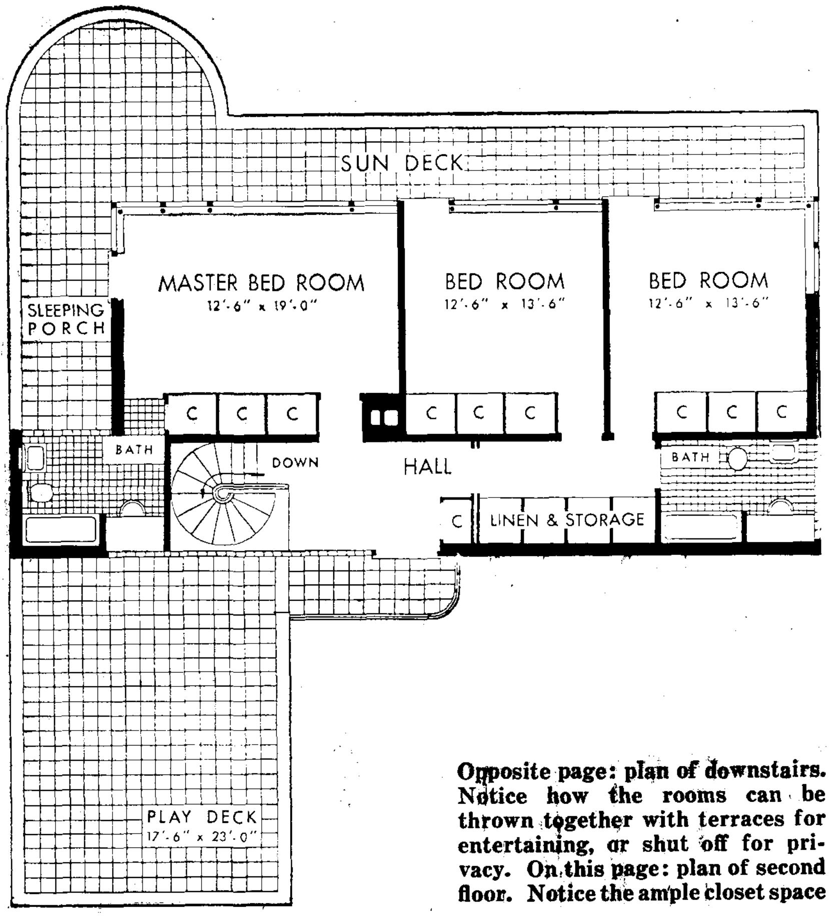
cisms and ornamentations of the past, began to create a new style in house design. You know it. You know its flat planes, its gleaming surfaces of color, its severely simple lines. You call it the modern house. You may not like the modern house. But it has an idea behind it of which the exterior design is a mere incident. It has been called a "machine for living." That is the revolutionary idea which is hidden away in this new architecture.

In the old kind of housebuilding, we settled upon a type of house—Colonial or Spanish or Old English or what-not—and then arranged our rooms inside as well as we could. We were limited at the start by the exigencies of the settled design. Now in the new technique of housebuilding, the architect proceeds in the reverse order. That is, he settles on the rooms desired, the location of the rooms and the uses to which they are to be put. If you can imagine such a thing, visualize a house built without any outer walls, but all the rooms put in precisely the places we want them without reference to the exterior shape or design. Having done this, what you would have would be a nest of rooms. The modern architect then proceeds to put a shell over them, which is the exterior of the house. The modern style lends itself to this, for the architect can give beauty of line and form to any shape this shell falls into.

But the big idea is that the house is designed primarily and fundamentally as a place to live in. Not only that, but a place to live in in conformity with standards which have been developed by modern art, modern science, modern technology. You might as well try to put the utilities, the conveniences, the power, the flexibility, the speed of a modern 1936 automobile into a 1902 horseless carriage as to fit the perfectly equipped and implemented 1936 machine for living into the shell of a small house built according to the ideas of the last generation.

There can be very little doubt that when men and women in the next few years find themselves in truly modern

(Continued on page 52)

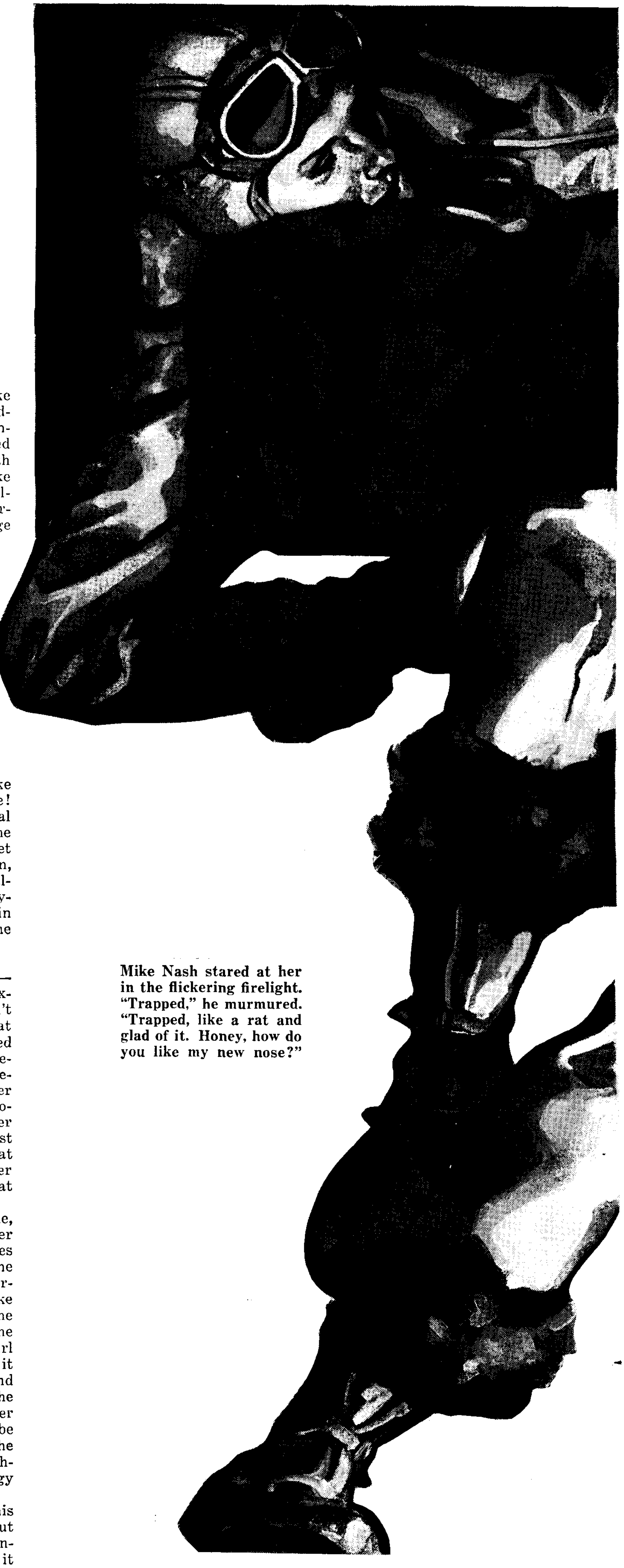


Opposite page: plan of downstairs. Notice how the rooms can be thrown together with terraces for entertaining, or shut off for privacy. On this page: plan of second floor. Notice the ample closet space

Shy Pilot

Why Mike Nash, air-mail pilot, avoided girls—and why he didn't. A romance of a day when we couldn't always go places in a plane

By Peter B. Kyne



Mike Nash stared at her in the flickering firelight. "Trapped," he murmured. "Trapped, like a rat and glad of it. Honey, how do you like my new nose?"

THIS happened back in the days when the air mail was still a very risky experiment; when men flew ill-designed ships over unlighted airways. It will be remembered that after the government had demonstrated that the air mail could be flown and that there were always one or two people foolish enough to travel across the continent on a mail plane, forward-looking men with vision and capital took the dreadful incubus off the hands of government.

About the only experienced aviators available in those days were the survivors among the World War fliers, with a sprinkling of the civilian pioneers who still lived—the men who had built their own planes and hedgehopped with them back in 1915. Mike Nash was a combination of both, which is to state that, in that prehistoric period five or six years agone, he was known, in the quaint patois of our day, as tops.

Fliers who survive the experience Mike Nash survived do so because they have great intelligence, natural adaptability for the game, love for it and hard, practical common sense. Also, like old master mariners, they have an acquired sense of weather. Unlike most young aviators, Mike Nash loathed stunting; his ego (if he had any) was never titillated by the thought: "I bet those people down there, rubber-necking at me up here, envy me; I bet they think I'm a wonder of the world." He had had in France sufficient stunting to last him the remainder of his life; when he started flying post-office planes he was twenty-five and the youth was gone out of him. He was twenty-eight when his former commanding officer retired from the service to take over the job of General Manager for the Amalgamated Air Lines—and at once sent for Mike.

Naturally Mike Nash came, because he much preferred to be bossed by a competent flier and administrator than by a political appointee.

HE CAME out to Salt Lake City by train. Amalgamated, at that time, flew the mail and such meager passenger traffic as offered, between Salt Lake City and points in Idaho and Montana. It was not making any money, but it was not losing very much and it was learning plenty against a day of expansion. It was building an organization and Mike Nash was smart enough to realize the advantage of getting in on the ground floor with a company that was starting from scratch.

On the way out he saw a girl get aboard the Overland Limited at Chicago and he knew, by her luggage, that she must have a rich and indulgent father. Also she had a wire-haired fox terrier and when the porter told her politely she'd have to take the pooch up into the baggage car, because dogs were not permitted in drawing-rooms, Mike noticed she paid no attention to the admonition. "Conductor'll suttin'ly enfoce de rules," the porter protested feebly and followed her aboard with the walrus-hide hand luggage. So Mike Nash, who had been well trained in military reconnaissance, followed the porter and noted that he stored the luggage in Stateroom A.

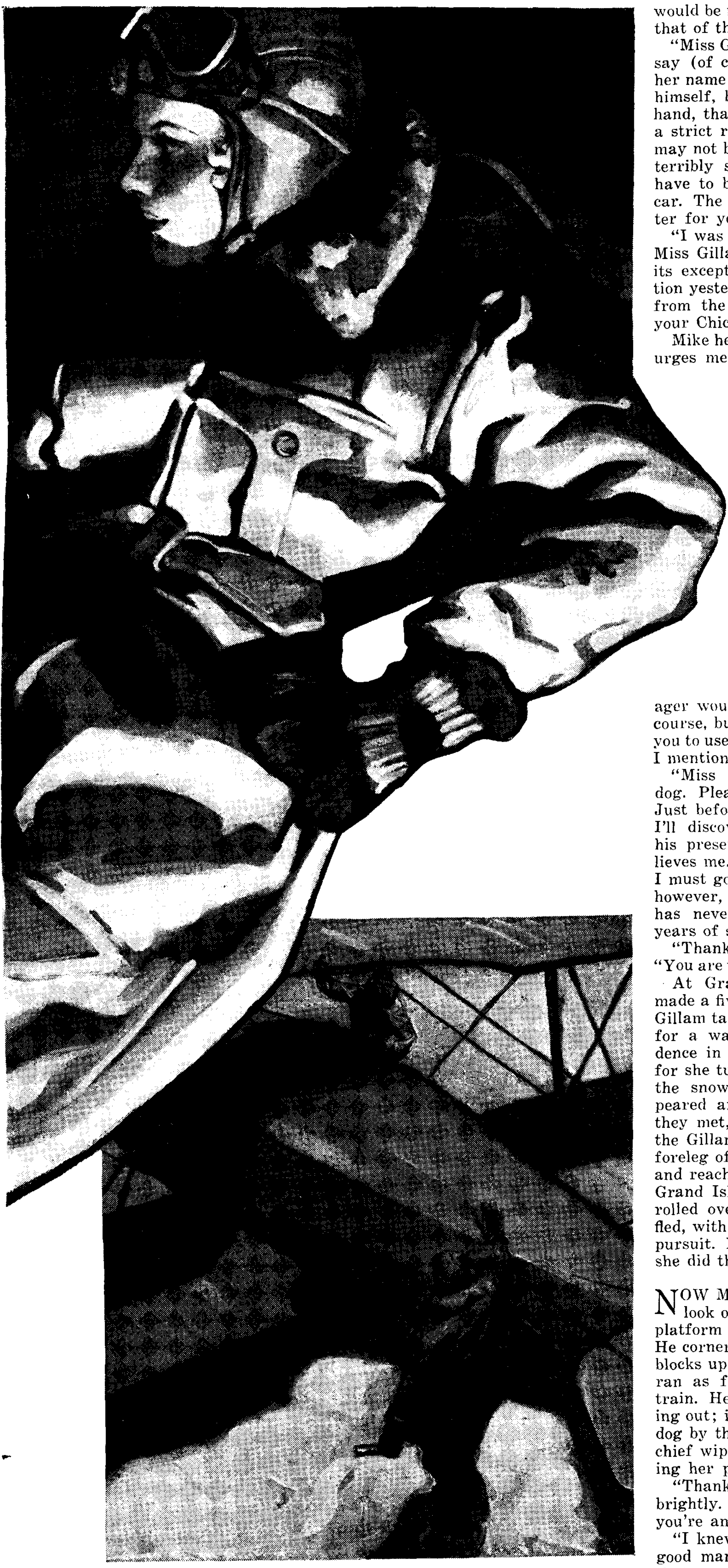
This was good. Mike had the compartment next to her, and he hoped the dog would bark continuously in order that he might speak a word of protest to her about it. This, he reflected, would be a grand excuse for becoming acquainted; for while he had a collection of medals attesting his courage, his courage had never been equal to his modesty or sense of decency, and he shrank from attempting a mash, no matter how beautiful the lady.

Staid, old-fashioned fellow, Mike Nash. He had never learned to dance! He was shy and lacked little social graces because he had never had time to cultivate them. The girls he had met had regarded him, he was quite certain, as a dud, and none of them had challenged his interest. Now, at twenty-eight, there was a vague restlessness in him and that girl with the dog was the reason for it.

TO BEGIN, she was well-dressed—well-groomed would probably have expressed her better, but Mike wouldn't know about that. All he knew was that her clothes were not loud, that they fitted her, that they were quite simple in design (Mike knew something about graceful design in airplanes) and that her furs must be quite expensive. He noticed a silver-plated monogram on her purse—C. G. That, he thought, must mean Charming Girl; he suspected that rouge played a very minor part in her complexion—certainly no cosmetics at all on her lips.

She had curly black hair and fine, frank, dark-blue eyes, and when her adorable mouth was off duty, these eyes crinkled and did all the smiling, as he observed when she smiled at the porter's admonition anent her dog. Mike admired her short upper lip and the faint up-tilt of her nose. She was, he told himself, the first pug-nosed girl whose nose, to him, seemed quite as it should be. She had a graceful walk and an assured way about her; plainly she had encountered few obstacles in her lifetime, which Mike judged might be about twenty years. He wished she didn't travel with a dog. He was, without knowing why, suspicious of doggy women.

After the conductor had collected his ticket, he opened his door and stood out in the vestibule, to eavesdrop on the conductor's pronouncement (doubtless it



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

would be firmer and more insistent than that of the porter) on the dog.

"Miss Gillam," he heard the conductor say (of course the conductor had read her name on the ticket and had satisfied himself, by one quick look at her left hand, that she was not married), "it's a strict rule of the company that dogs may not be kept in drawing-rooms. I'm terribly sorry but the little dog will have to be taken up into the baggage car. The porter will attend to the matter for you."

"I was aware of that rule," he heard Miss Gillam reply, "but every rule has its exception, so I collected my exception yesterday. Here is a letter for you from the General Traffic Manager of your Chicago office."

Mike heard the rustling of paper. "He urges me to show you every courtesy, Miss Gillam. Well, we'd do that anyhow, but—he doesn't instruct me to violate the rule regarding dogs. Anyhow, he's in Traffic and I take my orders from the General Passenger Agent."

"My father," Miss Gillam replied demurely, "ships about ten thousand head of steers over this road annually. Sometimes to Omaha, sometimes to Kansas City, sometimes to Chicago. He could get the same rates and service over some other line. The General Traffic Manager would not put that in writing, of course, but I have a notion he expected you to use your Grade A diplomacy when I mentioned the matter."

"Miss Gillam, I haven't seen your dog. Please keep him out of my sight. Just before I finish my run at Omaha I'll discover him officially and report his presence to the conductor who relieves me. I have a job to think of and I must go on record. I must warn you, however, that the man who relieves me has never violated a rule in twenty years of service."

"Thank you," Miss Gillam replied. "You are very kind and very diplomatic."

At Grand Island, where the train made a five-minute stop, Mike saw Miss Gillam take her dog out on the platform for a walk. Evidently she had confidence in the dog's sense of discipline, for she turned him loose for a frolic in the snow. Promptly a local dog appeared and jumped the stranger. As they met, standing on their hind legs, the Gillam dog got a grip on the right foreleg of the enemy, threw him, let go and reached for a throat hold. But the Grand Island cur had had enough; he rolled over, scrambled to his feet and fled, with Miss Gillam's dog in raucous pursuit. Miss Gillam didn't scream, but she did the next thing to it.

NOW Mike Nash was not one to overlook opportunity. He leaped off the platform and raced after the deserter. He cornered him in a soda fountain two blocks up the street, picked him up and ran as fast as he could back to the train. He swung aboard as it was pulling out; in the vestibule he dangled the dog by the neck and with his handkerchief wiped the dirty feet before handing her property back to Miss Gillam.

"Thank you, Sir Galahad," she said brightly. "For a noticeably lame man you're amazingly fast on your feet."

"I knew there was quick work for a good man and true the instant I saw that cur charging," he gasped. "No terrier ever ran from another dog, not even if the enemy was a Great Dane. Er—ah, nice little chap, isn't he? What's his name?—I want to address him in the voice of authority in case he runs away again."

"Pilate," she answered. "Pontius Pilate, really because he's a double-crossing little rascal and was given to me in Rome."

Mike Nash knew what he'd like to say next, for he realized that opportunity knocks at every man's door but once and seldom comes again. But he wasn't bold enough. So he bowed awkwardly, blushing a little, and made as if to enter his compartment. But the girl said:

"What a coincidence! A Pilate pursued and captured by a pilot."

He stared at her, amazed at her perspicacity. "How did you know that?"

"Read a piece about you in the paper last week. The story carried your picture. Besides, you carry in your lapel the insignia of The Quiet Birdmen. You're Michael Nash, aren't you?"

"Discovered, by gum! Well, I'm quite a detective myself. You're Miss Gillam, and you have very little respect for rules when they interfere with your desires. Your father ships ten thousand steers annually over this line—so you got away with murder."

HE LIKED her soft, gurgling laugh. "You eavesdropped, Mr. Nash."

"I hadn't anything else to do—and I was curious. You see, discipline has been ground into my bones and I yearned to discover what success you'd have flouting it. It seems you're safe to Omaha. After that Pontius Pilate will go forward and make friends with the baggageman."

"Oh, no, Mr. Nash. When we get to Omaha you're going to aid and abet my crime by taking Pilate into your compartment and keeping him there until the coast is clear."

"Of course. I'll gag him and put him in my duffel bag. And when the new conductor comes along checking up on the passengers I'll meet him at the door. Never let it be said I'd let him in—the wretched Paul Pry!"

"Grand. I can then assure him, when he talks dog to me, that I had a dog in my drawing-room as far as Omaha, but that I have since disposed of him. It will not be necessary to say to whom or for how long."

Mike wished he could find a suitable snappy rejoinder for that speech, but he was a poor hand at small talk and always ceased talking when a subject had been talked dry, as it were. So he smiled and entered his own compartment and hated himself for a wretched coward, albeit grateful for having established contact. When they met again he could speak without embarrassment.

As the train slid into the Omaha station his compartment door was opened about eight inches and Pontius Pilate came flying through onto his lap. He disposed of the new conductor without trouble; ten minutes after the latter had checked up on Miss Gillam she opened his door.

"Did he talk dog, Miss Gillam?"

"Talked it and looked for it. He was very thorough and refused to accept my story. Bilious sort of man. Please release Pilate from the duffel bag now but keep him half an hour longer. That conductor is working from the head of the train to the rear; when he's finished and en route back he'll poke his inquisitive nose into my drawing-room again."

"It is an ancient military maxim, Miss Gillam, that the enemy must always be presumed to act with discretion." The girl closed the door. "Smart," Mike Nash thought. "Smarter than a detective."

An hour later he delivered Pilate to her. "Did the conductor return?" he asked.

"He came, saw and failed to conquer. Made an excuse that he'd dropped a silver pencil and wondered if he'd lost it in my drawing-room. Got down on

(Continued on page 71)

Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior

Harry Hopkins, head of the FERA and the WPA

Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury

Public Wage Slaves

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

Public service must be its own reward—so many capable men engage in it for so little. Public servants have to be competent, above reproach and content with a fraction of the salaries they could get elsewhere. Toward his own household Uncle Sam is a Dutch uncle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

NEXT to that ancient complaint about the failure of "our best people" to go into politics, the prize American bleat is concerned with the alleged inefficiency of the government service. "Why don't we get trained, high-class executives for the big jobs in Washington? Look at men spending millions who never ran a business in their lives." It is a clamor heard on every hand. Not only today but all through the past. Every administration has suffered under the attack.

Granting, for the sake of argument, that the government's business is administered less competently than private business, due to an inferiority in personnel, certainly the reason is not far to seek. Uncle Sam is an illiberal and even niggardly employer. Not with the lower grades, for messengers, clerks and stenographers are paid from $1,000 to $1,800 a year, a higher average than prevails in the commercial world. When it comes to important administrative positions, however, calling for specialized abilities and experience, the government is cheap, mean and stupid. Men are paid five and six thousand a year for work that commands salaries from $50,000 to $150,000 in private industry, and scientists and technicians of national fame receive pay checks that would be low for a chief clerk in a great business institution.

As a consequence, private employment can easily outbid the government for promising men, and is able to lure away any outstanding public servant who may be developed. When Daniel C. Roper, now Secretary of Commerce, was Collector of Internal Revenue back in 1917, he established training schools for income-tax specialists, a work that was brand new at the time. No sooner were the 1,200 students turned into competent technicians than banks and business firms began to make them offers, with the result that Mr. Roper lost his entire force inside of twelve months, and had to break in another lot. The average salary paid these men by the government was $3,000. Private employers offered all the way from $7,000 to $15,000.

Cabinet members, next to the President, hold posts of the highest responsibility, each entrusted with a department that does an annual business high up in the millions. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, for example, takes in and pays out something like eleven billions annually, besides looking after a national debt of thirty billions. George Dern, Secretary of War, spends close to four hundred millions a year, and Harold Ickes, just as head of the Public Works Administration, and not counting the cost of the Interior Department, disbursed a billion in 1934 and the same amount in 1935.

The salary of a Cabinet member is $15,000 a year. Pretty small compared to the $100,000 that the Chairman of the Board of the Chase National Bank receives annually. Or when it is considered that a lawyer recently rendered a bill for $375,000, the price of his efforts in securing approval of two PWA projects. When William G. McAdoo was Director-General of Railroads during the war, he was forced to pay $50,000 a year to obtain the services of high-class regional administrators. His own salary, at the time, as Secretary of the Treasury, was $12,000.

The $15,000 pay check of a Cabinet member assumes still shabbier proportions when account is taken of the fact that the dignity of the post demands a certain scale of living. Custom requires a fixed amount of entertaining from which no secretary can escape, together with other expensive rituals, and even though he strive for the very maximum of simplicity, cutting expenses to the bone, few instances are recorded where the annual cost of a Cabinet household fell below $20,000. Others than rich men never fail to leave Washington up to their ears in debt.

It will be argued, of course, that these posts, while eminently responsible, have always been political, and will continue to be political, so why talk about it?

(*Continued on page 81*)

Berlin Dinner Party

All the facts in the story of The Nightingale—a story Berlin would have thrilled to, if one man had cared to talk more

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AS WE sat down to dinner some one jokingly remarked, "But there are thirteen of us. How awful!"

"Baron von Genthner phoned to say he'll be a bit late," I told them. "But he'll be here soon and that will make fourteen."

"I hope," Sefton Doames sighed, "that he has some news of that Bluebeard Murderer—as I have so aptly named him."

"You mean 'fiend in human form' who is ravaging Bavaria," I said.

"You wouldn't laugh if your paper were playing the story up as mine is," Doames grumbled. "It was my own fault, I suppose, for calling him the Bluebeard Murderer. It develops that there have been some eighty or so other Bluebeard Murderers in the last hundred years and my paper has been running a series on them. That's why they are so interested in his capture."

"How can you look at this beautiful table and even mention anything about murderers or work?" The Nightingale sighed. So we sat down, thirteen of us, and when I looked around I couldn't help but feel proud. It was, for Berlin, a rather notable gathering, but of course, most notable of all was The Nightingale. Her first full-length starring picture was to open in Berlin the following night and this dinner was in the nature of an anticipatory congratulation. Franz Woolwerth, director of the picture, was present, looking like a chubby and very amiable bear cub. You'd never know that he was probably the greatest film director living. There was Walter Duran, the brilliant Moscow correspondent, just out of Russia, and of course Hubert Nicholas, who traveled all over Europe for an American newspaper syndicate. There was Margaret Cane, the beautiful and gifted English girl who wrote novels with one hand and newspaper features with the other. There was the exuberant Ernst Hanfstaengl.

There were others, too, but first and foremost there was The Nightingale. It was her night and she sat there at the head of my table and, young as she was, she dominated that table as the sun dominates the early dawn. Brilliant, beautiful, mysterious—none of us really knew The Nightingale. She spoke perfect German and beautiful French and her Spanish was good and she spoke very cute English. She had emerged from nowhere a few months before, a discovery of Woolwerth's, and who she was or what her nationality was apparently only Woolwerth knew; and he wouldn't tell.

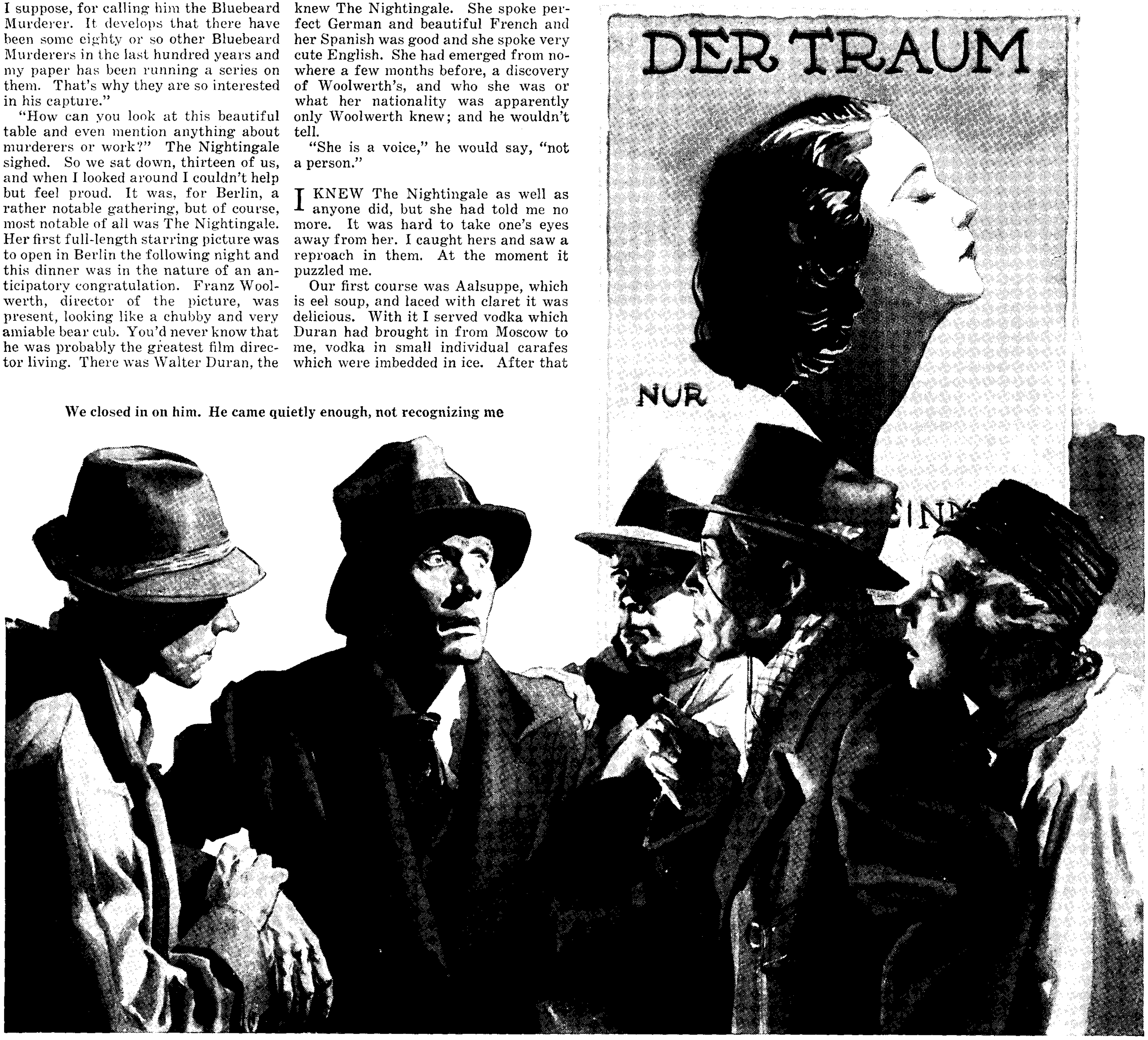
"She is a voice," he would say, "not a person."

I KNEW The Nightingale as well as anyone did, but she had told me no more. It was hard to take one's eyes away from her. I caught hers and saw a reproach in them. At the moment it puzzled me.

Our first course was Aalsuppe, which is eel soup, and laced with claret it was delicious. With it I served vodka which Duran had brought in from Moscow to me, vodka in small individual carafes which were imbedded in ice. After that we had baked rolled salmon in which oysters cut finely and spiced with pepper, salt, nutmeg and parsley were hidden. Margaret Cane raised her eyebrows at this dish. It was strictly an English way of preparing salmon. Once after a particularly dull meal at my place she had reproachfully sent me a cookbook called, aptly enough, Good Things in England. From that I had taught my cook how to prepare the rolled salmon. With the salmon, need I add, we drank Rudesheimer, 1923.

"Whatever made von Genthner take that job?" Doames asked. "I can think of no man who seems less like a detective than von Genthner. Yet here he is heading an organization which is a great deal like our own Scotland Yard."

"It is a strictly non-political organization, you know," I told Doames. "It isn't connected with either the secret police or the Berlin police force. It is entirely independent of them. When a crime or a series of crimes is committed outside of Berlin and the local police are making no headway, they may ask for von Genthner's help. He took the job because he has always been more or less interested in the study of criminology."



We closed in on him. He came quietly enough, not recognizing me

"Pain must be killed," he whispered. "Her voice causes me pain. I must—"

"If anyone can solve those murders he can," The Nightingale spoke unexpectedly. "He is so brilliant."

"Why, I never realized you knew von Genthner," I said in surprise.

"Well, I . . . I have met him," she faltered, "and of course everyone has heard of von Genthner."

That wasn't true. Not fifty people in Berlin knew that von Genthner was in charge of a special squad of detectives. I gazed a bit coldly at The Nightingale. Always one ran up against a wall of mystery when one tried to get close to her. And yet . . . there were times . . .

The capon livers en brochette were being served when von Genthner made his appearance. Urbane in his white tie and with his monocle seeming as permanent a part of his face as the dueling scar he carried on his cheek, the baron made suave apologies for his lateness.

"You know everyone, von Genthner?" I asked.

"Except the lovely lady of the films." He smiled.

THE Nightingale looked up for a moment in sudden panic. Then she dropped her eyes. There was an embarrassed silence around the table for a moment. Knowing von Genthner, I had sense enough to say nothing.

"I mean, of course," he went on as though unconscious of either her frightened look or of the silence, "that no one could really know such beauty. The Nightingale is a bird you hear about but never really know. I have met The Nightingale many times but each time I feel as though I know her a little bit less. . . . But my friend," he turned to me, "I am hungry and thirsty, and I hope that your excellent Martha has saved some soup for me. She had better, or I'll tell your guests that it was I who taught her how to cook it."

He sat down and now it was he who dominated the table. The Nightingale kept looking at him and I sensed an undercurrent beneath their banter. She had never looked so lovely. Most brunettes are highly colored. Her hair was dark, and it was brushed back from a very white face. Her eyes were large and they seemed made for laughter but she seldom laughed. She may have been twenty-two or thirty-two. She was wearing a very simple black silk dress and she was the only woman present who was wearing not a single jewel. In her hair she wore a gardenia. I was aroused from my contemplation of her by the voice of Doames: ". . . then you captured him this afternoon?" Doames asked eagerly. "Tell me all of the gory details, von Genthner. My paper is hungry for that story."

"There isn't much to tell. Just that he is captured and that he confessed fully."

"Please," Doames pleaded, "give me the story."

DOAMES worked for the London Express and I knew that he had been playing up the murders which had been occurring lately in Bavaria. They seemed such senseless, useless murders. Seven fairly young girls had been strangled to death by a man. The murders had come at irregular intervals. Without rhyme or reason this madman would appear, sometimes in the midst of a crowd, and he would grab the throat of some girl and strangle her. Only a miracle had kept him from being captured until now.

For some reason or other von Genthner didn't seem anxious to give any information. But when Doames asked him again, he said "All right." Then he put down his glass and gazed for a moment surprisingly enough at Woolwerth, the director. A curious look passed between them and I thought I saw Woolwerth shake his head almost imperceptibly. But perhaps I imagined it.

"Here's the story, Doames, and then let's forget it," von Genthner began. "As you know, during the past month seven girls have been strangled to death in the region located roughly between Schwanburg and Ansbach. One girl managed to escape from the murderer. This afternoon she happened to be attending a moving picture in Schwanburg when she recognized the man who had tried to murder her. She screamed. He was seized. He was absolutely mad. We could . . . the police could," he corrected himself, "get no clear story from him at all. Evidently he was a lunatic of a particularly peculiar kind. Now and then an impulse seized him and he had to strangle someone.

"The fact that all of his victims happened to be girls is apparently a mere coincidence. Further investigation revealed that the poor fellow was a badly shell-shocked war veteran who had lately escaped from the veterans' hospital in Nürnberg. His name was never known even to the hospital authorities. He was put in a cell in the Schwanburg police station and a few moments later the police heard a shot. The man was so obviously insane that the police had neglected to search him. Evidently he had a gun concealed on him. With it he killed himself.

"And that," von Genthner said firmly, "is the last word on what you so quaintly call the Bluebeard Murderer."

"That is rather an anti-climactic story," Doames grumbled. "I'd built this fellow up as a super-murderer of all time and he proves to be nothing but a poor scared devil, a hangover from the war. Without even a name."

As a newspaperman my sympathies were all with Doames. I felt somehow that von Genthner was holding out a bit.

"Doames, if he won't give you more details we'll have to supply them ourselves," I suggested. "Now here's an angle. Whatever made that poor madman go to that moving picture house in broad daylight? What brought him there? Could it have been the picture that was showing? What was the picture, von Genthner?"

I SAW von Genthner stiffen. Once more I saw him look toward Woolwerth and I noticed an almost imperceptible frown on the director's face.

"I have no idea of the picture that was showing," von Genthner said, coldly.

"I have a brilliant idea, Doames," I cried. "Such an idea. Why not say that the theater was having a preview of The Nightingale's picture, Der Traum? It opens here tomorrow anyhow and in London next week. It will be a magnificent send-off for her in London. Say that the madman had seen The Nightingale before and had conceived such a passion for her that when he saw in the papers that her picture was to appear he risked his very life to see it. It will be gorgeous publicity for her."

Doames arose and his eyes were shining. "My friend, you are too, too wonderful. That makes the story. Nightingale, tomorrow your picture with that story will be on the first page of the Express and one million nine hundred and eighty-six readers will see it. They will become Nightingale-conscious. . . ." He rushed from the room to phone. London correspondents in Berlin always phone their stories to London. It costs less than cabling and it is much easier to evade the censor.

The Nightingale was laughing now and her laugh was just a little less sweet than celestial music and her smile was only a trifle less than a glimpse of heaven.

"How thrilling!" she said.

"What I like about English newspapermen is that they never fake stories," Nicholas said.

Everyone was laughing at the supreme impudence of Doames in thus "faking" this story. Well, there's no harm in faking a story if it doesn't hurt anyone and even Nick, Duran and I, brought up in the sterner American school which considers "faking" to be very reprehensible, were amused by the exuberant Doames. He soon returned with a broad smile on his face.

"MY OFFICE is crazy about the story. It is absolutely exclusive, I told them. Beautiful lady, you'll be famous in four hours."

"You darling," she said, but she said it to me. "It was your idea, wasn't it?"

"It was indeed," I told her blithely, "and in return I expect you to love me madly from now on."

"But I always have," she said simply.

"May I have some more wine?" von Genthner broke in, and I was startled to see how stern he looked. "And for heaven's sake let's forget this silly Bluebeard business."

So we had more wine.

Then someone asked The Nightingale to sing. She seemed reluctant. "After that lovely dinner," she protested, "how could anyone sing?" But we all insisted and she said she'd sing one song.

She sat down and they were quiet. Then she began to play and in a moment I got up and walked out on the balcony. I had a large balcony overlooking the Tiergarten and it was a lovely night, too, with a moon that was the biggest moon that ever I saw. Her voice drifted across the room inside and filtered through the draperies over the entrance to my balcony:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the
hill . . ."

A soft breeze was coming from across the street, a breeze which had been dallying with the tulips and the young spring flowers which were just beginning to appear. It was the scent of those flowers, I guess, that made me homesick for a moment.

"The lark from her light wing, the gray
dawn is shaking
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumb'ring
still? . . ."

THE moon is mysterious, I told myself, until we realize that it is a dead, lifeless thing. It is glamorous until we know that it borrows its light from the sun . . . Music is like that too . . . Music is a craft, not an art . . . That girl who is singing that beautiful song. Her voice is merely a trained voice and the feeling I imagine in it is mere technique.

"Oh why art thou so silent, thou voice of
my heart,
It may be for years and it may be for-
ever. . . ."

Her voice trailed away and I walked back into the room.

"Whatever made you sing that song?" Woolwerth asked, puzzled.

"Why," she said softly, "I like Irish songs . . . A good friend of mine taught me that song. He sang it to me one night."

"Now, how about a little Liszt for a nightcap?" I broke in harshly. "What do you say, Putsey?"

Hanfstaengl was nominally the Press Chief of the Nazi party and as such was

(Continued on page 58)

James Cruze is back on the set on the second lap of one of the movies' longest and most successful directorial careers

Cruze, Director

By Frank Condon

"The talkies are just a passing fad," said Mr. James Cruze, director of The Covered Wagon and other epics. Thereupon he went into total eclipse. But he got tired of waiting for the Grim Reaper to come or the fad to go. So now he's with us again, a successful talkie director but unconvinced

AWAY back yonder in those days that now seem slightly fantastic, Jim Cruze happened to be directing a picture for Famous Players, then the celluloid colossus, and along came a scene of sadness. It called for the beautiful girl to sit on a bench beneath a rosebush and weep softly, as something pretty terrible had just happened and she could never, never again look dear old Mother and Dad in the eye.

Mr. Cruze shot the scene half a dozen times and the girl failed to weep convincingly. Finally there came along a shot that seemed passable, except for one thing. The little lady sat directly under the rosebush and as this final scene was being filmed by the impatient Cruze, some careless lout of a bystander thumped into a pasteboard wall and shook it, the wall communicated the tremor to the rosebush, and the roses were such old and fragile posies that the petals fell upon the gently weeping damsel.

Cruze observed the accident and swore a blue streak. He swore at everybody. He bad-worded the dumb assistant, who should have stuck strong roses on the bush. Gloomily he decided to take the scene over again, with no falling petals, glanced at his watch, saw it was five o'clock and closing time. "The hell with it," he said. "Let it go as it is."

When the picture opened in the theaters of New York, the more alert and astute critics called attention to this deft bit of directing. They claimed it was sheer, inspired artistry to have the petals dropping on the weeping dame; it reminded them, they said, of the great German, Russian and French directors. Cruze read the reviews and grunted. He says: "Eleven per cent of all symbolism that creeps into pictures is accident and not art."

Anyway, his name isn't Cruze. It's Bosen—Jens Bosen, of Ogden, Utah, where he joined the human caravan some fifty years ago, and became a tank-town actor at an early age. He drove the horses and lifted scenery. The Bosens were Danish folk and an old Danish custom is for the mother to select for the newborn child a middle name associated with the date of his birth. Jens came along on the anniversary of the battle of Vera Cruz, so Mother Bosen entitled him Jens Cruz Bosen and he sailed under that flag for twenty-five years.

Dean of Directors

All in all, he has directed 110 feature-length pictures, spending $22,000,000 and using up enough celluloid to run a ribbon of film around his native Utah and part of Rhode Island. He holds a hatful of directorial records and has worked for every studio in Hollywood except Warner Brothers. It was in a Cruze picture where they first set the camera on wheels and chased the scenes up and down elevator shafts, around the corners and into the bedroom.

They studied the result and decided it was unreal and called too much attention to the mechanics, so they threw the stuff out. German directors repeated the experiment later on and were hailed as geniuses.

Always noted for speed, he once completed a full-length feature in eight days, which is the Hollywood record, unless you drag in the quickie boys, and nobody knows what the Poverty Row record really is—probably thirty-six hours. His longest job was Old Ironsides, months and months, cost the studio two million dollars, and was probably the worst large-scale motion picture. It was when this faltering drama was finished and run off in the studio for the owners that Mr. Lasky said to Mr. Zukor: "I don't know whether to feel sorrier for Cruze or us."

In his tender youth, he scurried about the West, connected with a wagon company, took up with the horses. During a period of unemployment, he asked for work in a Los Angeles restaurant, had a fight with the dishwasher, knocked out his eye, leaped through the window, ran down the alley, boarded a freight train and avoided Los Angeles for ten years. On the Bowery, he again encountered the dishwasher, walked around in front and there, yeah, was the glass eye. He asked the bum if he would fain have a shot of rum, walked inside with him, had three slugs himself, confessed that he was the eye-knocker-out and had grieved for ten years. "You needn't," said the bum. "The eye you knocked out was glass."

For a while, he played in New Rochelle, working for Thanhouser, making one serial after another, all to curdle blood. When he came West again, he discovered George Melford directing at Famous Players, and as George had been the handsome leading man with the Utah wagon company, naturally George gave Cruze a job—seventy-five a week, first assignment to play a shave-headed Chinaman. When not actively acting for cameras, he played golf at Griffith Park, Los Angeles—fee, fifty cents a month.

Mr. Arbuckle Throws A Party

During one business lull, he played golf 365 days without a miss, sometimes covering fifty-four holes. He usually played and wagered with a golfer named Golmer, and as neither was in funds, they bet on credit. When the year was up, Golmer owed Cruze fifty-six thousand dollars and still owes it.

Studio officials surmised that he might have the makings of a director, so they started him off with Wallace Reid and he produced The Valley of the Giants, The Roaring Road, The Dictator, The Lottery Man and The Charm School. Soon he was drawing down eight hundred a week instead of seventy-five, and knocking out records. Company officials hauled Roscoe Arbuckle out of the two-reel ranks, believing he could stand feature-length productions, and so he could. Arbuckle and Cruze teamed up, whipped out a stream of rough-house comedies—Crazy to Marry, Gasoline Gus, Via Fast Freight, The Dollar a Year Man, Skirt Shy and others.

Arbuckle's popularity mounted day by day, his pay check slid up to $3,500 a week, he purchased the largest, heaviest limousine ever built, and presently decided to have a little fun in San Francisco over the week end. It was just an old-time wild Hollywood party, but held in San Francisco, and there one of the guests, Virginia Rappe, died, and that same day Fatty Arbuckle also died, as far as his movie career was concerned. The rolling wave of scandal washed the fat boy clear out of the industry forevermore and he never could understand why.

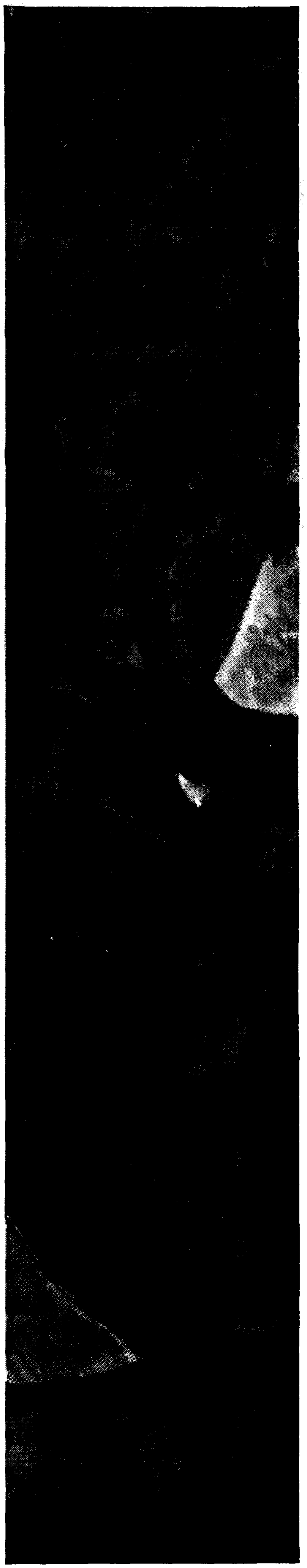
Two finished Arbuckle-Cruze dramas remained in the tin cans on the company shelves—Via Fast Freight and Skirt Shy. They are still there, gathering dust. Arbuckle wandered forlornly around the fringe of the movie business and died a couple of years ago in New York. After the Frisco tragedy, Director Cruze plunged into a movie, One

(*Continued on page* 84)

Cruze, at the height of his fame in the silent pictures, married Betty Compson, who starred in "The Miracle Man"

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto



The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE FANNING and Tommy Pierce, both seniors at Morrison University, are engaged. But only until Caroline realizes that Tommy, charming but weak, is not the sort of man she should marry; when that realization comes, she breaks the engagement. And Tommy promptly proposes to her roommate, Helen Herrick, and is accepted!

Meanwhile, Eugene Fifield, a faculty member, and Paula Traggas, gay young wife of Professor Maurice Traggas, have been having a wild affair. It terminates suddenly when Paula "drops" Fifield, who, amazed at his sudden dismissal, presently learns that another suitor has supplanted him in Mrs. Traggas' affections. *Tommy Pierce!*

Aware of what is happening, Caroline stands by helplessly and, with David Bingham, Maurice Traggas' best friend, Emery Smith and Steve Abbott, prominent seniors, observes a tragic drama unfold. And as episode follows episode, Caroline and David, thrown together constantly, fall in love with each other. . . .

Fifield is very bitter. He makes a number of threats against Paula. But he takes no action. Instead, he commits suicide—shoots himself to death at Maurice Traggas' summer camp, a few miles from the university!

There are no witnesses of the suicide. Nevertheless, Caroline and David are shocked when Maurice Traggas confesses to them that *he killed Fifield!* And they do not believe his story. They are convinced that, for some reason which he does not care to divulge, he is not telling the truth. Whereupon, both of them do some quiet sleuthing.

En route to Fifield's apartment, Caroline meets David. Paula has stoutly maintained that, on the afternoon of Fifield's death, she had gone to a movie. David has been investigating her movements on that afternoon. Now—"Carol, Paula went to no movie. She was right here, in Fifield's apartment, that afternoon. When she drove away, Fifield was with her. He was with her two or three hours before he died!"

IX

TWO weeks ago town and campus had been crowded, today they were all but deserted, crew, track team, baseball team and even cross country team having gone elsewhere. More than half of the Gammas were out of town, at the Deke house party, the pan-Hellenic conference or following the various teams. But just as on that tragic Saturday two weeks ago, a prairie heat wave made the campus shimmer with mirage and narrowed the horizon in under haze. All movement was lethargic and no number of cold showers could take the sandpaper feeling from the skin. After lunch in the half-empty dining-room, Helen and Caroline lay on the grass under the big oak, but there was no breeze and the leaves hung slack.

"It says in the ritual that noble womanhood is what the Gammas have," Helen said. "It doesn't say how to be noble when sweating. Probably Steve is much too proper to suggest a swim, but if he has a moment's lapse I'll forsake the Gamma ideals for cool water so fast it will leave him gasping."

She looked contained and content. Steve was going to take her canoeing up Shagbark Creek.

"If you get as far as the lake," Caroline said, "for Pete's sake keep to the east shore."

"Poor darling, that suicide got you down, didn't it? You look bad, Caroline."

Unquestionably she did but she didn't want to talk about it. Well, Helen didn't. It seemed incredible that anyone could do so much growing up in two weeks as Helen had done. Two weeks? It had all been concentrated between noon and four A. M. of one day. Anyway, she was not the enchanting but giddy and rather witless adolescent of only a little while ago. Helen was grave, less effervescent, much more subdued—and far more a person. The lines of her face were finer and firmer, and even the flowing curves of her body, frank in the linen dress, seemed more mature. The fire had, after all, been good for Helen. The child was gone and here was a woman—tested and proved.

Caroline was impelled to say, "I think you're falling in love with Steve."

Helen met her gaze. "I've been too glib about being in love. The word made an awful fool of me. I'm not going to use it again for a long time." Distance came into the blue eyes. "He's been sweet. And—he's a man. I never knew a man before. Only boys."

IT WAS when you fell in love with a man, when you grew past simple emotions, that life got to be too much for you. "Don't tell him about Tommy," Caroline said.

Helen shook her head. "You know, it's hard to believe there ever was Tommy. I haven't told Steve, but I'm going to. He's pretty swell, Carol, and if he got interested in me . . ." Caroline thought of the intricate and now unmanageable deceptions she had practiced on Dave. "Carol," Helen said, seeming to read her face. "You look pretty bad. You've looked—you've been pretty sunk these last few days. Is it your turn? Has your romance blown up?"

"No," Caroline said sharply. "I haven't got any romance. . . . No, that's a lie. I have too. But nothing has happened to it. That's just the trouble."

Helen touched her cheek. "I hope you never have to get mixed up in the dreadful things I had to."

Sardonic mirth shook Caroline. If that laughter ever got started, it would peal on and on into hysterics. You innocent! she wanted to scream—your dreadful things were just a schoolgirl crush and an elopement that didn't come off—what do you know about suspicion and guilt, suicide and murder, the passions that pick up men and women and make them helpless dwarfs who can't control themselves and can't be controlled by anything at all? She rolled over on her stomach, buried her face in her arms and closed her eyes upon hot tears.

"Carol," Helen had a new idea, "are the sisters getting in your hair? Is that what's wrong?"

"The sisters," Caroline said against her forearms, "can go to hell."

"The filthy little sneaks!" Helen was getting indignant. "They still come and ask me what I know about you and what I think you were doing on that scandalous night and do I really think you were sleeping with somebody and who, maybe! None of the dimwits ever wonders why I had a week-end permission and got back the same night! Just about one more pious prayer-meeting, Ladies Missionary Society visit from Pris Farley, and I'll *tell* her what you were doing that night."

Caroline sat up. "You said you'd let me handle this!" The long-threatening hysterics seethed. "There's more in this than you think! If I can't trust to your promise—"

"You can't. Not if I'm hiding behind you while you hold the bag."

The seething protest would probably have broken free in another moment, but Steve stopped Emery's roadster at the curb and crossed to them through flat light. Steve looked serious but he smiled at Helen with a confident intimacy that told its own story. "I hate to run out on you, Helen," he said, "but something has come up and I can't paddle you up Shagbark this afternoon. I don't know when I'll be out of it, but—have you got it in your heart to wait round, forsaking all others, till I can show up?"

"Sure," Helen said cheerfully. "I know it isn't a stand-up, Steve. That will be me by the lamp in the window."

They weren't seeing anybody but each other. "When the hoofs thunder over the bridge, that will be me," he said. He became aware of Caroline and said, with something of the old friendliness, "You look bad, kid. This Bingham is a good man." Then to Helen again, "I'll bring a blood-red rose for your hair," and went back to the roadster.

"Well," Helen said, "I know what the co-ed does on dateless afternoons. Me for a cold shower."

Caroline listlessly followed her inside. Everyone was agreeing that she looked bad! Just how much could you stand when you had to? The trouble was that no matter how much Emery knew, she knew more, and no matter how much Dave knew, she knew more; and no matter how much either of them found out, the issue was going to be dreadful beyond thought. She had not seen Dave nor heard from him since yesterday afternoon, a half-hour after he had made that discovery about Paula, and she couldn't bear to hear from him and couldn't bear not to. Everything was hurrying to some inconceivable end. Inconceivable? She could conceive it—much too vividly.

NEAT and shining in white, too proper a person to feel the heat, Priscilla Farley was coming downstairs. For the last two days Priscilla's policy had been cold silence. She departed from it now, asking Caroline to step into an empty room. Another schoolgirl—mixed with a lot of roles that Pris couldn't manage very well, president of ideal womanhood, guardian of morality, important person on campus charged with judgment and punishment.

But she tried hard. "Caroline"—formally, "we've made up our minds. You don't leave us any choice. It's going to be a terrible thing for Gamma. We think it's even more terrible for you, but that's your fault. Well, we're calling a special meeting of the chapter for Monday night. If you don't come to it—"

"I won't," Caroline promised her.

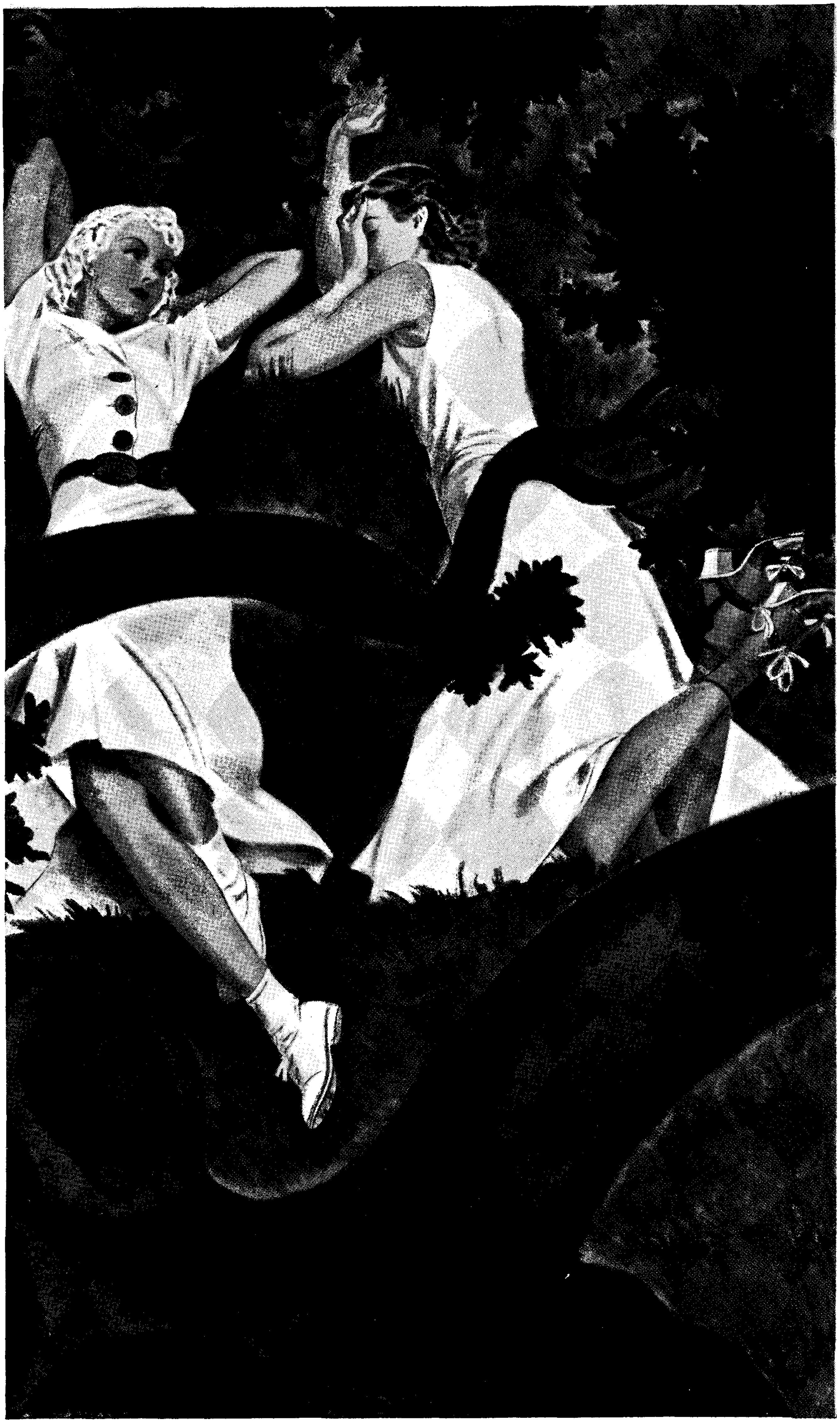
Priscilla's young mouth was a parody of firmness. "Then all we can do is tell the chapter everything—"

"I can hear that gasp of shocked surprise."

"And all they can do is vote to put everything in the hands of the Dean of Women. That's what the rules say. If the chapter discipline is ineffective—"

"Freshman Bible, section on campus regulations. All right, Pris. I'll find a room this afternoon. I'll be out of here tomorrow."

Pris flared up. "It's your own rotten,



Caroline buried her face in her arms and closed her eyes upon hot tears. "Carol," Helen had a new idea, "are the sisters getting in your hair? Is that what's wrong?"

pigheaded fault! Who do you think you are, to flout your sisters and behave scandalously and get away with it—"

"Who," Caroline said, "do you think my sisters are? This college sewing circle giggling about me in the corners, with their tongues hanging out waiting for me to get up and cry and confess I'm immoral! When did the Gamma house get to be a Home for Abandoned Females? Tell the sisters they can go giggle over the Vice Society reports."

SHE went upstairs convinced that vehemence was bad when the prairies were simmering with a heat wave and convinced also that she had reached her limit. She couldn't stand any more. She didn't know what she ought to do or what she might be forced to do, but she couldn't do it. Why not get out? Why not go home?

Helen wasn't in the room but Betty Stevens was, sitting in the window seat, her silk skirt turned back, frowning as she sewed on the hem. "Hello. Helen's showering." Betty looked up. "Good heavens, Carol, what ghost have you seen?"

"No ghost." Caroline stretched prone on her bed. "This heat has got me down. I feel rotten."

"You look it. And I'd say it isn't the heat. You're a bum liar, Carol."

"As a matter of fact, I'm the best liar in the great Middle West. Be a lamb and shut up, Betty."

Betty stuck her needle into a pillow and came over to sit by Caroline and put an arm round her. "Don't let the sisters throw you for a loss, Carol. The Gammas!" Betty sniffed. "Nobody can tell whether they're fatter in the hips or behind the ears. How's for you and Helen and me to form an organization of Women Who Don't Give a Hoot What Pris Farley Thinks About Anything?"

The tears she was getting steadily less able to suppress stung Caroline's eyes. Betty, slangy, irreverent, knowledgeful, more than a little hard-boiled—and completely loyal! Helen came back, fragmentarily wrapped in a bath towel, her hair drenched and so curlier than ever. Betty said, "Look here, Goldilocks, we've got to do something about the erring sister."

"She's Gamma's problem child. Let's found a club to Care for Caroline."

"Judging by your own experience, it could be a movement to shift her back to the Daily from the Year Book."

"She's been through that stage. We've got to be brighter than that."

CAROLINE was dizzy with strain and half blind with tears—she couldn't stand levity. And she mustn't give any sign. She sat up and tried to be frivolous, "What I like about life at the Gamma house," she said, "is the studio atmosphere. Why don't some of you pretty girls try putting on some clothes?"

Betty was looking at her shrewdly, and had the same shrewdness turning to Helen, "If you're serious about this movement, let's you and me get together."

"Don't let the studio dishabille deceive you—I can be plenty serious," Helen said. "And there's no time like right now."

Caroline went out. In another minute she would have been bawling her head off. She probably would now. She went downstairs and out into the heat that wrapped her in a steaming blanket. Shadows of trees were just black lacquer on sidewalks that burned through the soles of her sandals. Two weeks ago there had been the promise of rain . . . a promise fulfilled at the very moment that Gene Fifield died!

The trouble was not only that she didn't know what had been going on since she saw Dave. The trouble was

(*Continued on page* 62)

The First Ten in Contract Bridge

Mr. Barclay presents the ten ranking players in contract bridge, carefully graded on the basis of their performance during the past year. Now you other experts can start arguing

By Shepard Barclay

Theodore A. Lightner, with two wins in important events, ranks fourth

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Oswald Jacoby, last year's winner, ranks first by a decisive margin

B. J. Becker is runner-up by virtue of three championship successes

Edward Hymes, Jr., whose team and pair play place him in third place

TO WIN a championship is one thing. To defend it is another. In the first five years that the nation's leading contract bridge players have been ranked, there was not one repeater. Now at last the champion player has defended his title. Oswald Jacoby, who landed the top position for the season of 1934-1935, has won first place again for the competitive season of 1935-1936.

Besides ability to repeat, there is another quality expected of a real champion at bridge. Can he win with different partners? Young Mr. Jacoby answered that emphatically by having different partners in all of the events he won during the season just closed.

Still one other test might be applied to the record. Is his ability confined to just one style of game, such as team of four or pairs? Or does it cover the range of various kinds of contests? The reply is that it encompasses every possible kind of contract championship—the individual, in which a player takes turns with each of the other contestants as partner; pairs, in which the same partner is kept throughout, and the two main types of team game—that decided by total contract points and that determined on a "match point" basis, each deal being treated as a separate battle, with a point awarded for winning it from another team.

If a fourth question be raised, it would be regarding the decisiveness of a champion's victory. Last season, and for several years in a row, there was the barest margin between the records of the top and second-place players. But this time Mr. Jacoby finished his conquest with a clear-cut advantage over the field. In the eleven national championship events contested during the period from last March to the present, he won four victories, one more than anyone else, so that it is not necessary to break any tie by counting second places or the relative finish of tied players in the one individual match on the calendar.

Were it not for Mr. Jacoby's unprecedented repeat, this season's review could be entitled "the repulse of the old guard." Players who never "made the first ten" before are in second and third positions, and five of the leading twelve are complete newcomers to the list. B. Jay Becker, of Philadelphia, who is runner-up by virtue of three championship successes, is not only the first player from his city to make the honor roll, but is the first non-New Yorker to break the monopoly hitherto held by representatives of the metropolis on the first five places. Edward Hymes, Jr., who is third; Merwin D. Maier, who is sixth, and two of those who are in a tie for the tenth position, A. Mitchell Barnes and Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, are ranked for the first time. Theodore A. Lightner, who is fourth, and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, who is eighth, are back after an absence of two years. Louis H. Watson (who died February 14 of this year) fifth; David Burnstine, seventh; Howard Schenken, ninth, and Samuel Fry, Jr., in the tenth place tie, were also in the list during the last two years. Only three players have made the grade for five successive seasons, Messrs. Jacoby, Schenken and Burnstine, and only one other did it for four straight seasons—the late Mr. Watson. The latter is the first player ranked posthumously, and also the only player ever listed in the first ten who has died. He was only twenty-nine years old when cut down by a heart attack while in the prime of his bridge career.

Eleven events designated as "national" are the basis for this season's ranking. Two of these are under the auspices of the American Whist League, oldest tournament conductors in the land, eight of them under jurisdiction of the American Bridge League, and the remaining one the independent Vanderbilt Cup competition. No evidence bearing on the leading player can be taken this time from the United States Bridge Association, which has shifted its so-called "Grand National" team and pair games, so that they will count as the start of the next season.

In winning four of the eleven competitions, Mr. Jacoby had Harold S. Vanderbilt as his partner in the match-point team contest of the A. W. L., their other pair being Messrs. Becker and Barnes. Mr. Hymes was his associate in taking the American Bridge League's open pairs. He had thirty-five partners in succession while winning the A. B. L. individual "masters" event restricted to stars with championship records. Mr. Burnstine was opposite him in the Vanderbilt Cup victory—the one time that the proved strongest team in the country, "The Four Aces," played as a unit in the regular national events of the season, with Michael T. Gottlieb and Mr. Schenken as the other half of the combination.

Mr. Becker's three victories were in the A. W. L. team game opposite Mr. Barnes, the masters' pairs of the A. B. L. with Mr. Lightner as partner, and the A. W. L. pairs, with Mr. von Zedtwitz. So he too proved his adaptability. Mr. Hymes, besides winning the A. B. L. pairs with Mr. Jacoby, was on the successful team in the A. B. L. challenge fours and got a second place in the Vanderbilt Cup. Mr. Lightner had two wins, in the A. B. L. Fours and Masters' Pairs, both in the same tournament. On a percentage basis he had a splendid record, for he did not start in as many events as most of the others.

The late Mr. Watson and Mr. Maier were tied for fifth with one victory and two second places, the former getting the call because of finishing third in

(Continued on page 48)

The First Ten

1. OSWALD JACOBY
2. B. JAY BECKER
3. EDWARD HYMES, JR.
4. THEODORE A. LIGHTNER
5. LOUIS H. WATSON*
6. MERWIN D. MAIER
7. DAVID BURNSTINE
8. WALDEMAR VON ZEDTWITZ
9. HOWARD SCHENKEN
10. A. MITCHELL BARNES
    SAMUEL FRY, JR.
    MRS. ROBERT B. FULLER

*Died February 14, 1936

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

SUPPORTED by Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes, Dr. Orwin Prescott is running for the presidency of the United States. His opponent is Harvey Bragg, a wild demagogue. Known to only a few, Bragg has the backing of the most powerful criminal on earth: Dr. Fu Manchu! Possessing many weird scientific devices for silencing his enemies, and making use of an army of killers and spies, Fu Manchu is plotting to see that Bragg is elected; after which he will be America's dictator!

Summoned by our Secret Service, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, of Scotland Yard, is waging a desperate war against the wily Oriental. Assisted by Captain Mark Hepburn, he almost succeeds in capturing two of Fu Manchu's aides: James Richet, Abbot Donegal's secretary, and Mrs. Moya Adair, a beautiful woman who is in the Abbot's employ. But, trapped in the Tower of The Holy Thorn (the Abbot's headquarters), the two make their escape.

Using as their base of operations a suite in the palatial Regal-Athenian Tower, Smith and Hepburn work frantically to outwit the conspirators. In spite of their every effort, however, Orwin Prescott is kidnapped, and Richet, who had betrayed his master, dies while en route to visit Nayland Smith—a victim of Fu Manchu's most deadly weapon: the "Scarlet Brides," tropical insects whose bite insures a horrible death. It is the doctor's reprisal, and a warning!

While Sam Pak, Fu Manchu's most capable aide, guards Orwin Prescott, Harvey "Bluebeard" Bragg attends a party on Park Avenue. His host is Emanuel Dumas, whose daughter, Lola, is in love with Bragg. Before the party ends, Hepburn reports to Smith at headquarters. He describes the party, which he had attended. Then—"Moya Adair was there, Smith!"

V

IN THE Gothic dome where most of the life of the Memory Man was passed, lights were extinguished. A red spark marking the tip of a burning Egyptian cigarette glowed in the darkness.

There was a short silence, and then:

"Report," directed the familiar, hated voice, "from numbers covering Nayland Smith."

"Three have been received since I relayed. Shall I repeat them in detail or summarize their contents?"

"Summarize."

"There is no certain evidence that he has left his base during the last twelve hours. A report from Number 44 suggests that he may have visited the police mortuary. This report unconfirmed. Two numbers and eight operatives, with two Z cars, covering Center Street. Federal Agent Hepburn not reported to have moved out from the Regal Tower. This is a summary of the three reports."

Darkness still prevailed. . . .

"The latest report regarding Abbot Donegal."

"Received thirty minutes after that last relayed. A man answering to the Abbot's description reported as hiring a car at Elmira. Believed to have arrived there from the West by transport airplane. Posing as Englishman. Wears single eyeglass and carries golfing kit. . . ."

In the tower study so oddly corresponding in point of elevation with Nayland Smith's headquarters, but which bore an atmosphere of stale incense whereas the apartment high above the Regal-Athenian Hotel was laden with fumes of broad-cut smoking mixture, Dr. Fu Manchu sat behind the lacquer table. There was no one else in the room.

The life of one who aspires to empire—though thousands may await his commands—is a wan and lonely life. Solitude is the mother of inspiration. The Chinese, these reports from the Memory Man received, sat in his high, carven chair, eyes closed. He was speaking as though to one standing near him. On the little polished switchboard two spots of light glowed; green and amber.

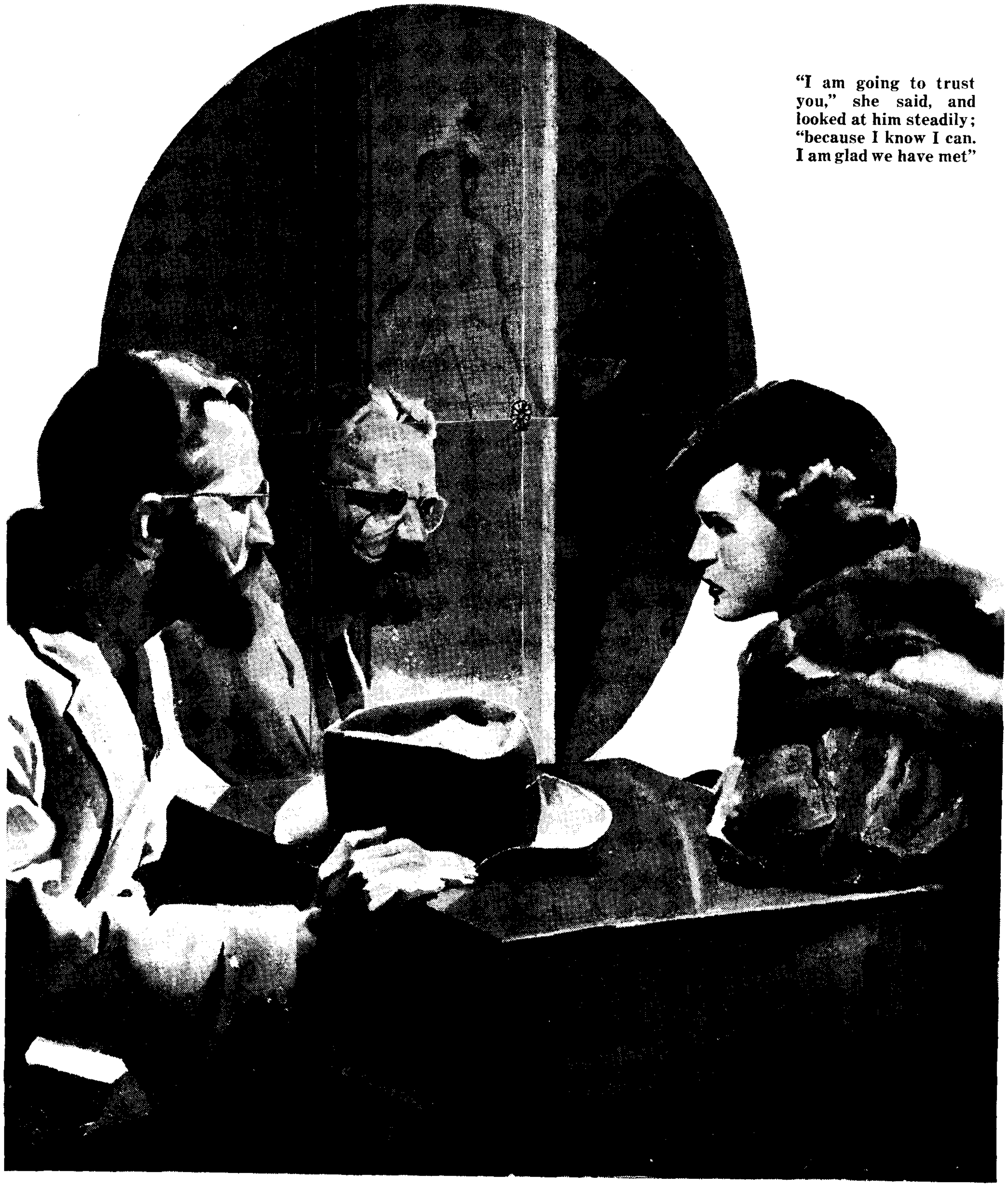
"Dispatch a party in a Z car," he directed, his voice unemotional but the gutturals very marked. "Explore all farms, roadhouses and hotels along the route which I have indicated. Abbot Donegal is reported as traveling incognito. He may be posing as an English tourist. If found, he is not to be molested, but he must be detained. Instruct the number in charge to send in reports from point to point. This is a personal order from the President."

A slender yellow hand with long, pointed nails reached out. The two lights disappeared. Dr. Fu Manchu opened his eyes: their greenness was dimmed. He raised the lid of a silver box which stood upon the table, and from it took a small, exquisitely made opium-smoking outfit. He lighted the tiny lamp, and inserted a gold bodkin into a container holding the black gum which is born of the white poppy. He had not slept for forty-eight hours. . . .

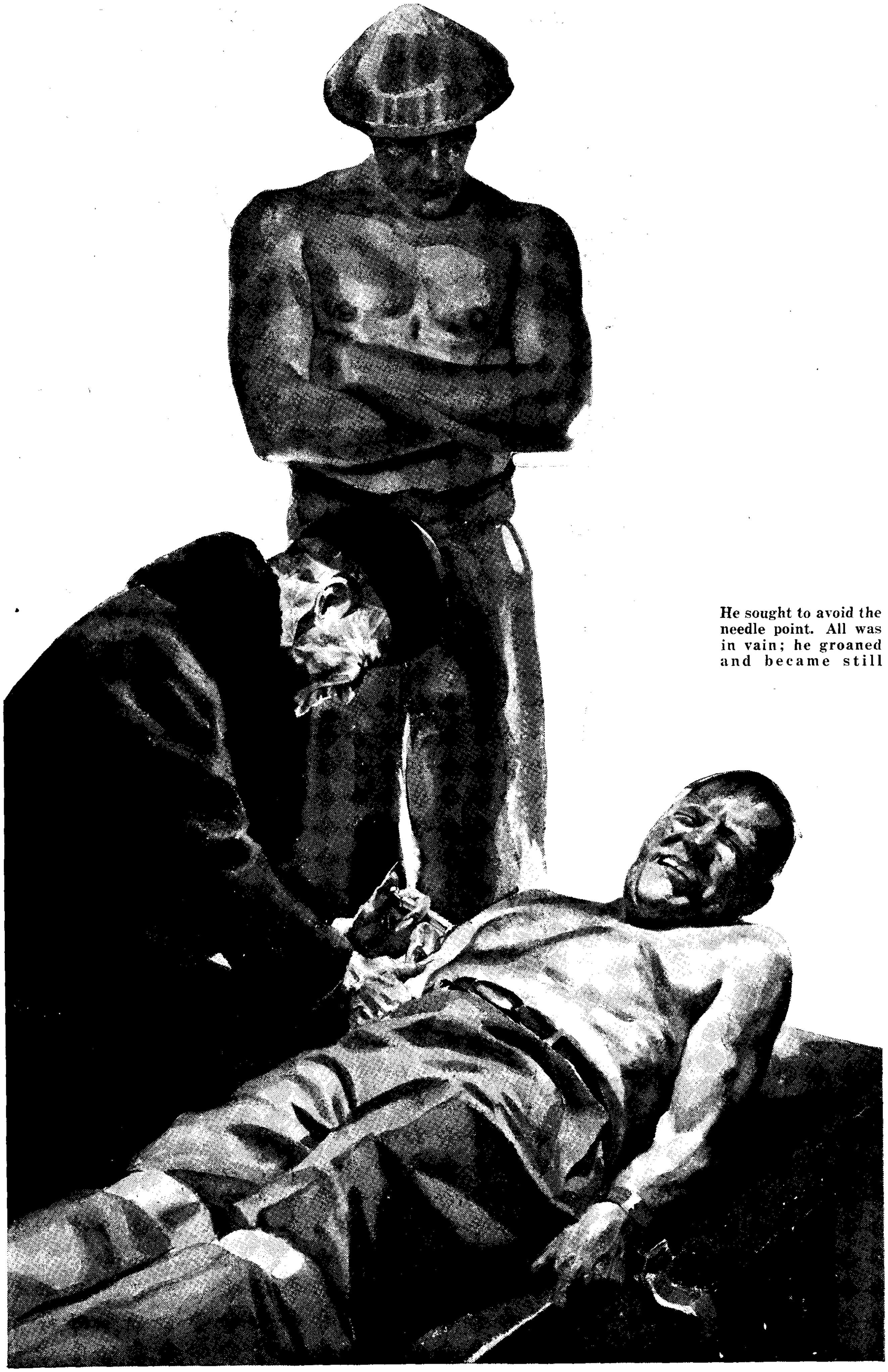
ALMOST at the same moment, in a room at the top of the Regal Tower, Mark Hepburn spoke on the telephone. He had had all calls put through to his own room in order that Nayland Smith might not be disturbed; for at last Smith was sleeping.

"This Englishman who left Airlines at Elmira," he said in his dry, monotonous voice, "sounds to me like the man we're looking for. The fact that he wears plus fours and a monocle doesn't count, nor the fact that he is carrying a golf bag. I have learned that Abbot Donegal used a single eyeglass before he took to spectacles. He could probably get along with it quite well except for reading. Also, he's a golfer.

"The English accent means nothing. Abbot Donegal is a trained orator. Check up on all roadhouses and hotels



"I am going to trust you," she said, and looked at him steadily; "because I know I can. I am glad we have met"



He sought to avoid the needle point. All was in vain; he groaned and became still

along possible routes which he might follow if, as you suspect, he left by road from Elmira. Take a radio car so we can keep track of you. Report from point to point. If he is definitely identified, take *no action until you have my instructions.* We have contrived to silence the newspapers about his disappearance. But he is probably coming to New York to take Prescott's place at Carnegie Hall—if Prescott fails to arrive. This would ruin our plans. . . . All right—goodby."

He hung up the receiver.

IN THE vestibule of a small country hotel two men sat over their coffee before a crackling log fire. Outside, a storm raged. The howling of the wind could be heard in the chimney, and whenever the main door was opened a veil of sleet might be seen in the light shining out from inside. It was a wild night.

The men seated before the fire were an odd couple. One, of slight but wiry build, clean-shaven and fresh colored, lean faced, his hair graying, wore a tweed suit with plus fours, thick woolen stockings and brown brogues. A monocle glittered in the firelight as he bent to refill his pipe. His companion, a clergyman equally lean of features, watched him, blinking his eyes in the way of one shortsighted. A close observer might have noted a physical but not a spiritual resemblance.

"I mean to say," said the man with the monocle, stuffing tobacco into the bowl of his brier, "it's a bad time to see America. I agree. But I couldn't help myself, if you see what I mean. It had to be now or never—that sort of thing. People have been awfully nice—" he paused to strike a match— "*I* am the silly ass; nobody else to blame. Thanks to you, I know it would be stupid to push on tonight."

"I am told," said the priest, his gentle voice a contrast to that of the other speaker, "that Colonel Challoner lives some twenty miles from here. For my own part I have no choice."

"What!" The man with the monocle, in the act of lighting his pipe, paused, looked up. "You're pushing on?"

"Duty demands."

"Oh, I see, sir. A sick call, I take it?"

The clergyman watched him silently for a few moments.

"A sick call—yes . . ."

The outer door opened, admitting a blast of icy air. Three men came in, the last to enter closing the door behind him.

They were useful-looking men, thickset and hard.

"In luck at last!" one of them exclaimed.

ALL three were watching the man with the monocle. One, who was evidently leader of the party, square-jawed and truculent, raised his hand as if to silence the others, and stepped forward. As he did so the proprietor of the hotel appeared through an inner doorway. The man paused, glanced at him.

"Find some Scotch," he ordered—"real Scotch. Not here—inside, someplace. Me and these boys have business to talk over."

The proprietor, a taciturn New Englander, nodded and disappeared. The speaker, not removing his hat, stood staring down at the man with the eyeglass. His companions were looking in the same direction. The focus of attention, pipe between his teeth, gazed at the three in blank astonishment.

"Don't want to intrude—" the leader gave a cursory nod to the clergyman—"real sorry to interrupt; but I must ask *you*—" he placed a compelling hand on the shoulder of the wearer of the monocle—"to step inside for just a minute. Got a couple o' questions to put to you."

"What the deuce d'you mean?"

"I'm a government agent; and I'm on

(*Continued on page 26*)

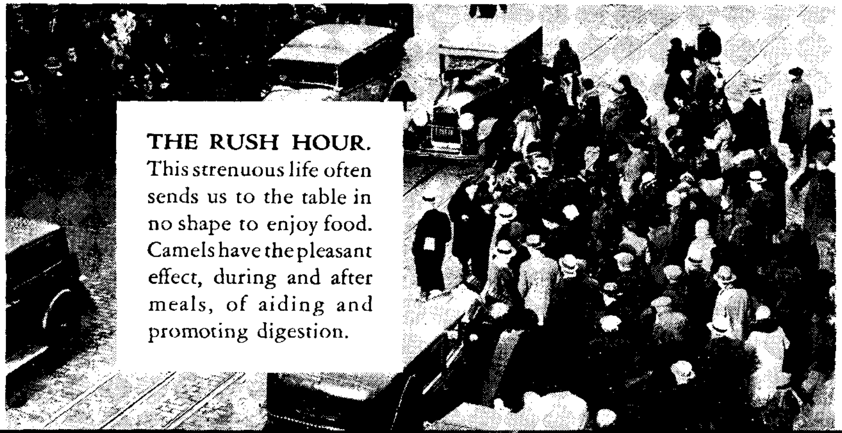
High-Speed Living *Taxes Digestion*

Smoking Camels found to have a positive beneficial effect upon Digestion . . .

Our modern "eat-and-run" way of living is hard on digestion. Experiences with indigestion are all too common! Hence unusual interest attaches to the following fact: that smoking Camels has been found to have a marked beneficial effect on digestive action. You'll find Camels milder too, more delicate in flavor, packed with the rich enjoyment of choice tobaccos. You can smoke them freely. Camels never tire your taste.

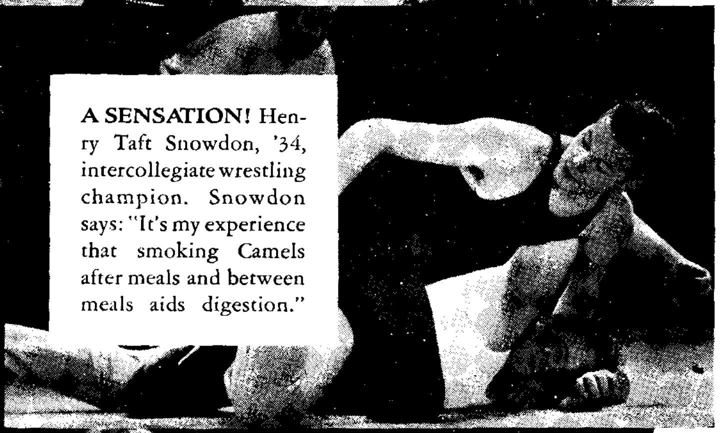
Turn to Camels for digestion's sake...for the pleasure to be found in Camel's costlier tobaccos.

Camels set you right!

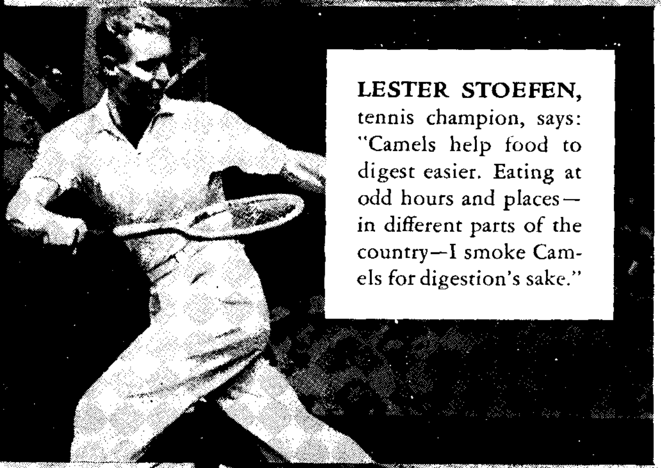


THE RUSH HOUR. This strenuous life often sends us to the table in no shape to enjoy food. Camels have the pleasant effect, during and after meals, of aiding and promoting digestion.

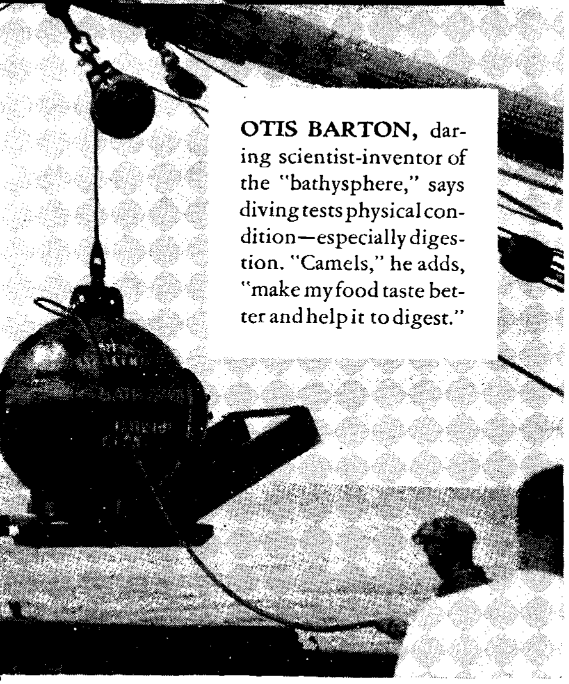
NEW YORK'S GLAMOROUS Hollywood Restaurant. "Camels have long been a favorite with us here," says Joe Moss, famous impresario, who presides over the gay scene above...where diners flock to enjoy fine food! "As I look over the crowd, I see Camels on lots of tables. We've found that success comes through giving people the best. The fact that Camel uses costlier tobaccos and people prefer Camels shows that they appreciate the same policy in other lines too."



A SENSATION! Henry Taft Snowdon, '34, intercollegiate wrestling champion. Snowdon says: "It's my experience that smoking Camels after meals and between meals aids digestion."



LESTER STOEFEN, tennis champion, says: "Camels help food to digest easier. Eating at odd hours and places—in different parts of the country—I smoke Camels for digestion's sake."



OTIS BARTON, daring scientist-inventor of the "bathysphere," says diving tests physical condition—especially digestion. "Camels," he adds, "make my food taste better and help it to digest."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

TUNE IN!

Camel Caravan *with* Walter O'Keefe • Deane Janis • Ted Husing • Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra

Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E.S.T., 8 p.m. C.S.T., 9:30 p.m. M.S.T., 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.—over WABC-Columbia Network

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For Digestion's Sake smoke Camels

WITH GOOD reason Canada Dry is first choice for the children. It must pass rigid tests for purity and quality, even before a drop goes into the bottle.

CANADA DRY Ginger Ale has that priceless quality ..."mix-ability"...No other tall drinks are ever so satisfying as those made with The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

If you want
The *Champagne*
of Ginger Ales...
ask for
CANADA
DRY

THE
HAMPAGNE
OF
NGER ALES
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"CANADA DRY"
PALE GINGER
CANADA DR
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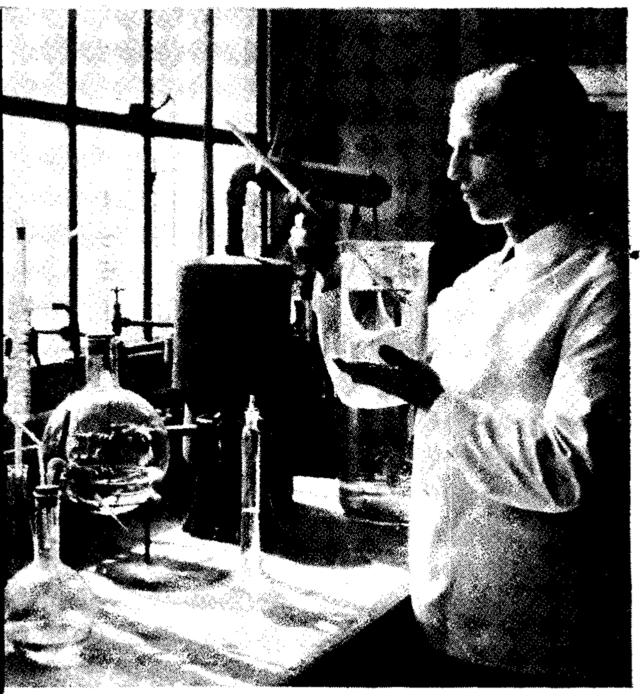
WATER



THE MOST DELIGHTFUL ginger essence lies deep in the heart of the ginger root. And the exclusive Canada Dry *Liquid Ginger* process is the only method that captures it. This is why Canada Dry's champagne-like flavor has never been equalled.

AT THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC in Quebec, of course you will find Canada Dry. It is "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" there just as in other famous hotels throughout the world.

... and less than 3¢ a drink. The big bottle of Canada Dry makes 6 to 8 tall drinks — averaging less than 3¢ each. It's always an investment in extra satisfaction to say "Canada Dry" — instead of "ginger ale."

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER is double-carbonated—so full of zest that even an *open* bottle will still be full of lively sparkle after 24 hours.

Uproar on the Nile

By T. R. Ybarra

Italian troopships to the east of her, Italian Libya to the west of her, British dreadnaughts to the north of her and British soldiers in the midst of her—Egypt's position is uncomfortable. And this is the moment she has chosen to demand greater freedom from England. She wants to be friends, but not too close friends

AN OFFICER of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, dining with friends in Cairo, was suddenly summoned to the telephone. "I must leave you," he said, returning. "That call was from the barracks." He hurried away to take his place beside long lines of British soldiers, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, silently awaiting orders.

The telephone interrupted another officer at a game of poker. Putting down the receiver, he requested: "Somebody else please play my hand." In a few minutes he was in a Cairo suburb, at the head of a grim array of armored tanks, ready to close in on the city.

The air of Cairo throbbed with danger.

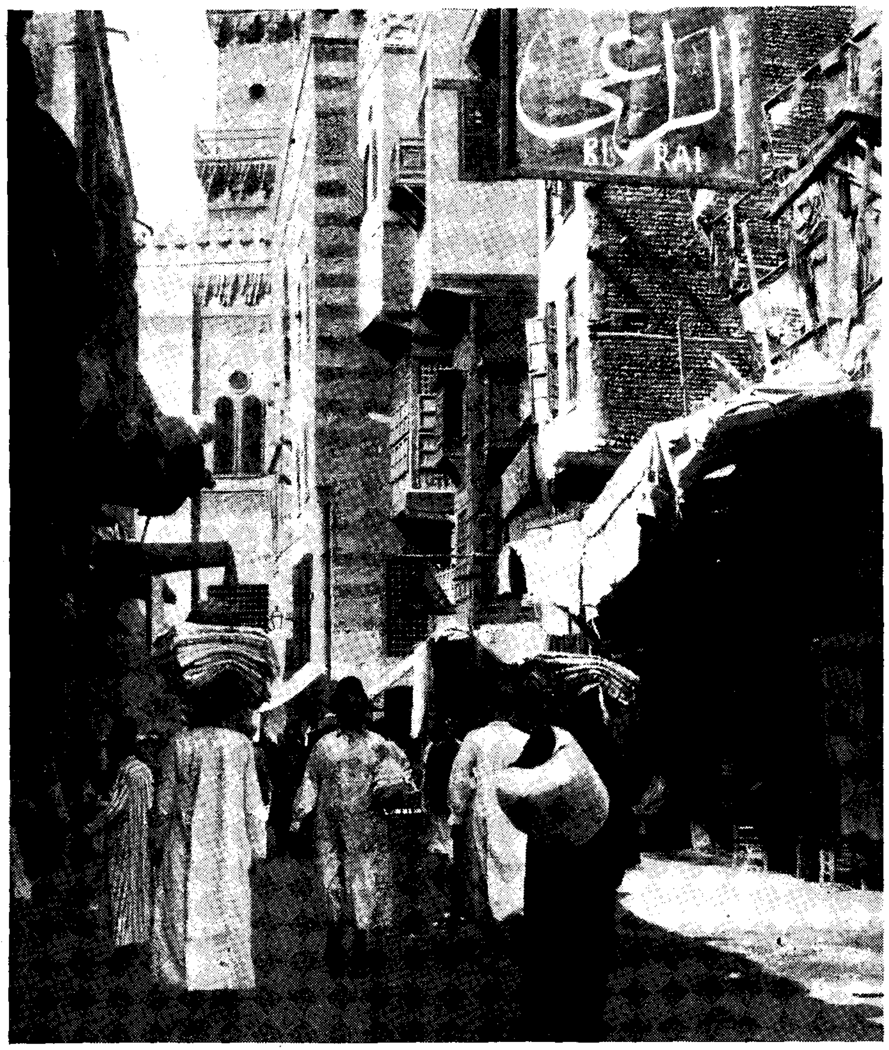
Students, roused by their leaders to fanatical excitement, were surging through the streets shouting "Long live Egyptian independence!" and "Down with British rule!" As the police charged into their ranks, trolley cars, set on fire by the mob, burned to charred skeletons of wood and iron; and, amid shrieks of frightened men and women, running wildly for cover, fists flew and clubs thudded and bullets whined. One student, dead from gunshot wounds, was lifted onto the shoulders of comrades, who carried him, as a martyr, through the city, howling insults against England.

Egypt for Egyptians!

As they marched and fought and fell, the thoughts of those boys were haunted by a ghost. It was not the ghost of Rameses the Great, ancient Egypt's conquering king, nor of some dead Caliph or Sultan or Khedive who had held sway over the land in bygone days of glory. In fact, the ghost was not Egyptian at all. It was an American ghost. It was the ghost of Woodrow Wilson. The Wilson doctrine of self-determination was the inspiration which led those youths during those days of riot and bloodshed.

© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Anti-British student riots in Cairo at the opening of the Egyptian nationalists' campaign for greater self-government



R. I. NESMITH

The Gate of the Prophet, built in the 12th century, in Cairo's native quarter

They had been children when Wilson was preaching the right of nations to determine their own destinies. As they grew up, Egyptian political leaders had ceaselessly dinned that doctrine into their ears, partly in all sincerity and partly as a good political dodge.

The great majority of their hearers took what they were told with complete seriousness. And, a few weeks ago, those youths—to the considerable embarrassment, be it said, of the politicians who had taught them about self-determination—poured out of their classrooms to form shouting and cheering processions, until, suddenly, in Cairo's streets, tragedy stalked to the center of the stage, and shots barked, and blood flowed, and death struck.

For a while it was touch and go as to whether martial law would be declared. Drawn up in their barracks, British soldiers waited. British drivers sat with hands on the steering wheels of tanks and armored cars. British gunners stood by their gun carriages.

But no signal came.

Instead, King Fuad of Egypt dramatically announced the restoration of the Egyptian constitution of 1923, which had been suspended for some years while he and a succession of prime ministers (and the British, in the background) ran the land under a regime with a distinct flavor of dictatorship.

That royal move changed the riots to demonstrations of frenzied rejoicing. The students had won the first round in the renewed fight against the British for Egyptian independence. Now they and the rest of the Egyptian nationalists are awaiting the elections, to be held this spring as provided by the constitution, and girding themselves for the next round.

Meanwhile, the students are cocks-of-the-walk. Their achievement in those days of rioting was something unique in Egyptian history.

They did not just yell and break heads and get their heads broken, as students do in so many riots in so many lands. They actually compelled the leaders of several political parties, which for years had been at daggers' points, to form a United Front.

Politicians Who Take Hints

Determined youths went to political personages, whose main object in life before had been to knife each other on every possible occasion, and said: "Either you fellows get together or we'll kick you out of your jobs as party leaders!" And just to show that they were in earnest about it, other students paraded past the leaders' houses, pounding drums and yelling loudly and picking up big stones and making threatening motions, with those stones, toward the windows of those houses.

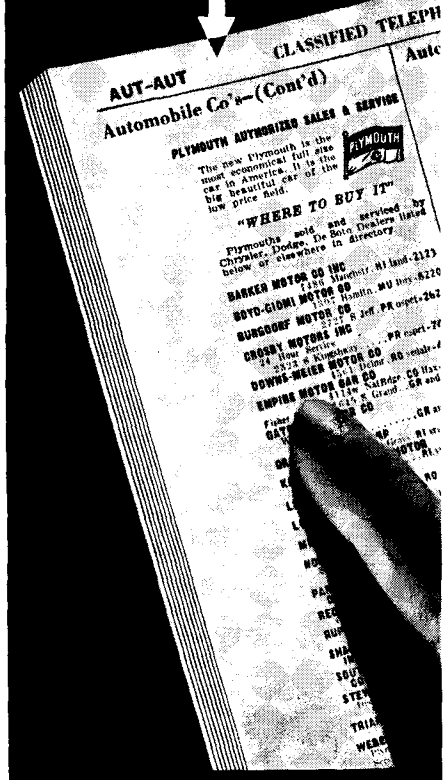
The result was swift and sweeping.

In a burst of patriotic alacrity, the leaders buried the hatchet. They came out as one man in favor of a treaty between Egypt and Britain such as would be soothing to Egyptian pride and (above all else) satisfactory to those militant, yelling, drum-pounding, stone-slinging youths. "Egyptian students," remarked

(Continued on page 38)

Some shop the "Hard Way"

...others use the Classified Telephone Book



Tramp, tramp—uptown, downtown. Some take this hard way to find who sells the advertised brands they want.

How much easier to look in the classified. There you find well known brands, less known products and services and the names of local dealers.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

The Invisible President

Continued from page 22

urgent business. I take it you'll help?" He indicated the inner doorway. "Just a couple o' questions."

"I never heard such balderdash in my life," the other declared. He turned to the clergyman. "Did you?"

"It will probably save trouble in the long run if you assist the officer."

"Right-oh. I'm obliged for the tip. Very funny and odd, but still . . ."

Pipe firmly clenched between his teeth, he walked out followed by the leader of the party, the other two members of which brought up the rear. They found themselves in a small back hallway from which stairs arose communicating with upper floors. On a table stood a bottle of whisky, glasses and a pitcher of ice water.

"No need to go farther," said the agent; "we're all set here." He stared hard at the man in plus fours. "Listen, Abbot: why the fancy dress?"

"What d'you mean, Abbot?" was the angry reply. "My name's not Abbot, and if it were you'd have a damned cheek to address me in that way!"

"Cut the funny lines. They ain't funny. I'm here on business. You don't have to try to make me laugh. What's the name that goes with the eye-window?"

"I'm tempted," said the man addressed, speaking with a cold anger which his amiably vacant manner would not have led one to anticipate, "to tell you to go to hell." He focused an icy stare in turn upon each of the three grim faces. "You've stepped off with the wrong foot, my friends."

He plunged to an inside pocket. Instantly, three steel barrels covered him. He ignored them, handing a British passport to the leader of the party. There was a minute of ominous silence, during which the man scrutinized the passport and the photograph, comparing the latter with its subject. At last:

"Boys!" he turned to his satellites—"We're up the wrong gum tree. We've got hold of Captain the Honorable George Forsdyke-Forsdyke of the Grenadier Guards! Schultz, jump to the phone. Notify Base and ask for President's instructions . . ."

SOME ten minutes later, the Honorable George Forsdyke-Forsdyke found himself in sole possession of the little vestibule. The three federal officers had gone. He had had a glimpse through the driving sleet of a powerful car drawn up before the door. The amiable clergyman had gone. He was alone, mystified, irritated.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said.

At which moment, and whilst through the howling of the storm the purr of the departing car might still be heard, came the roar of a second and even more powerful engine. Again the door was thrown open, and two men came in. Forsdyke-Forsdyke turned and faced them.

"Okay this time, Chief!" said one, exhibiting a row of glittering white teeth.

The other nodded, and stepped forward.

"Good evening, Dom Patrick Donegal," he said, and pulled aside a dripping leather overcoat to exhibit a gold badge. "A nice run you've given us!"

"Here! I say!" exclaimed Forsdyke-Forsdyke. "This damn' joke is getting stale!"

And in a dilapidated but roadworthy car, the amiable priest was driving furiously through the storm in the direction of New York: the Abbot of Holy Thorn was one stage farther on his self-imposed journey.

Moya Adair stepped out of the elevator, crossed the marble lobby of the luxurious apartment house and came out onto Park Avenue. She was muffled up in her mink coat, the little Basque beret which she wore in rough weather crushed tightly upon mahogany-red curls. A high, fiercely cold wind had temporarily driven the clouds away, and a frosty moon looked down from a glittering sky. Moya inhaled delightedly the ice-cold air. It was clean and wholesome in contrast to the smoke-laden atmosphere of the Dumas apartment.

Her new assignment terrified her. For some reason known only to the President, that awful Chinaman who dominated her life, she had been chosen to supplant Lola Dumas. And she feared the enmity of Lola Dumas second only to that of the President. It was the yellow streak, more marked in her than in her father, which made her terrible; Moya, who had met her several times, had often thought of Lola as a beautiful, evil priestess of Voodoo—a dabbler in strange rites.

SHE began to walk briskly in the direction of a near-by hotel, where, as Miss Eileen Breon, accommodation had been provided for her by the organization to which unwillingly she belonged. She felt as though she had escaped from an ever-present danger.

Harvey Bragg, potential dictator of America, had accepted her appearance in the spirit in which sultans had formerly welcomed the present of a Circassian slave girl. And she had nowhere to turn for help—unless to the President. Oddly enough, she trusted that majestic but evil man.

The newspapers, in which politics occupied so much space, were nevertheless giving prominence to the mysterious death of James Richet. In her heart of hearts Moya Adair believed that James Richet had been executed by the President's orders. The power of the sinister Chinaman was terrifying; yet although he held a life dearer than her own in his hands, Moya's service was not wholly one of fear. He had never called upon her to do anything which her philosophy told her to be despicable. Sometimes in her dreams she thought that he was Satan, fallen son of the morning, but in her very soul she knew that his word was inviolable; that execrable though his deeds appeared to Western eyes, paradoxically he might be trusted to give measure for measure.

Her first instructions in regard to Bragg had related to the forthcoming debate at Carnegie Hall. She had given him certain typed notes with many of which he had quarreled furiously. The odd fact had dawned upon her during this first interview that Bragg had never met the President!

"I'll play this bunch of underground stiffs just as long as their funds last out," he had declared. "But you can tell your 'President' that what I need is his money, not his orders!"

Moya pointed out that directions received in the past had invariably led to success. Bragg, becoming more and more deeply intrigued, had tried to cross-examine. Failing, he had changed his tactics and made coarsely violent love to her . . .

She raised her face, as she hurried along, to the healing purity of the moonlight. Salvaletti tactfully had terminated that first hateful interview; but she shrank from Salvaletti as instinctively as she shrank from snakes. Since then, the scene had been reënacted—many times.

She had reached her hotel and was just turning into the doorway when a hand touched her shoulder . . .

It had come—and, almost, it was welcome!

Since that snowy night outside the Tower of the Holy Thorn, hourly she had expected arrest. She glanced swiftly aside.

A tall, bearded man who wore glasses, a black hat and a caped topcoat, stood at her elbow.

"Live here, Mrs. Adair?" he asked.

A stream of traffic released at that moment by a changing light almost drowned her reply, in so low a voice did she speak.

"Yes. Who are you, and what do you want?"

Yet even as she spoke she knew that she had heard that monotonous voice before. Under the shadow of his hat brim the man's eyes glistened through the spectacles.

"I want to step inside and have a word with you."

"But I don't know you."

The man pulled the caped coat aside and she saw the glitter of a gold badge. Yes, she had been right—a federal officer! It was finished:—she was in the hands of the law; free of the awful President, but . . .

The lobby of the expensively discreet apartment hotel was deserted, for the hour was late. But as they sat down facing each other across a small table, Moya Adair had entirely recovered her composure.

And now, the federal agent removed his black hat. She knew him, and in the moment of recognition, wondered why she was glad.

She smiled into the bearded face—and Moya was not ignorant of the fact that her smile was enchanting.

"Am I to consider myself under arrest?" she asked; "because, if so, I don't expect to have the same luck as last time."

MARK HEPBURN stared at her steadily. Her brave flippancy had awakened the Quaker ancestors, those restless Puritan spirits who watched eternally over Mark Hepburn's soul. This was the traditional attitude of a hardened adventuress. When he replied, his voice sounded very harsh.

"Technically, it's my duty to arrest you, Mrs. Adair; but we're not so trammeled by red tape as the police." He was watching her firm, beautifully modeled lips, and trying to solve the mystery of how she could give her kisses to Harvey Bragg. "I have been waiting ever since that night at the Tower for a chat with you."

She made no reply.

"An associate of yours on Abbot Donegal's staff was murdered recently, right outside the Regal Hotel. You may have heard of it?"

Moya Adair nodded.

"Yes. But why do you say he was murdered?"

"Because I know who murdered him and so do you—*Dr. Fu Manchu*."

He laid stress on the name, staring into Moya's eyes. But with those words he had enabled her to speak the truth, unafraid. That he referred to the President she divined; but to all connected with the organization the President's name was unknown, except that on two occasions she had heard him referred to as "the Marquis."

"To the best of my knowledge," she replied, quietly, "I have never met anyone called Dr. Fu Manchu."

Mark Hepburn realized that he had

(Continued on page 28)

"Safety is Religion with a Railroader"

"I PICKED THE WORLD'S SAFEST LOW-PRICED CAR!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH JAMES U. McNAMEE, BALTIMORE; PASSENGER ENGINEER, BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD

HE HAS SPENT 35 YEARS at the throttle of a locomotive... today he has one of the B & O's crack New York-Washington trains.

"A railroader wants three things in his automobile," says Mr. McNamee: "Safety first... absolute reliability... and comfort. So I picked Plymouth ... and got 'em all.

"I know the value of Plymouth's hydraulic brakes and Safety-Steel body. As to reliability... my earlier Plymouth gave me four years of good service. I don't believe I spent more than $10 outside of gas and oil... and it still gives my son grand service.

"With seven children and six wonderful grandchildren, we wanted a roomy, comfortable car... and my big 1936 Plymouth gives us that, too."

Drive this beautiful 1936 Plymouth... and see why a million Plymouth owners give the same praise to Plymouth's safety, economy, reliability and comfort. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer... he'll arrange it for you.

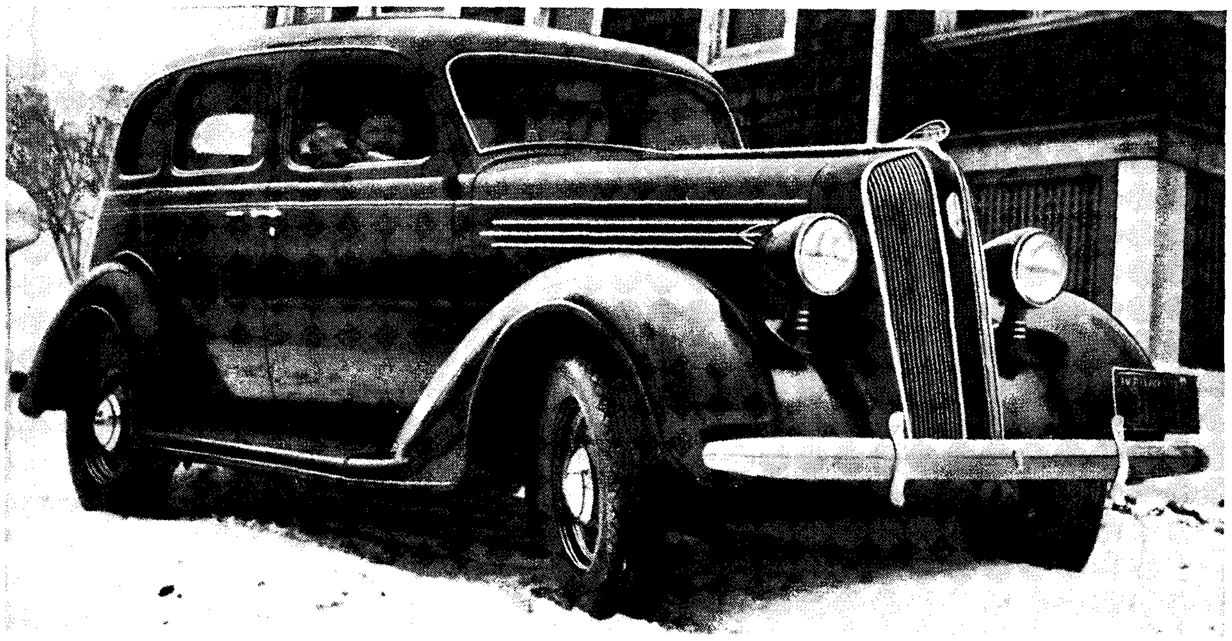
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

"I PICKED PLYMOUTH for the safety of 100% hydraulic brakes... and the protection of that Safety-Steel body."

"WITH SEVEN CHILDREN and six grandchildren... we had to have a big, roomy, comfortable car like Plymouth!"

Insist on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers
You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance.
To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment —cash or trade-in.
Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*
*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.
PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

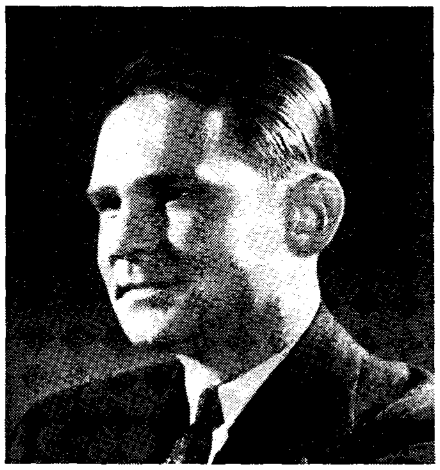


ENGINEER McNAMEE AT THE "THROTTLE" of his beautiful 1936 Plymouth... a de luxe 4-door touring sedan. "It's a pleasure to drive," says Mr. McNamee. "There's no road-shock at the wheel... the car is steady on curves... and it sure rides beautifully!"

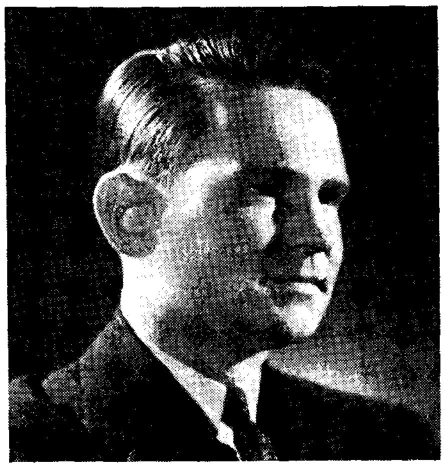
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Famous G-Man Corners Dodge Economy
By MELVIN PURVIS,
Former Ace of Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Dept. of Justice

One of the most surprising discoveries I've made is the way my new 1936 Dodge saves money!



It gives me 19 to 20 miles to the gallon of gas consistently in city driving and as high as 22 miles out in the country.



At the same time, this Dodge certainly saves on oil. Excepting for regular changes, I've had to add no oil at all.

DODGE
NEW LOW FIRST COST
NOW ONLY $640 and up, List Prices at Factory, Detroit
And under the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan, Dodge is *now so easy to pay for!*
DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

The Invisible President

Continued from page 26

undertaken a task beyond his powers. This woman knew that she was fighting for her freedom—and he could not torture her. He was silent for a while, watching her, then:

"I should hate to think of you," he said, "undergoing a police interrogation, Mrs. Adair. But you must know as well as I know that there's a plot afoot to obtain control of this country. You are in on it: it's *my* business to be. I can guarantee your safety; you can quit the country if you like. I know where you came from in County Wicklow; I know where your father is at the present time—"

Moya Adair's eyes opened fully for a moment, and then quite closed. This man was honest, straight as a die: he offered her freedom, the chance to live her own life again . . . and she could not, dared not accept what he offered!

"You have no place in murder gangs. You belong in another sphere. I want you to go back to it. I want you to be on the right side, not on the wrong. Trust me, and you won't regret it, but try any tricks and you will leave me no alternative."

He ceased speaking, watching Moya's face. She was looking away from him with an unseeing gaze. But he knew because of his sensitively sympathetic character that she had understood and was battling with some problem outside his knowledge. The half-lighted lobby was very quiet, so that when a man who had been seated in a chair at the farther end, unsuspected, crossed to the elevator, Mark Hepburn turned sharply, glancing in his direction. Mrs. Adair remained abstracted. At the end of a long silence:

"I am going to trust you," she said, and looked at him steadily; "because I know I can. I am glad we have met—for after all there may be a way. Will you believe me if I swear to carry out what I am going to suggest? . . ."

Two minutes later, the man who had gone up in the elevator was speaking on the telephone in his apartment.

"Miss Eileen Breon talking in the lobby with a bearded man wearing spectacles and a black caped topcoat. Time 2:55 A. M. Report from Number 49."

ORWIN PRESCOTT opened his eyes and stared about the small bedroom, at two glass-topped tables, white enameled walls, at a green-shaded lamp set near an armchair in which a nurse was seated, a very beautiful nurse whose dark eyes were fixed upon him intently.

Something had happened—at Carnegie Hall. The memory was not clear-cut; but something had happened in the course of his debate with Harvey Bragg. Had overstudy, overanxiety, resulted in a nervous breakdown? This was clearly a clinic in which he found himself.

In this idea he thought he saw a solution of the mental confusion in his mind. He was fascinated by the darkly beautiful face framed in the white nurse's cap. Vaguely, he knew that he had seen the nurse before. He moved slowly, and found to his delight that there seemed to be nothing physically wrong with him. Then he spoke:

"Nurse," his voice was full, authoritative; he recognized that in brain and body he was unimpaired by whatever had happened. "This is very bewildering. Please tell me where I am."

The nurse stood up and walked to the bed: she was very slender, her movements were graceful.

"You are in the Park House Clinic, Dr. Prescott, and I am happy to say entirely your old self again."

"I collapsed during the debate?"

She shook her head smilingly.

"What a strange idea, Doctor. But I can understand that that would be upon your mind. Surely you remember walking out from Weaver's Farm, your cousin's home? There was snow on the ground, and you slipped and fell; you were unconscious for a long time. They brought you here. You are under the care of Dr. Sigmund. But all's well, you see."

"I feel as well as I ever felt in my life."

"You *are* as well."

She sat down beside the bed and rested a cool hand on his forehead. Her dark eyes, when she bent towards him, he thought, were extraordinarily beautiful.

And now Orwin Prescott sat up. There was vigor in his movements.

"Still I don't understand. I assure you I recall whole passages in the debate at Carnegie Hall! I can remember Bragg's triumph—my own ineptitude—my inability to counter his crude thrusts. . . ."

"You were dreaming, Doctor; naturally the debate has been on your mind. Don't overtire yourself."

Gently, she compelled him to lie down again.

"Then what really occurred?" he challenged.

THE nurse smiled again soothingly.

"Nothing has occurred, yet; except that we have got you in splendid form for the debate tonight."

"What!"

"The debate at Carnegie Hall takes place tonight, and after a talk with your secretary, Mr. Norbert, who is waiting outside, I am quite sure you will be ready for it."

Orwin Prescott stared at the speaker fixedly. A new, a dreadful idea, had presented itself to him, and:

"Do you assure me," he said—"I beg you will be frank—that the debate has not taken place?"

"I give you my word," she answered, meeting his glance with absolute candor. "There is no mystery about it all except that you have had a vivid dream of the thing upon which your brain has been centered for so long."

"Then I have been here—"

"Ever since the accident, Doctor." She stood up, crossed, and pressed a bell. "I am sending for Mr. Norbert," she explained. "He is naturally anxious to see you."

But whole phases of the debate seemed to ring in Prescott's ears! He saw himself, he saw Bragg, he saw the vast audience as though a talking picture were being performed inside his brain!

The door opened and Norbert came in; dark, perfectly groomed. The neat black mustache suggested a British Army officer. He came forward with outstretched hand.

"Dr. Prescott!" he exclaimed, "this is fine." He turned to the nurse. "Nurse Arlen, I must congratulate you. Dr. Sigmund, I know, is delighted."

"Perhaps, Norbert," said Prescott, "now that you are here we can get this thing straight. There are many points which are quite dark to me. It is all but incredible that I could have lain here—"

"Forget all that, Doctor," Norbert urged, "for the moment. I am told that you are fit to talk shop, and so there is one thing upon which to concentrate—tonight's debate."

"It really is tonight?"

"I understand your bewilderment—but it really is tonight. Imagine our anxiety! It means the biggest check in Bragg's headlong career to the White House. I am going to refresh your memory with all our notes up to the date of the accident at Weaver's Farm. I had left you, you recall, to go to Washington. I have added some later points. Do you feel up to business?"

He turned to the nurse. "Nurse Arlen, you are sure it will not tire him?"

"Dr. Sigmund is confident that it will complete his cure."

Orwin Prescott's glance lingered on the beautiful dark face. Then, again sitting up, he turned to Maurice Norbert. He was conscious of growing enthusiasm, of an intense ardor for his great task.

"Perhaps one day I shall understand," he said, "but at the moment—"

Norbert opened his portfolio.

IN a small, square, stone-faced room deep in the Chinese Catacombs, old Sam Pak crouched upon a settee, placed against a wall. One would have thought, watching the bent, motionless figure, that it was that of an embalmed Chinese. There was little furniture in the room: a long narrow table, with a chair set behind it; upon the table appointments suggesting a medical consultant; upon the floor two rugs. The arched doorway was closed by scarlet tapestry drapings.

Now, these were drawn aside. A tall figure entered; a man who wore a black overcoat with a heavy astrakhan collar, and an astrakhan cap upon his head; also, he wore spectacles. As he entered, and he entered quite silently, Sam Pak stood up as if electrified, bowing very low in the Chinese manner. The tall man walked to the chair behind the table and seated himself.

He removed his spectacles. The wonderful lined face which had reminded so many observers of that of Seti I was revealed in its yellow mastery. Dr. Fu Manchu spoke.

"Be seated," he said.

Sam Pak resumed his seat.

"You guarantee," the harsh, guttural voice continued—those brilliant green eyes were fixed inflexibly upon the ancient Chinese—"the appearance of Dr. Orwin Prescott tonight?"

"You have my word, Marquis."

"Three drops of the tincture must be administered ten minutes before he leaves."

"It shall be administered."

"Already, my friend, we are suffering at the hands of the bunglers we are compelled to employ. The pestilential priest Patrick Donegal has slipped through all our nets. Nor is it certain that he is not in the hands of Enemy No. 1."

The ancient head of Sam Pak was slowly nodded.

"The appearance of the Abbot at Carnegie Hall," Dr. Fu Manchu continued, "might be fatal to my plans. Yet," removing heavy gloves he laid two long bony hands upon the table before him: "I remain in uncertainty."

"In war, Master, there is always an element of uncertainty."

"Uncertainty is part of the imperfect plan," Fu Manchu replied sibilantly. "Only the fool is uncertain. But the odds are heavy, my friend. Produce to me the man Herman Grosset, whom you have chosen for tonight's great task."

Sam Pak moved slightly, pressing a bell. The curtain was drawn aside and a Chinese boy appeared. A few words of rapid instructions and he went out dropping the curtain behind him.

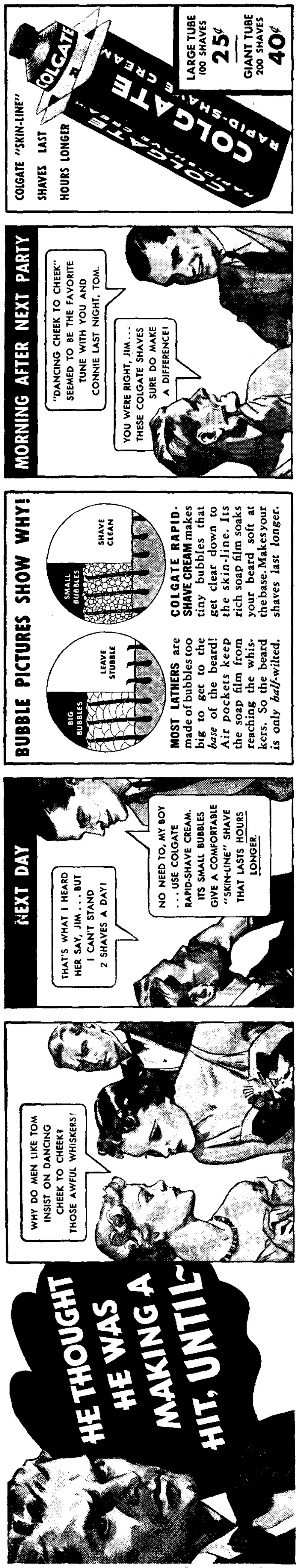
There was silence in the queer room. Dr. Fu Manchu, eyes half-closed, leaned back in his chair. Sam Pak resembled a mummy set upright in ghastly raillery

(Continued on page 30)

When a sweet tooth finds a friend

If the children of America could vote for their favorite sweet, their overwhelming choice would be Milky Way. Satisfying taste warrants it—and record sales prove it. Because growing children must have the top best, informed parents everywhere are quick to approve this wholesome candy bar, not alone because it tastes good, but because its world-wide reputation is built upon the high quality of its ingredients and the absolute cleanliness of its making. In its beautiful, modern and sun-flooded candy kitchens, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, MARS Toasted Almond, and Two Bits.

A Mars Co
DOUBLE
Milky Way
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5
CHOCOLATE
More Tasteful



HE THOUGHT HE WAS MAKING A HIT, UNTIL—
WHY DO MEN LIKE TOM INSIST ON DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK? THOSE AWFUL WHISKERS!
NEXT DAY
THAT'S WHAT I HEARD HER SAY, JIM . . . BUT I CAN'T STAND 2 SHAVES A DAY!
NO NEED TO, MY BOY . . . USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM. ITS SMALL BUBBLES GIVE A COMFORTABLE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half-wilted.*

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves *last longer.*

MORNING AFTER NEXT PARTY
"DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK" SEEMED TO BE THE FAVORITE TUNE WITH YOU AND CONNIE LAST NIGHT, TOM.
YOU WERE RIGHT, JIM... THESE COLGATE SHAVES SURE DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢

GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

The Invisible President

Continued from page 28

by some light-minded excavator. Then came vigorous footsteps, the curtains were switched aside, and a man strode in.

Above medium height, of tremendously powerful build, dark-faced and formidable, Herman Grosset was a man with whom no one would willingly have picked a quarrel. He looked about him challengingly, meeting the gaze of those half-closed green eyes with apparent indifference, and merely glancing at old Sam Pak. He stepped to the table staring down at Dr. Fu Manchu.

His movements, his complete sangfroid, something too, in the dark-browed face, might have reminded a close observer of Harvey Bragg; and indeed, Grosset was a half-brother of the potential dictator of the United States.

"So you are the President?" he said—and his gruff voice held a note of amused self-assurance. "I'm sure glad to meet you, President. There's some saying about 'fools step in . . .' I don't know if it applies to me, but it's kind of funny that you've stayed in the background with Harvey, but asked me to step right into the office."

"The circumstances under which you stepped into the office," came coldly, sibilantly, "are such that if you displease me, you will find it difficult to step out again."

"Oh! I'm supposed to be impressed by the closed auto, and the secret journey?" Grosset laughed, and banged his fist on the table. "Look!"

With a lightning movement he snatched an automatic from his pocket and covered Dr. Fu Manchu.

"I take big risks because I know how to protect myself. While you're for Harvey, I'm for you. If I thought you'd dare to cross him, you'd start out for your Chinese paradise, this very minute. Harvey is going to be President. Harvey is going to be Dictator. Nothing else can set the country to rights. I wouldn't hesitate to shoot down any man living that got in his way. When he made me boss of his bodyguard he did the right thing."

DR. FU MANCHU'S long, yellow hands, with their cruelly pointed nails, remained quite motionless. He did not stir a muscle; his eyes were mere green slits in the yellow mask. Then:

"No one doubts your loyalty to Harvey Bragg," he said softly; "that point is not in dispute. It is known that you love him."

"I'd die for him."

The automatic disappeared into the pocket from which it had been taken. Two men stripped to the waist entered so silently that even the movement of the curtain was not audible. They sprang from behind like twin panthers upon Grosset.

"Hell!" he roared. "What's this game?"

He bent his powerful body forward, striving to throw one of his assailants across his shoulder, but realized that he was gripped in a stranglehold.

"You damned yellow double-crosser," he groaned, as his right arm was twisted back to breaking point.

From behind, an expanding gag was slipped into his gaping mouth. He gurgled, groaned, tried to kick, then collapsed as the pressure of fingers made itself felt, agonizingly, upon his eyeballs . . .

He had not even seen his assailants when straps were buckled about his legs, and his arms lashed behind him.

Throughout, Dr. Fu Manchu never stirred. But when the man, his eyes fixed in frenzied hate upon the Chinese doctor, was carried, uttering inarticulate sounds, from the room, and the curtain fell behind his bearers—

"It is good, my friend," Fu Manchu said gutturally, addressing the mummy-like figure on the settee, "that you succeeded in bringing me a few expert servants."

"It was well done," old Sam Pak muttered.

"Tonight," the precise tones continued, "we put our fortunes to the test. The woman Adair, to whom I have entrusted the tuition of Harvey Bragg, is one I can rely upon; I hold her in my hand. But the man himself, in his bloated arrogance, may fail us. I fear for little else." His eyes became closed; he was thinking aloud. "If Enemy Number One has Abbot Donegal, all approaches to Carnegie Hall must be held against them. This I can arrange. We have little else to fear."

Delicately, from the material upon the table, he charged a hypodermic syringe with a pale green fluid. Sam Pak watched him with misty eyes, and Dr. Fu Manchu stood up.

"It is unfortunate," he said, but there was a note of scientific enthusiasm in the guttural voice, "that my first important experiment in the use of this interesting drug should involve in success or failure such high issues. Come, my friend; I desire you to be present. . . ."

Across the silent temple of the seven-eyed goddess they went: Fu Manchu with his catlike walk; old Sam Pak shuffling behind. The place was silent and empty. They descended a stone stairs, traversed the corridor lined with the six painted coffins, and passed the steel door beyond which a secret passage led to East River.

In a small, cell-like room, brightly lighted by a pendant lamp, Herman Grosset lay strapped to a fixed teak bench. The two immobile Chinamen had just completed their task as Dr. Fu Manchu entered, and:

"Go!" he commanded in Chinese.

The men bowed and went out; their muscular bodies were dewy with perspiration. Grosset's skin also gleamed wetly. He had been stripped to the waist; his eyes were starting from his head.

"Remove the gag, my friend," Dr. Fu Manchu directed.

Old Sam Pak stepped forward, bent over Grosset, and with a sudden, amazingly agile movement, wrenched the man's mouth open and plucked out the expanding gag. Grosset turned his head aside and spat disgustedly, then:

"Dirty yellow thugs!" he whispered; he was panting. "You've been bought over! Maybe you think—" his powerful chest expanded hugely—"that if you get Harvey, Orwin Prescott has a chance! I'm telling you this: if any harm comes to Harvey, there'll never be a Dictator in the United States."

"We do not doubt," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "your love for Harvey Bragg."

"No need to doubt it! Looks like I'm dying for him right here and now. I want to tell you this: He's the biggest man this country has known for a whole generation and more. Think that over. I say it."

"You would not consider changing your opinion?"

"I knew it!" Grosset was recovering vigor. "Saw it coming. Listen! you saffron-faced horror. You couldn't buy me for all the gold in Washington."

"Admirable sentiment," Dr. Fu Manchu muttered, and bent over the strapped figure, hypodermic syringe in hand.

"WHAT are you going to do to me?" Grosset shrieked, a sudden note of horror in his voice. "What are you going to do to me? Oh, you filthy yellow swine! If only my hands were free!"

"I am going to kill you, my friend. I have no future place for you in my plans."

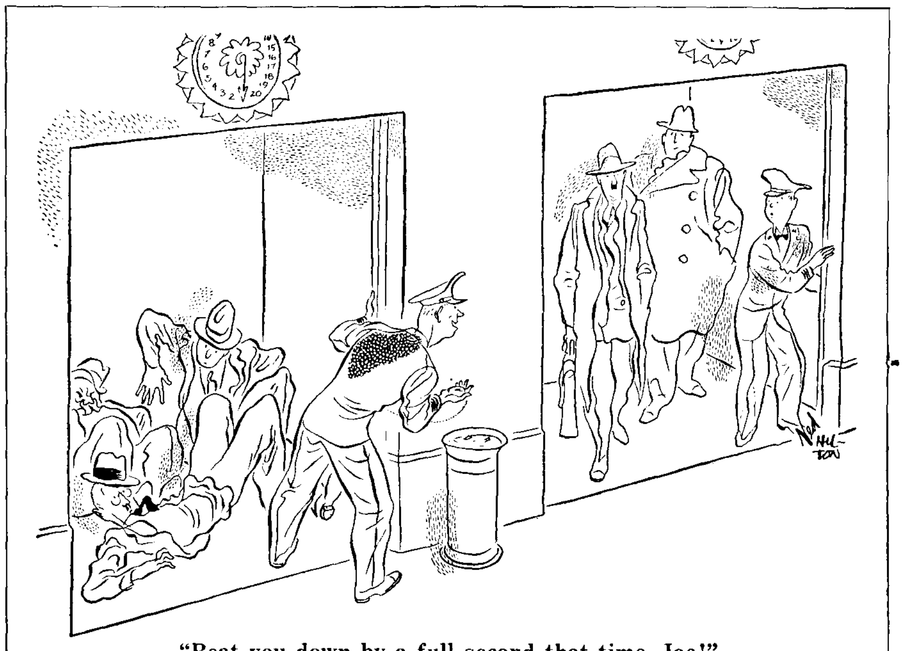
"Well, do it with a gun," the man groaned, "or even a knife if you like. But that thing—"

He uttered a wild, despairing shriek as the needle point was plunged into his flesh. Veins like blue whipcords sprang up on his forehead, on his powerful arms as he fought to evade the needle point. All was in vain; he groaned and in the excess of his mental agony became still.

Dr. Fu Manchu handed the syringe to the old mandarin who unemotionally had watched the operation. He stooped and applied his ear to the diaphragm of the unconscious man. Then, standing upright, he nodded.

"The second injection two hours before we want him." He looked down at the powerful body strapped to the bench. "You have killed many men in defense of your idol, Grosset," he murmured, apostrophizing the insensible figure. "Seven I have checked, and there are others. You shall end your career in a killing that is really worth while. . . ."

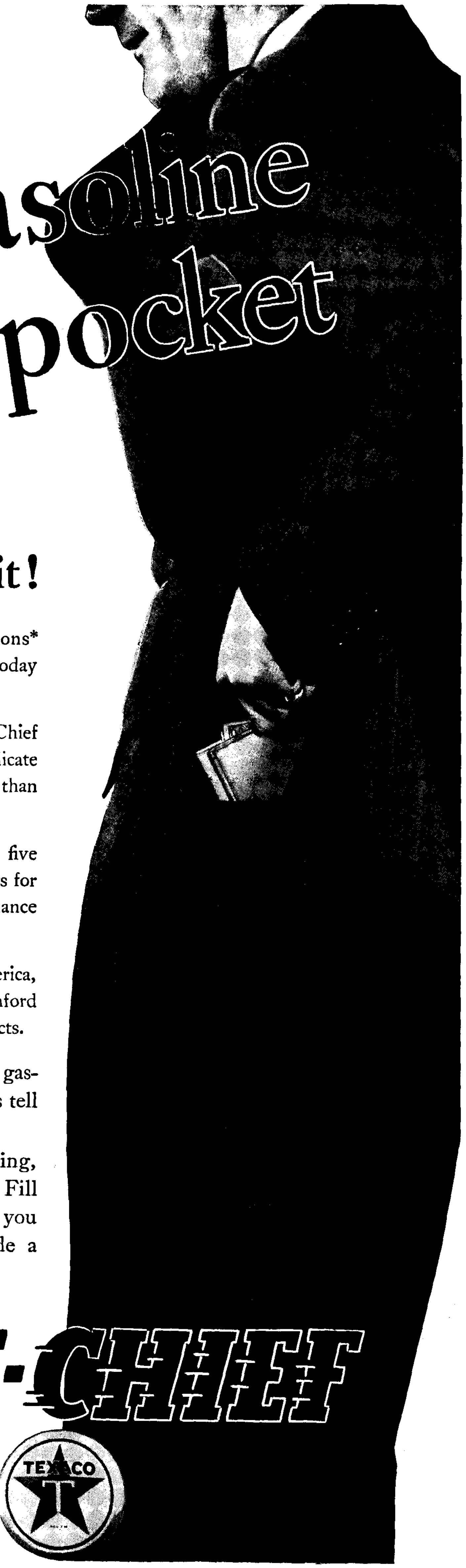
(To be continued next week)



"Beat you down by a full second that time, Joe!"

NED HILTON

You have a 608 gallon gasoline order in your pocket



... think twice about where to place it!

NO matter who you are . . . you've got a mighty important gasoline order in your pocket. This year, you'll buy 608 gallons...even if you only do an *average* amount of driving!

That represents a real, business-size purchase. Certainly, it entitles you to business-like reasons . . . to the honest, unvarnished evidence . . . true facts on which to judge the gasoline you buy.

You're a big buyer, too!

The Texas Company believes that you would welcome the same opportunity that bus companies and other industrial buyers have . . . the opportunity to cut clean through distorted claims . . . the chance to choose *your* gasoline on a clear-cut, factual basis, too.

Accordingly, we solicit that important gasoline order of yours on these specific facts about Texaco Fire-Chief:

Purposely developed a few years ago as an emergency-grade gasoline, Fire-Chief meets the Government's specifications* for *emergency* vehicles. Yet it sells today at *regular* gasoline prices.

Tourists carried the demand for Fire-Chief into all 48 States. Recent surveys indicate it is now preferred by more tourists than any other gasoline.

Four first-prize winners for the last five years in the annual bus line contests for efficiency in operation and maintenance have been regular Fire-Chief users.

Many leading airlines throughout America, such as TWA, Pennsylvania, Hanford and Northwest all use Texaco products.

Do you know as much about the gasoline you're using now as these facts tell you about Texaco Fire-Chief?

The next time you're out driving, stop in at the famous Texaco sign. Fill up your tank with Fire-Chief and you can be confident that you've made a really sensible gasoline selection.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

TUNE IN THE *FIRE-CHIEF* RADIO PROGRAM
Direct from the New York Hippodrome. TUESDAY EVENINGS
AT 9:30 E. S. T. Coast-to-Coast over the N. B. C. Network.

TEXACO

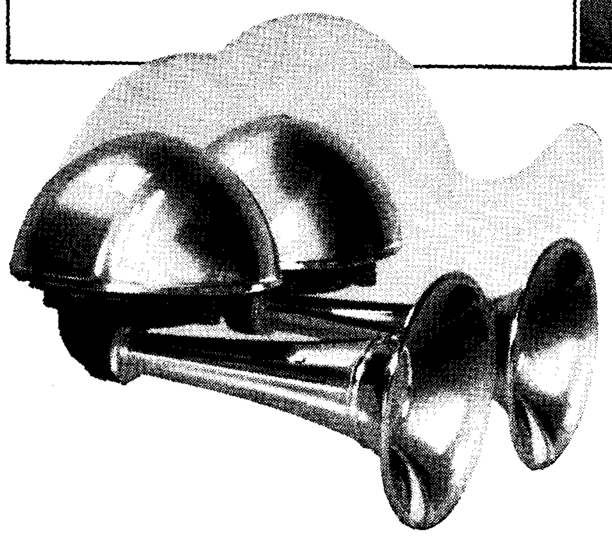
*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for Emergency Motor Fuel

PLAY SAFE!

Precious lives depend upon your Klaxon automobile horn. It reminds the preoccupied shopper that she is walking in the midst of traffic. It cautions children playing in the streets. It sounds an admonishing note at curves and intersections. For more than a quarter of a century, Delco-Remy engineers have been creating and improving the warning notes of Klaxon horns, keeping pace with the world's increasing need for more effective safety signals. Klaxons have long been standard equipment on leading motor cars, including all General Motors cars. In all things electrical on your car, think of Delco-Remy—pioneer in starting, lighting, and ignition equipment—including the world-famous Klaxon.

•

When you tune up your car this spring, make a pair of matched Klaxon horns your first consideration. There is a complete line of Klaxons for installation on all makes of cars, for mounting either outside or under the hood. They are obtainable wherever fine accessories are sold.



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MANUFACTURERS OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION • KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES • AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

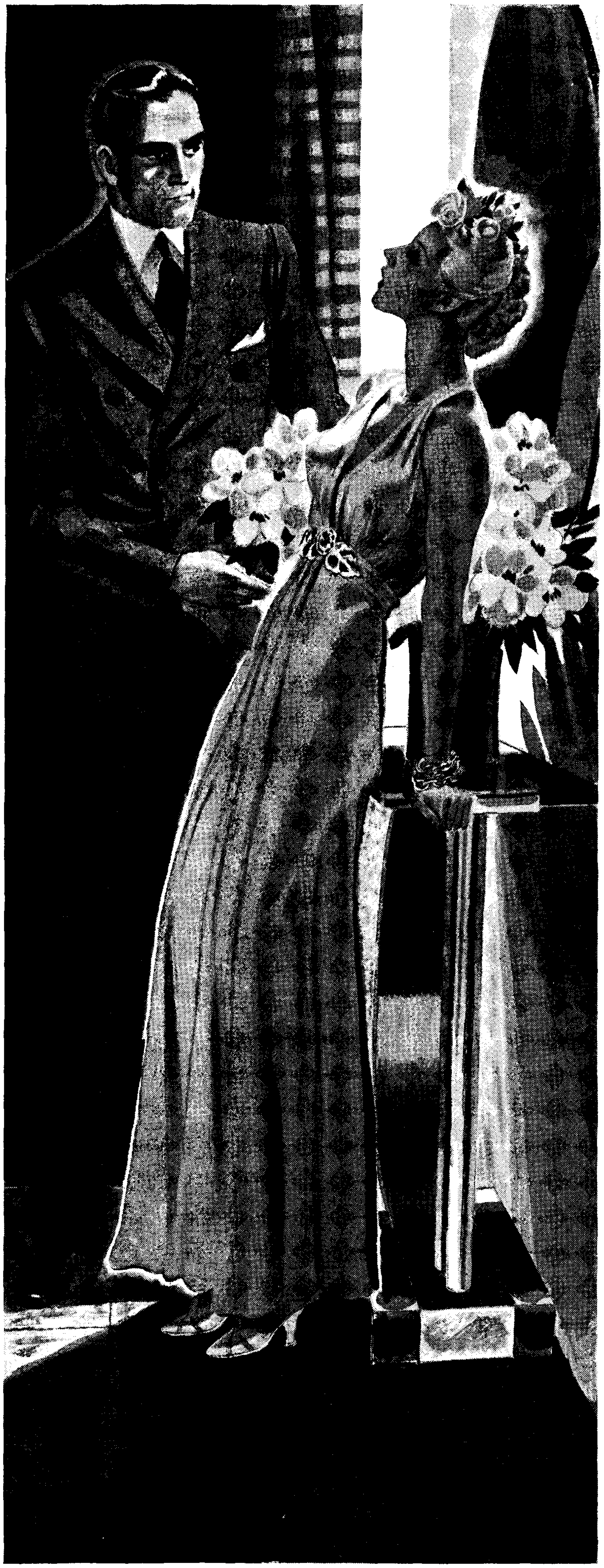
DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT CONVENIENT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE ...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

One More Goodby

By Thomas Monroe

When a handsome Hollywood star slips a ring on a girl's finger, his rivals might just as well fade out of the picture. As the hero of this story did, for instance

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"You had to get over thinking you owned the world first," she said

THEY picked the shell up out of the water and swung it over their heads to the rack and for the first time they looked like a real crew. It was about the fifteenth take and the crowd of extras was hoarse enough for a close finish at Poughkeepsie but I kept them cheering till Hillman flagged me. Then he turned to the guy on the mike.

"How was it for sound?" he asked him.

The guy picked up his phone and waited.

"Okay," he said.

Hillman looked at the script girl. "Print that one," he said and he stuck his hands in his pockets and walked off the set. That meant we were through for the day. Hillman was like that but he was one fine director.

I jumped on top of a step-up and got out my pencil.

"All right, boys," I said, "I'll sign your checks now." About the only time of the day that a second assistant director gets to be important is when he tells the help they can go home. After I'd finished I flopped in the first chair I saw and lit a cigarette. I was plenty tired and I didn't have anything to rush for anyway. The chair was comfortable enough. I twisted around and then I saw the name on the back. It was Terry Donlin's.

Well, not much chance of his using it now; he'd left the set. It was my first day on the picture and outside of a fast hello I'd made it a point to be very busy when he hadn't been in the shot. Eight years ago we had been pretty good friends in college but eight years is a long time. Terry was a big star now. But that wasn't the reason I didn't want to see him.

I was just about to go when I saw him coming. He was still in the rowing trunks he'd worn in the scene and he looked just a little heavier than when we'd played guard and tackle respectively at Cornell. His Jap dresser was trailing him trying to throw a camel's-hair coat over his big shoulders but he wasn't having much success matching his short legs with Terry's stride. He walked up to me and I grinned at him.

"What's the idea?" he asked me. "Why didn't you come over to my dressing-room like I told you to? Holy smoke, Johnny, I want to talk to you. It's been years since I've seen you and now I find you working on my set." He stood there looking as injured as a ten-year-old.

I mumbled something about having a list to make out for tomorrow but he got me by the arm and just about dragged me along with him. The Jap had managed to get his coat on while he was talking. We went up to his dressing-room.

"Take a drink first," he said and he handed me a bottle, "and then tell me why the devil you're working in Hollywood. Didn't you have a lot of dough?"

"I had," I said, "but times change. They took it away from me two years ago, Terry—them thar wolves of Wall Street. Clean as a Dutchman's uncle. So I had a tough time for a while—learning how the poor people ride on subways, and then I was lucky enough to get a job with Hillman in Astoria. When he got a contract with Imperial and came out here, I tagged along. Simple enough, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Terry said, "when you put it that way. But it sounds a little like Horatio Alger going backward."

I HADN'T been quick enough with the bottle and he took it out of my hand and had a fast one.

"You seem to be thirsty, Terry," I said to him.

"What?" He looked at me. "Oh, sure. You see I make it a point not to drink while I'm working and along about now I get pretty dry."

I looked at the bottle and he saw me looking. It was half full.

"Oh," he said, "looks suspicious, eh? It's an old one."

"Who's accusing you?" I asked him. "What's the matter—guilty conscience?" I took the bottle back from him. "Here, give me that drink I missed."

We had a couple more and then a guy named Halliday came in and joined us for one. He was in the sound department. I hadn't met him. He seemed to know Terry pretty well. After he left Terry said: "There goes one guy that thinks I'm pretty swell. I did him a favor once and saved his job. The rest of them out here—well, you're a great guy while you have it. That's Hollywood."

"You sound like your stomach's upset," I told him. "You should be griping—you're right on top of the heap."

He was looking at the floor. "Yeah," he said, "and it's a nice slide down."

After that we got to the point I'd been afraid of. Terry wanted me to go home with him for some further work

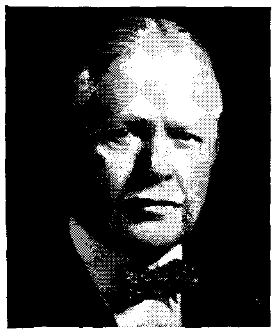
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Board of Directors

An active Board of Directors manages the New York Life Insurance Company. Each Director serves on at least one of five general Committees, which meet regularly to consider every phase of the Company's business. Two of these Committees meet as often as twice a week.

Through their work on Committees, as well as at the regular monthly meetings of the Board, the Directors keep in close touch with the personnel and conduct of the Company. Directors receive no salaries, their only compensation being modest fees for attending meetings.

Outstanding leaders in widely diversified fields of activity, the Members of the Board gladly contribute their time, experience and advice in the service of the policyholders of this mutual company.



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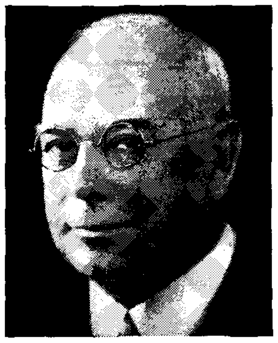

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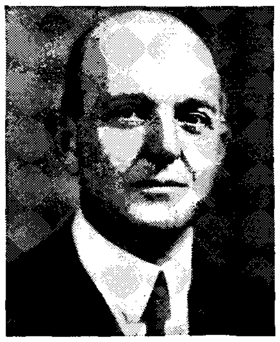

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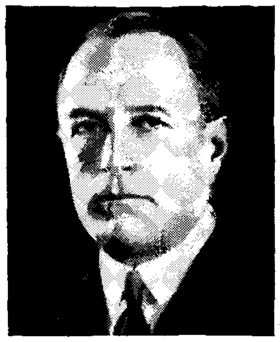

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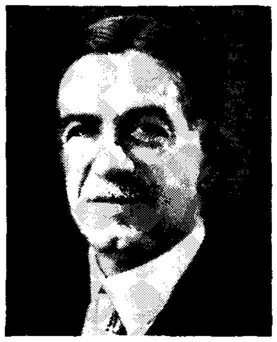

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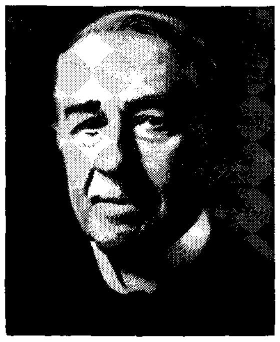

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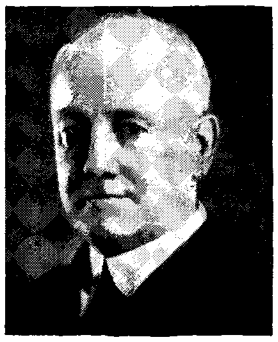

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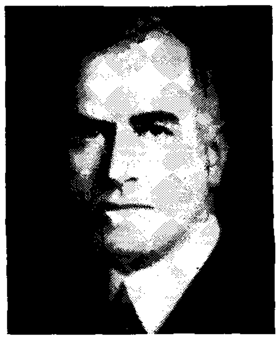

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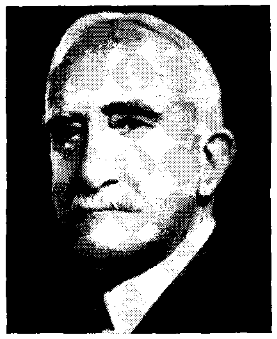

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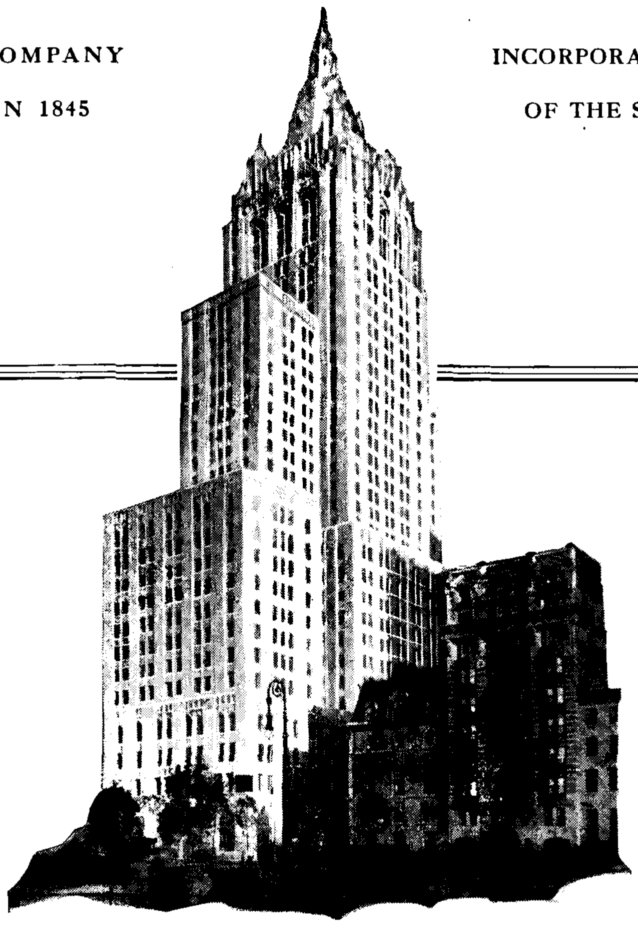
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

91st *Annual Statement*

DECEMBER 31, 1935

A MUTUAL COMPANY
FOUNDED IN 1845

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK



To the Policyholders and the Public:—

During the year 1935 the New York Life Insurance Company paid or credited $141,602,272 to living policyholders and $67,991,240 to the beneficiaries of those who died. These huge disbursements reflect the great social service rendered by this mutual Company through the cooperative effort of its policyholders.

The Company's assets were $2,243,587,752 at the close of 1935, an increase of $134,082,528 over the previous year. Bonds eligible for amortization are carried at their amortized value determined in accordance with the laws of the State of New York. All other bonds, including bonds in default, and all stocks (guaranteed and preferred), are carried at market value as of December 31, 1935. The following table shows the diversification of the Company's assets at the end of 1935.

	Assets Dec. 31, 1935	Per Cent of each item to Total Assets
Cash on Hand or in Bank	$57,207,273.47	2.55
United States Government, direct, or fully guaranteed Bonds	321,276,844.71	14.32
State, County and Municipal Bonds	218,461,034.63	9.74
Railroad Bonds	326,116,485.74	14.54
Public Utility Bonds	165,657,871.33	7.38
Industrial and Other Bonds	25,607,657.58	1.14
Canadian Bonds	53,235,381.24	2.37
Foreign Bonds	1,500,627.37	.07
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	80,880,743.00	3.60
Real Estate Owned (*Including Home Office*)	115,335,505.83	5.14
Foreclosed Real Estate Subject to Redemption	4,106,665.78	.18
First Mortgages on City Properties	425,058,944.91	18.95
First Mortgages on Farms	9,493,652.22	.42
Policy Loans	379,961,059.47	16.93
Interest & Rents Due & Accrued	29,544,227.37	1.32
Net Amount of Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	29,997,474.44	1.34
Other Assets	146,303.28	.01
TOTAL ASSETS	**$2,243,587,752.37**	**100%**

Securities amounting to $35,722,134.15 included above are deposited as required by law

The liabilities, including policy reserves calculated on the most conservative basis used by American life insurance companies, were $2,126,880,881 on December 31, 1935. A Special Investment Reserve of $40,000,000 not required by law, and reserves of $40,073,472 for dividends payable to policyholders in 1936 are included in the liabilities.

Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies amounted to $116,706,871.

Mortality was favorably low. Expenses were slightly higher, due chiefly to increased taxation.

The interest yield on securities obtainable in 1935 of the high quality and type demanded by the Company for the investment of its policyholders' funds declined throughout the year. In view of the general financial situation and in adherence to the Company's principle that safety is the first requisite in life insurance and must always be the first consideration, the Company deemed it prudent to strengthen its reserves.

At the close of 1935 the Company had 2,672,636 policies in force giving insurance protection of more than $6,620,800,000 to homes, families and business interests. The amount of new insurance issued by the Company during the year was $466,356,000. In addition, men and women paid $40,428,582 to the Company for annuities to provide a guaranteed life income.

During its history of 91 years, throughout every financial and economic crisis, the New York Life has met every obligation it assumed. Today, as in the past, it is sound and safe. Policyholders may be assured as to their wisdom in making provision for their dependents in event of death and for themselves in old age through their insurance in this Company.

A more complete report listing the securities owned by the Company, as well as detailed information on any of our policy contracts, will gladly be sent upon request to the Company's Home Office, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, or to any of its Branch Offices throughout the United States and Canada.

Thos. A. Buckner
President

on a bottle and he wouldn't take no for an answer. The chances were she'd be there and I didn't want to see her. Not yet, anyway.

"I can't, no kidding, Terry, I don't feel so hot. Besides, I have a big day tomorrow."

He looked injured again. "You were never like this in Ithaca, Johnny. What's the matter—don't you like me any more?"

Well, there wasn't much I could do then but I still knew I shouldn't go. It was a lead-pipe cinch we'd run into her. After all, he was engaged to her, wasn't he?

WE GOT in his car and he had it sailing down Cahuenga and through Hollywood and out to Beverly as though there weren't any speed limits. It was some car, all right. I remembered I had one like it myself once. When we got to his house in Beverly that was all right, too.

"Listen," I said, "aren't you expecting somebody—I mean won't you be having guests, Terry?"

"No, nobody'll be there. Not for a while anyway. Except—say, did you know I was engaged, Johnny?"

I didn't hear him, I was busy looking at the scenery.

"Yeah. Marsha Winters. Swell girl. She did some shows in New York—did you ever see her?"

"Why, yes," I said, "yes, I know her." Lord, couldn't he get off the subject?

We drove into the garage underneath and Terry took me up an inside stairway and into the house. It was a big place for a bachelor even if he was a movie star. Of course he was planning on getting married; I had forgotten. Yes, I had!

"This way," Terry said and he steered me with his hand on my arm down some steps and into the living-room. Someone was curled up on the divan, reading. Someone with short blond curls that flew up when she turned quickly, the way she had always turned. I felt a little weak down in the bottom of my stomach.

"'Lo, darling," Terry said. He went over and kissed her. "You know Johnny Sullavan? I went to college with him, the lug."

She was staring at me steadily and I waited for her to say something back to him but she didn't. I opened my mouth and then I cleared my throat because I was sure if I said anything it would come out in a falsetto or something. But there wasn't any reason I should feel like such a fool, I knew that. It was all over and done with long ago.

"Hello, Johnny," she said and she put out her hand. It was smooth and firm when I took it and it made everything seem not so long ago at all.

"Hello, Marsha," I said to her. "It's—it's good to see you again."

Terry was looking surprised. "Oh, you know each other?"

"In New York," I told him, "a while ago." I looked back at Marsha.

"I didn't know you were in Hollywood, Johnny," she said to me. Her eyes were pieces of an even bluer sky than I had remembered them. "How long since and what are you doing here?"

"I've been out about a week," I told her. "Nobody else knew it either."

Terry was looking in a cupboard. "Wait a minute," he said, "I'll go down to the bar and bring up a drink." He went to the other end of the room and down a staircase there, with the camel's-hair coat flopping around his long legs.

She wasn't looking at me any more. "Sit down, Johnny." She went back to the divan and I sat on the edge of a big chair. "You were about the last person I expected to find here," she said.

"I can imagine. I hope you don't mind. Fact is I really didn't want Terry to bring me but—well—"

"Mind? Johnny, it's swell seeing you—I'm so glad. Only—well, it's a little bit of a shock, you know." She smiled and somehow I felt disappointed that she had. Well, what did I want her to do—cry?

"A shock," I said, "no doubt. Well, it had to come sometime. How's the career?"

She took a cigarette box from the table and handed it to me. "The career—oh, yes. Pretty good. I've got a lead in a good picture, Johnny; I think it ought to go over."

"I hope so," I said. "Oh, I saw you in the one you made for United. You were good. Sure, you'll go over."

"There was a time you wouldn't have said that, Johnny." She said it slowly as though she were thinking about something else. "But you haven't told me what you're doing in Hollywood, or where you met Terry."

"The answer to both of those is the same," I told her. "On the set. Working."

"Working? *You* working? Johnny, you're killing me. What as—an actor?"

I gave her a hard look for that one. "Me an actor? Lower than that—much lower. Assistant to the assistant director. General prop boy, just about."

"But, Johnny, what's happened to you? I never knew you to be interested in work."

"Well, we all change." I didn't feel like telling her just then I'd had to lose my dough first; for some reason I felt kind of funny about it.

"Tell me more. Why pictures?"

"Maybe I wanted to find out what made you find them so fascinating," I said and I grinned at her. "Maybe I wanted to be a big director so I could star you in a picture some day."

She looked at me without saying anything and I kept grinning. It wasn't so easy.

Then Terry came back with a bottle of Scotch and started mixing some highballs. Marsha went out to take a dip in the pool before dinner.

"Of course you're staying, Johnny," she said before she went.

I started to say no but Terry was too fast for me.

"Sure, he's staying," he said. I went upstairs with him while he showered and got dressed. He kept going on the bottle even then. It looked like Terry had turned into a bit of a lush.

WHEN we came down, Marsha was waiting for us.

"How was the dip, darling?" Terry said to her. Funny how it hurt hearing him call her that. He was a nice guy—I'd always liked him. He was engaged to her—going to marry her. It wasn't any of my business.

"Dinner's almost ready," Marsha said. "I just asked the cook. I'm starved—is anybody else?"

"Think I'm not?" That was Terry. "I've been pulling an oar all day. Let's go down to the bar and have a cocktail first."

She looked at him. "Take it a little easy, Terry, will you? There isn't any hurry, is there?"

"Huh? Oh, no, no hurry. We'll just have a quick one. Come on, Johnny." We went down alone.

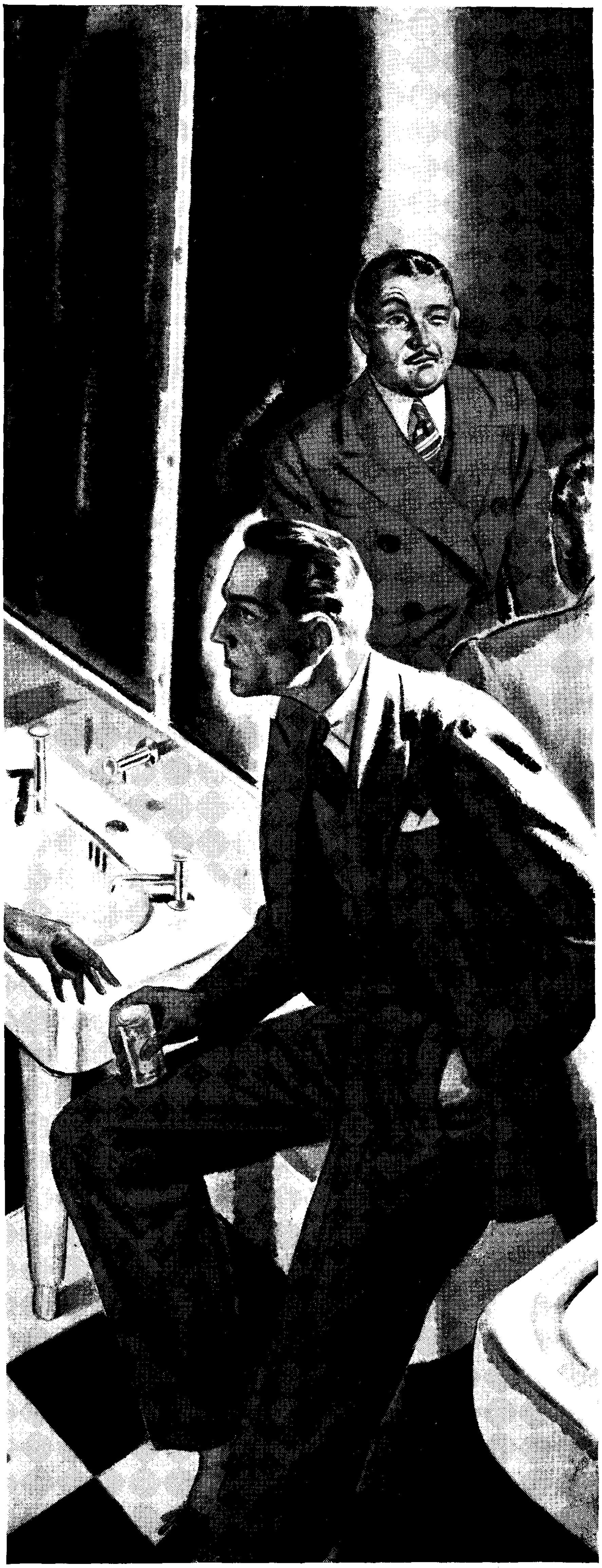
Terry was in back of the bar grinding up sugar and bitters for old-fashioneds. "How do you like Marsha?" he asked me. "Oh, I forgot, you knew her before. Did you see her in 'One More Goodby'?"

"Yes," I said, "I saw her." I didn't say how many times. Or how much time I'd spent backstage telling her that after she had given me the gate.

"Pretty good actress, don't you think?"

"Yes," I said; "yes, I think so."

(Continued on page 76)



"There's four grand here, Seaver," I said. "I kept out my end. Okay?"

He's your TIRE REPAIR MAN

CASING CUTS AND BREAKS FIXED FAST
A BOWES PRODUCT

NAIL HOLE NEGLECT wrecks TIRES . . . and CARS

If your tires have had nail punctures, **tire rot** is attacking them. Tiny casing holes suck in grit and water; blowouts start this way. Whenever you get a punctured tube fixed, get a Bowes "Seal-Fast" casing repair, too!

No tire is safer than its repairs. Any good tire is a safe tire, in normal service. But the minute a tire is repaired, your safety depends—not upon the tire. but upon THAT REPAIR JOB.

So choose your tire repair man even more carefully than you choose your new tires. Choose the man who has good repair equipment; who uses good materials. Then rely on his trained skill, his expert judgment.

There are many good tires today. There is *one* tire repair system that is safest—BOWES "SEAL-FAST".

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Only authorized dealers who guarantee their work can display the BOWES "SEAL-FAST" Sign. They recommend this patented live rubber welding process which produces repairs, *stronger* than the original tire.

From coast to coast, in your home town and wherever you drive, you can use BOWES "SEAL-FAST" Service. It insures greater tire mileage, real protection—genuine economy and *lasting* safety. Get acquainted with your BOWES "SEAL-FAST" repair man—now!

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN. It identifies trustworthy authorized BOWES "SEAL-FAST" Service Stations everywhere. Make it your guide to real tire and tube safety, *always*. Bowes "Seal-Fast" Corporation, 224 North Pine Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Safe tire repairs—
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DOOR BLEW SHUT ON HIS INSTEP

But his wife rubbed the pain away with Absorbine Jr.

A. K. of Omaha, Nebraska, was standing in the open door chatting with a neighbor, when a sudden gust of wind slammed the door shut on his instep.

He danced around in pain until his wife came running with a bottle of Absorbine Jr. She helped him pull off his sock and immediately started to massage the sore spot with Absorbine Jr.

"In a jiffy that pain torture was gone," says A. K.,* "and I was feeling like a human being. You never *can* tell when an accident like that's going to happen, so you'll never catch me without a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy."

For years this remarkable old liniment has been the good friend of countless families. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, muscular aches, sprains and bruises. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, too. And costs very little—because a little goes so far. All druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name____________________

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ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Uproar on the Nile

Continued from page 25

somebody in Cairo, when the political United Front was formed, "no longer take orders from politicians; it is the other way around in Egypt nowadays."

Only the most fanatical of Egyptian nationalists dream of one-hundred-percent independence for their country. The rest realize that, under present conditions, independence, with no strings at all attached, is well-nigh inconceivable.

They are fully aware that the British are in Egypt to stay. And, with the world as it is, most of them are well pleased to have the security of their country rest on British bayonets and British dreadnaughts.

Many of them resent, however, the spirit behind British domination. For instance, they foamed at the mouth recently when Sir Samuel Hoare, shortly before he resigned as British Foreign Minister, spoke disparagingly of the Egyptian constitution. What they would like to see is a relationship between their country and the British based on a treaty freely negotiated, as between two sovereign nations. The present state of affairs—especially now that the British, in view of Italy's attitude, are busy with warlike preparations on Egyptian soil—is far from satisfactory to Egyptian national pride.

Egypt Beneath the Surface

"England is going ahead with her preparations here exactly as if this country were a British colony," a resident of Cairo told me. Another complained: "In these days of war scares, when Egypt may easily become a battlefield between British and Italians, we Egyptians want to be taken into partnership with Britain, not thrust behind the side lines, as mere onlookers. *We want to be Britain's allies, not her vassals!*"

There are several Egypts.

That becomes apparent to the foreigner very soon after his arrival. Many visitors depart without seeing more than two. That is a pity—particularly if one wishes to get an idea of what lies underneath those recent student riots.

First, there is the Egypt of antiquity, of mighty pyramids and superb temples and impressive royal tombs. It is thrust at you from the moment you set foot on Egyptian soil. All you need do is walk into the nearest tourist agency—it is hard to figure out which is the nearest; they are all so near—in order to have the cost of a trip into Ancient Egypt quoted to you, at so much a pyramid, so much a temple, so much a tomb.

Second comes the Egypt of internationalism. It is born of the foreigner, supported by the foreigner, operated for the foreigner. It is bounded on the north by bars, on the south by night clubs, on the east by up-to-date hotels, on the west by up-to-the-minute antiques. Out of this Egypt you need never stray from the moment of your arrival until your departure. You will be well taken care of by the inhabitants—largely headwaiters, waiters, doormen, coatroom attendants, bellboys, shopkeepers, chauffeurs and guides. A considerable section of Cairo is situated in this second Egypt. Entire streets there might be loaded onto a magic carpet and set down in Paris without attracting special attention, provided the people using them could be persuaded to make a few small changes in their costumes.

Those are the two Egypts which scarcely anybody can miss seeing. But there is a third which is far more alive than either. You must, however, hunt for it. And, unless you do, you will have difficulty in getting even a surface understanding of Egyptian insistence on Wilsonian self-determination and Egyptian objections to over-much foreign control.

To explore this Egypt Number Three, walk out of your big hotel in Egypt Number Two, push aside the guides who want to show you Cairo by day, by night, or by anything else, and hail one of those two-horse carriages which cruise around the streets on the lookout for customers (preferably foreign). Climb in behind the driver. And, as his horses go prancing off, tweak him by the sleeve and say:

"Listen, Abdulla or Hakkim. I like music, but I don't want to see your opera house. I respect Ibrahim Pasha (though my respect is slightly handicapped by the fact that I don't know who he was) but I refuse to contemplate his statue. What I want is—"

"Oh, yes. Museum. Mummies. Tutankhamen."

"No! Orient. Arabian Nights. Harun-al-Rashid. Get me?"

It is painfully evident that Abdulla or Hakkim does not.

"Take me to the Muski, man!"

"But ze fine new boulevard, just like Paris—"

"*Take me to the Muski!*"

With a sigh, he whips up his horses. In a few minutes you are in another world.

The Muski is the main street of Oriental Cairo. As your carriage turns into it, you are caught up in a swirl of colorful, noisy Oriental traffic.

Your driver narrowly escapes running down vendors of tarbooshes, carried on a long stick, one above the other, offered for sale in guttural Arabic. He brushes past sellers of greasy meat pies; of unappetizing things shaped like pretzels, swimming in fat; of pinkish beverages, poured out of big brass containers slung over ragged shoulders. He worms his way past flat, uncovered carts, drawn by donkeys, on which sit women in black, huddled close together, with gilded ornaments strung over their noses, and with veils almost hiding their faces.

Keepers of tiny shops, squatting on their thresholds, eye you critically. Slender minarets soar skyward. From side-alleys, so narrow that jutting upper stories of the ramshackle dwellings lining them almost touch across the roadway, come Arabs, bearded and dignified, in flowing robes and big turbans; and brown human scarecrows, all grime and patches; and coal-black Sudanese, flashing rows of white teeth in sudden dazzling smiles.

Your carriage goes clattering under a huge gateway, straddling a street straight out of the Arabian Nights. You expect, at any moment, to see Harun-al-Rashid himself, haggling over the price of Oriental rugs, or stopping to eye the scales on which a swarthy money-changer is weighing coins.

Far from the Loud-speakers

Out of a dark doorway comes the sound of a tune, wafted through the air from some distant microphone.

"Ha!" you exclaim. "The radio has conquered even the Orient!"

You listen. The tune coming out of that doorway is like no music you ever heard before. It is harsh. It is weird. Part of it is a succession of most unmelodious wails. There are outlandish grunts in it, as if a pig somewhere in the vicinity were trying to express himself in song—and failing lamentably.

"My mistake," you confess. "The Orient has conquered even the radio!"

The driver pulls his horses to a stop. With his whip he points to a big building surmounted by lovely tapering minarets.

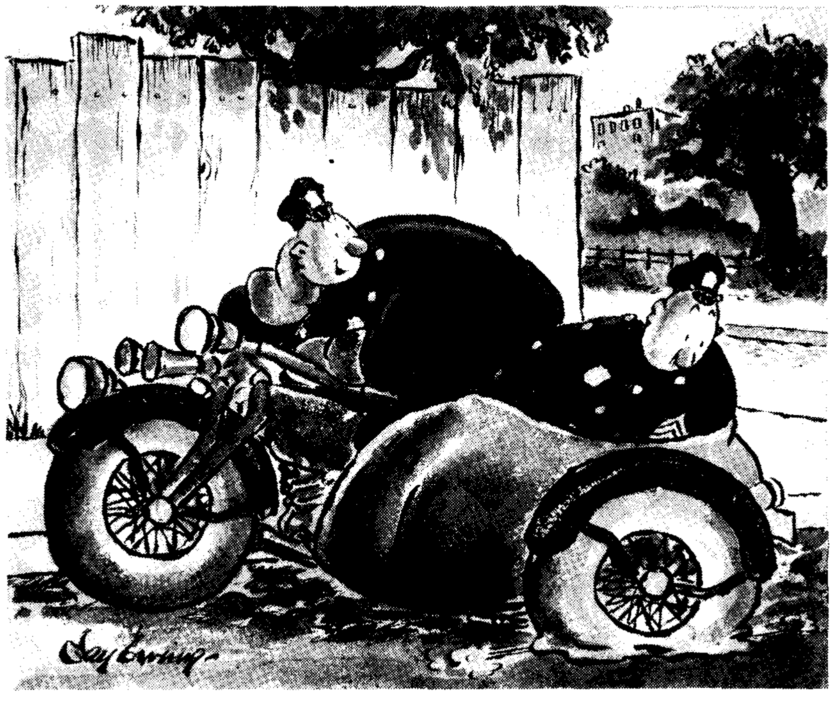
"El-Azhar," he announces.

You are outside the most renowned of all Moslem universities, to which come students from many lands to learn the Koran and the rest of the holy writings which every Mohammedan reveres.

The British have been dominant in Egypt since 1882. In that year Arabi Pasha, a local military commander, rebelled against the Khedive, or Viceroy, who was running the land officially for his overlord, the Sultan of Turkey, but in reality pretty much for himself. A British army under General Wolseley was promptly dispatched to help the Khedive.

Operating from the Suez Canal (which had been opened thirteen years before and was already gaining importance as

(Continued on page 42)



"Looks like yuh gotta go t' work, Sarge. Th' flat's on your side. . . ."

JAY IRVING

PALMOLIVE IS GIVING AWAY

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

(OR $20,000 IN CASH)

100,000 OTHER PRIZES

QUEEN MARY
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

20 WINNERS WILL SAIL ON MAGNIFICENT NEW
CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER

QUEEN MARY

Leave New York July 29th, return Sept. 4 . . . Visit 15 European cities—with all expenses paid and $300 "pocket-money" for every winner!

Palmolive, the beauty soap made with Olive Oil, announces this thrilling contest . . . so simple and easy anyone can win! Read details here!

IMAGINE the thrill you'll get . . . if *you* should be one of those twenty prize winners who will sail for Europe, July 29, on the "Queen Mary"! There's no reason why you shouldn't be, in a contest so easy!

And there's one thrilling prize that's *sure* to be yours. For with Palmolive Soap you're sure to win a more alluring complexion.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

All you have to do is write a short letter starting with the words: "I like Palmolive Soap because . . ." (Read contest rules.)

Then send your letter to us along with the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive (or reasonably accurate copies).

GET THOSE 3 CAKES TODAY!

So, right now, before you forget it, get those 3 cakes of Palmolive. Then give your complexion a real beauty treatment.

First, massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather thoroughly into your pores. Then rinse well with warm water, followed by cold. Do this faithfully night and morning. See how quickly your skin shows a marvelous improvement!

HOW PALMOLIVE PROTECTS SKIN-YOUTH!

Because it is made with olive oil, Palmolive has a special *protective quality* all its own. It protects those natural "youth-giving" oils which nourish the skin and prevent its becoming dry, rough, old-looking. And nature herself quickly begins to bring back that soft, smooth, "dewy" look of youth!

No wonder famous beauty experts here and in Europe advise Palmolive Soap. No wonder women everywhere say, "We *know* Palmolive is best, because it is made only with olive and palm oils."

SO HURRY . . . SEND IN YOUR LETTER!

Don't put off sending your letter! Do it this very day! And remember. You don't need to have literary ability! Just tell us in clear, simple language why you like Palmolive.

HERE ARE DETAILS OF THE TRIP!

The tour includes England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. A thrilling 38 days, seeing Europe entirely at *our* expense.

First-class accommodations aboard ship and throughout the tour. Hotels, meals, transportation and scheduled entertainment all paid for. Railroad fare to and from New York also paid. And $300 "pocket-money" to spend just as you please! A representative of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet will accompany the winners throughout the tour.

What a prize to win . . . and *so easily!* Read the contest rules below and enter today!

100,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 free European tours (or 20 cash prizes of $1,000 each), there are 100,000 other prizes! 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth $1.00 each! That gives you 100,020 chances to win! Remember, too, that with Palmolive you are sure to win a lovelier complexion!

Made with olive oil, to keep skin young and lovely!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN!

1. Any man, woman or child is eligible to enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).

2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because . . ."

3. Entries will be judged on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).

5. Print your full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of dealer and clerk from whom you bought Palmolive Soap.

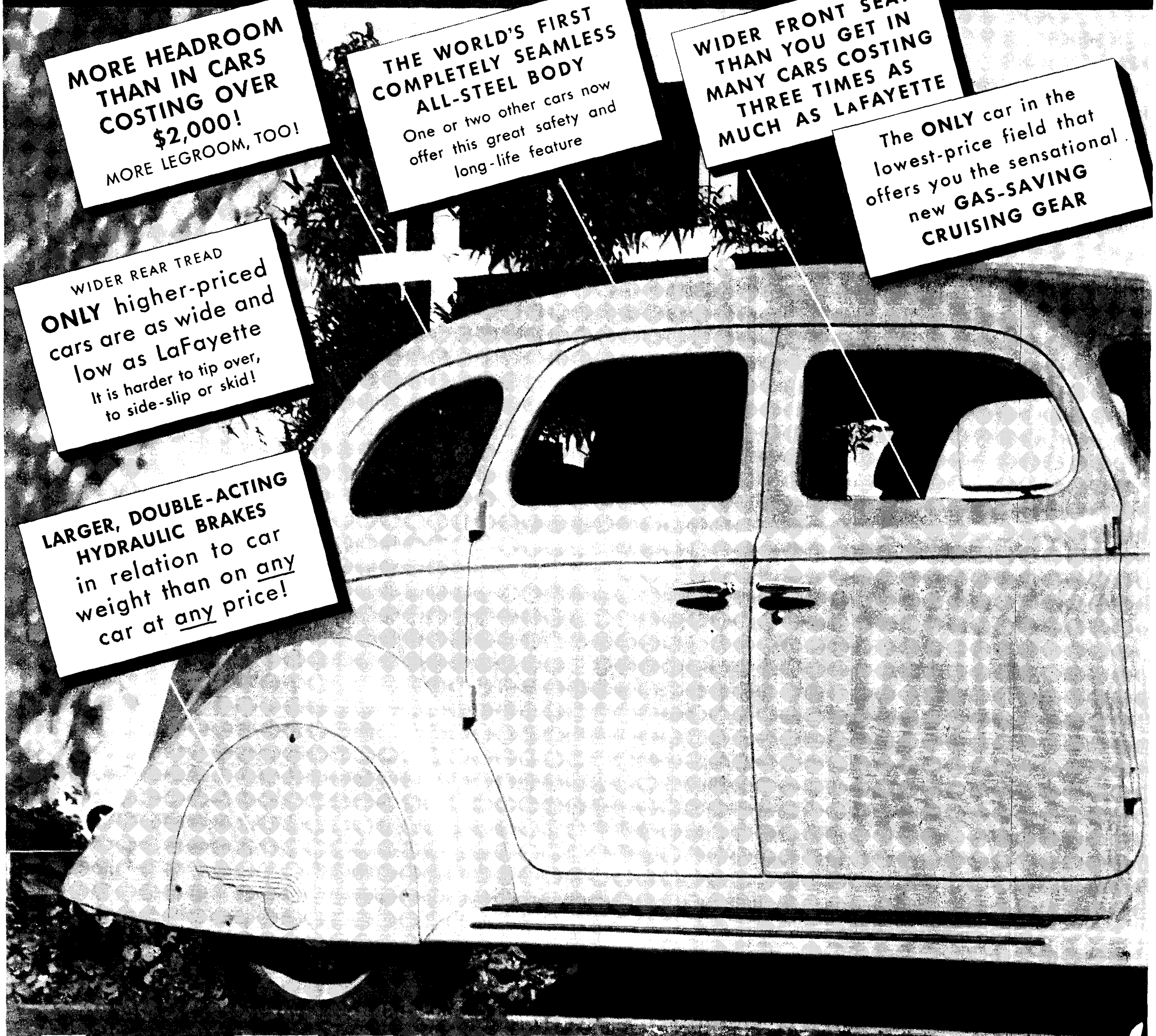
6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-38, Jersey City, N. J.

7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

HERE'S WHY WE CALL IT

The greatest Value in



MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000!

MORE LEGROOM, TOO!

THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETELY SEAMLESS ALL-STEEL BODY

One or two other cars now offer this great safety and long-life feature

WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN YOU GET IN MANY CARS COSTING THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS LAFAYETTE

The **ONLY** car in the lowest-price field that offers you the sensational new **GAS-SAVING CRUISING GEAR**

WIDER REAR TREAD

ONLY higher-priced cars are as wide and low as LaFayette

It is harder to tip over, to side-slip or skid!

LARGER, DOUBLE-ACTING HYDRAULIC BRAKES in relation to car weight than on any car at any price!

LAFAYETTE *For Onl*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Automobile History!

When ONE manufacturer puts in ONE low-priced car ALL of these features that other manufacturers leave out of their lowest-priced cars but point to with pride in their highest-priced cars . . . isn't it only reasonable for you to say: "Here IS the greatest value in automobile history!"

With LaFayette, Nash is forgetting present profits to win quickly a big share of the low-priced market!

The **ONLY** car in lowest-price field with Complete, Full-Pressure Lubrication.
A feature never omitted in expensive cars!

The **ONLY** car in the lowest-price field with Aluminum Alloy Pistons with Invar Struts and 4 rings—
You'll also find them in expensive cars!

THE ONLY CAR IN THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD WITH A 7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT
But you'll see this vital long-life feature in $3,000 cars!

THE ONLY CAR IN THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD WITH HOLLOW CRANKPINS
A feature otherwise found only in expensive cars!

A few manufacturers are now featuring their use of **FULL LENGTH WATER JACKETS** around each cylinder. LaFayette and certain high-priced cars have always had this feature!

OVERSIZED BATTERY
Instant starting in coldest weather.
PLENTY OF RESERVE POWER TO CARRY RADIO, HEATER, LIGHTER.

$595 and up. Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up. Big, luxurious, Nash Ambassadors—125-inch wheelbase sedans —$835 to $995. All prices f. o. b. factory. The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis.

NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN AVAILABLE

OVERNIGHT
I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in Canada.

Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE difference!

Uproar on the Nile

Continued from page 38

a connecting link between the British Isles and the Far East) Wolseley soon crushed the forces of Arabi. Whereupon the victors, instead of returning to foggy England, comfortably settled down in sunny Egypt. And there they still are, in the guise of a British army of occupation, which is the keystone of British domination in Egyptian affairs.

During the World War the Turks, having sided with the Central Powers, were deprived of the last shred of their shadowy suzerainty over Egypt. A British protectorate was proclaimed there. In 1922, Britain made Fuad I. King of Egypt and recognized Egyptian independence. But she reserved for herself a considerable degree of control over the country's affairs. This control is exercised primarily through military occupation, the right to defend the country against outside interference, the maintenance of special courts for trying foreigners, and the administration of the Sudan.

Egyptian nationalists smile ruefully when they reflect that, in 1930, before there was any Anglo-Italian crisis, they might have had from England much the sort of treaty for which they are now clamoring. The Wafdist (Nationalist) leader, Nahas Pasha, went to London in that year and obtained from the government there a tentative agreement to meet Egyptian wishes on a number of points under discussion between the two countries.

A Leap Before Looking

For one thing, the British agreed to remove their entire army of occupation gradually to the banks of the Suez Canal, thus turning over the garrisoning of Cairo, Alexandria and the rest of the country to the native Egyptian army. They also consented to waive the special privileges enjoyed by British subjects in Egypt and to use their good offices toward persuading other nations (including the United States) to forego similar privileges enjoyed by their nationals.

But on one point they remained adamant: the Sudan. They insisted that they must continue to have the lion's share of control over that vitally important area, instead of making control a fifty-fifty proposition with Egypt, as Nahas Pasha wished. So Nahas, in a huff, broke off the negotiations.

Now he wishes that he hadn't.

For the situation at the present writing, with Mussolini on the rampage in the Mediterranean and threatening trouble along the Suez Canal and elsewhere on Egyptian territory, is such that the British are as reluctant as ever to tamper with the Sudan's status and more reluctant than ever to weaken their military hold on Egypt.

In fact, instead of weakening it, they have been engaged for months in strengthening it. Besides keeping many of her most powerful warships in Egyptian waters, Britain has increased the numbers of her soldiers in Egyptian cities as well as along the frontier of Italy's colony of Libya, which adjoins Egypt on the west, and at several points along the Suez Canal.

But Wafdists and students refuse to despair. They keep on doing their utmost toward getting for their country as much self-determination of the Wilson brand as they possibly can. When Englishmen in Egypt angrily object: "But this is the wrong time for you people to be bothering us for a larger measure of national sovereignty!" the Egyptians come right back with: "You are mistaken. This is the *right* time. Before this Anglo-Italian crisis you did not need to have, in Egypt, a contented and loyal ally. Now you do."

Not that there is any pro-Italian menace in Egypt, or any serious tendency to play off Italy against Britain as a means of obtaining that Anglo-Egyptian treaty on which so many Egyptians have set their hearts. Far from it.

No Place for Italians

Get almost any Egyptian, no matter what his politics, over a cup of coffee in a Cairo café, and he will admit that, if Egypt must have a foreign master, that master ought to be England. Aside from a very few among the Italian residents in the country (of whom there are about 60,000) one discovers no signs at all of longing for Italian control over Egypt. This is all the more true because of the fact that sympathy for the Ethiopians, in their fight against the Italians, is general among all classes of Egyptians.

Early this year Egypt's students were certainly on the crest of the wave. When the International Congress of Surgeons opened at the University of Cairo, a lot of them met the bewildered delegates, whose minds were not on Egyptian politics at all, with cries of "Down with England!" and "We want complete independence!" And, when Egyptian political celebrities drove up, the students, boys as well as girls, surged around their automobiles, under the impression, apparently, that it was more important to have an Egyptian political street riot than an international surgical congress.

Everywhere, on the streets of Cairo, one met groups of students, with their red tarbooshes (you mustn't say "fez" in Egypt) cocked on their heads at jaunty angles, walking along four and five abreast, excitedly talking politics. A crowd of them came marching one day to the headquarters of the Wafd or Nationalist Party—where I happened to be—loudly demanding to be photographed with Nahas Pasha, the Wafdist leader.

Amid loud shouts of "Long live Nahas!" that personage—a big man, with broad shoulders and rugged features and a cast in his eye, who smiles frequently as if he enjoyed life—stood in the center of about fifty lads, proudly posed around him in militant attitudes, while a student with a camera snapped the group from various angles.

How will Egypt's tangled problem be solved satisfactorily? That is a question now bothering Egyptians of every political hue. Also the High Commissioner of His Britannic Majesty, sitting solemnly, behind kilted sentinels from the highlands of Scotland, in the British Residency at Cairo. Also more than one British statesman in faraway London. It is far too complicated a question for casual foreign visitors. If you look into it, you are sure to be driven very soon in despair to the terrace of your hotel and the solace of a drink.

And, while you sit there, it is quite probable that Abdulla or Hakkim will come driving by, making little hopeful signs in your direction. And it is more than probable that, letting Egyptian problems go hang, you will climb again into his carriage. And he, his face radiant with hope, will doubtless suggest:

"Now you want see fine new boulevards, just like Paris?"

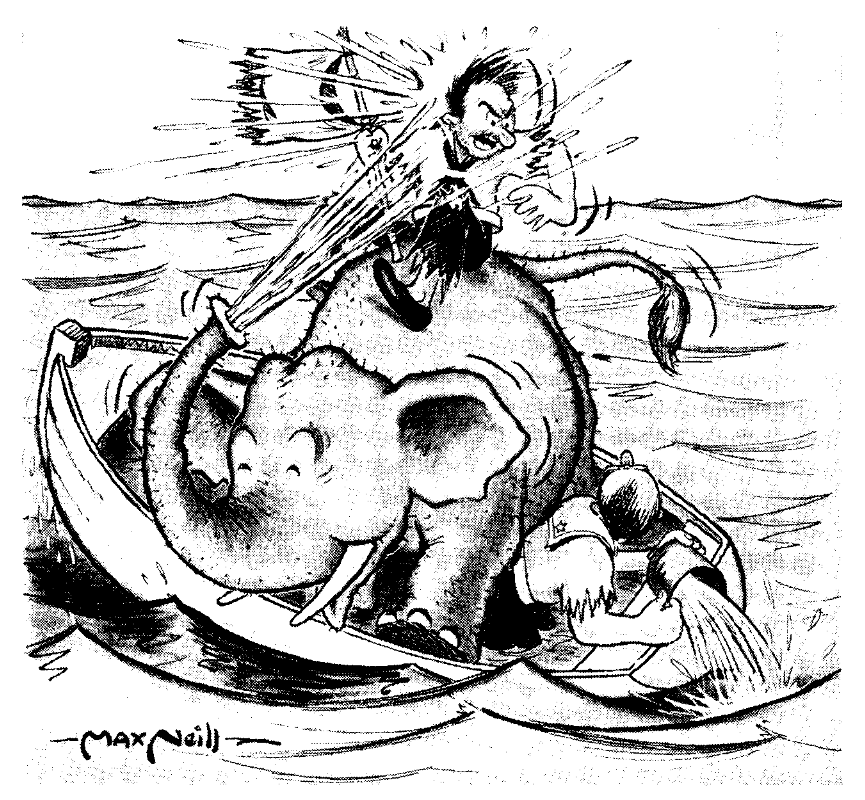
"No."

"Mummies? Rameses?"

"No. Listen—"

What you want is to feel once more, in odorous, glamorous alleyways, that you have come close to the roots of that cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians!" which rings nowadays through the streets of Cairo. Let British soldiers mount guard on Egypt's soil! Let foreign courts dispense justice there! Let Egyptian independence, for reasons of expediency and the general welfare of mankind, remain for the present clipped and restricted and incomplete! What difference does that make if there still remains an Egypt that is Oriental to the marrow, imbued with the unshakable will to stay what it has been through the centuries—untouched, unheeding, unchanged?

Again you lean forward and tweak the sleeve of Abdulla or Hakkim; again you command: "Take me to the Muski!"



"Play! Play! Play! That's all he thinks about, day in and day out!"

MAX NEILL

"When I left Detroit, I filled my crankcase with Quaker State Motor Oil. And although I drove my Chevrolet over long stretches at approximately sixty to sixty-five miles an hour, completing the trip to Florida in three days, I found it unnecessary to add as much as one-half quart of oil... although the crankcase was frequently checked. I had never had anything like this distance from oth oils."

"I've put more than 52, on this car, and I've neve one penny for motor repa my speedometer has ticked 1000 miles, in goes another Quaker State.

"Can I ask for any be formance? I should say not!

Vernon Palm

"I gambled those few extra pen that I had been 'saving' by purcha ing an inferior grade of oil, and use nothing but Quaker State. The results were overwhelming. I not only actually saved money on my oil consumption, but certainly saved this car from an early grave... as I operated it approximately 130,000 miles."

James H Caldwell

"Recently, I made a round trip from Los Angeles to New York City. In local driving, I always have to add a quart of high grade oil every 200 miles.

"On this trip, I started using Quak S For the first 2280 a u with mileage into New York

"On my way to fill with an 50 miles, the drained and

State. The oil pressure returned to normal and stayed there.

"In 26 years, I have perienced as good re am getting with Quak

Strahan

en puzzled why armers and city ot realize the re- rication to repairs. or oil means repairs. repairs. And to me, s Quaker State . . . e money."

Lewis Chamberlin

e 8 on July 1, ometer shows l rings are nothing t 1500

"

45,00 of the No valv excellent I attribut I always

my Jord thing but Qua ugh I have driven than 71,000 miles, I still g

preparing for the 900 mile drive om Tampa to Kentucky, I had the crankcase filled with a well known oil. On the way it was necessary for me to add three quarts of similar oil. Before starting the return trip, and with no change or repair of the car, it was filled with Quaker State... and upon arrival in Tampa, I found that I had only used a pint . . . no oil added.

"The two trips were made over the same road, and under almost identical weather and speed conditions."

Paul E Dixon

"For ten years, I used Quaker State Motor Oil exclusively. Then two months ago, a patient of mine operating a filling station induced me to try his oil. I had my Chrysler drained and filled, drove it 900 miles, and during this time added 3 quarts. He told me I needed a slightly heavier oil. Refilled as he directed, and had to add another 3 quarts. I had been driving 1000 to 1100 miles with Quaker State and not adding any. I refilled h Quaker State, and again drove to 1100 miles without adding

"Two different oils I tried out only gave me from 450 to 650 miles per filling. For the last 25,000 miles I have used Quaker State. It has given me 1000 miles and more between changes, and I don't have to add any oil. It never gives me any motor trouble."

S E Witherington

"I drain and refill regularly every 1000 miles, and add no oil between refills. With one exception, this car has had nothing but Quaker State during its life . . . the one exception being when a friend sold me another high grade oil. At his insistence I tried it, but had to add 2 quarts in 1000 miles.

"Cheap oil may cost a little less when you fill your crankcase, but it certainly costs a lot more when you count in all those added quarts. So it's Quaker State for me every time. From now on, I'm saving my money."

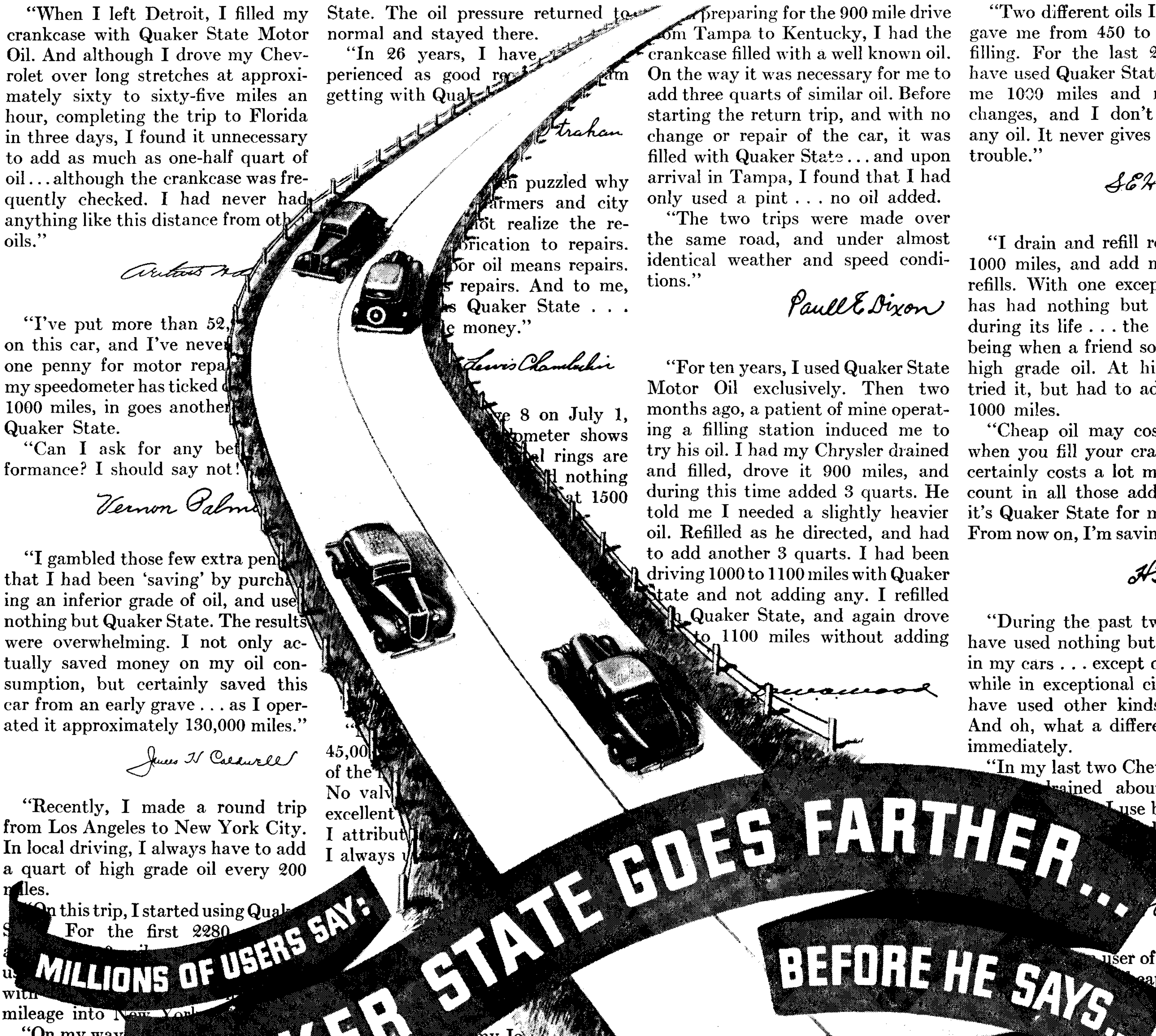
H F Schilling

"During the past twenty years, I have used nothing but Quaker State in my cars . . . except once in a great while in exceptional circumstances I have used other kinds for a drain. And oh, what a difference I can see immediately.

"In my last two Chevrolets, I have rained about every 1200 I use but five quarts d any oil dur- s, I cannot have tried."

Auerbach

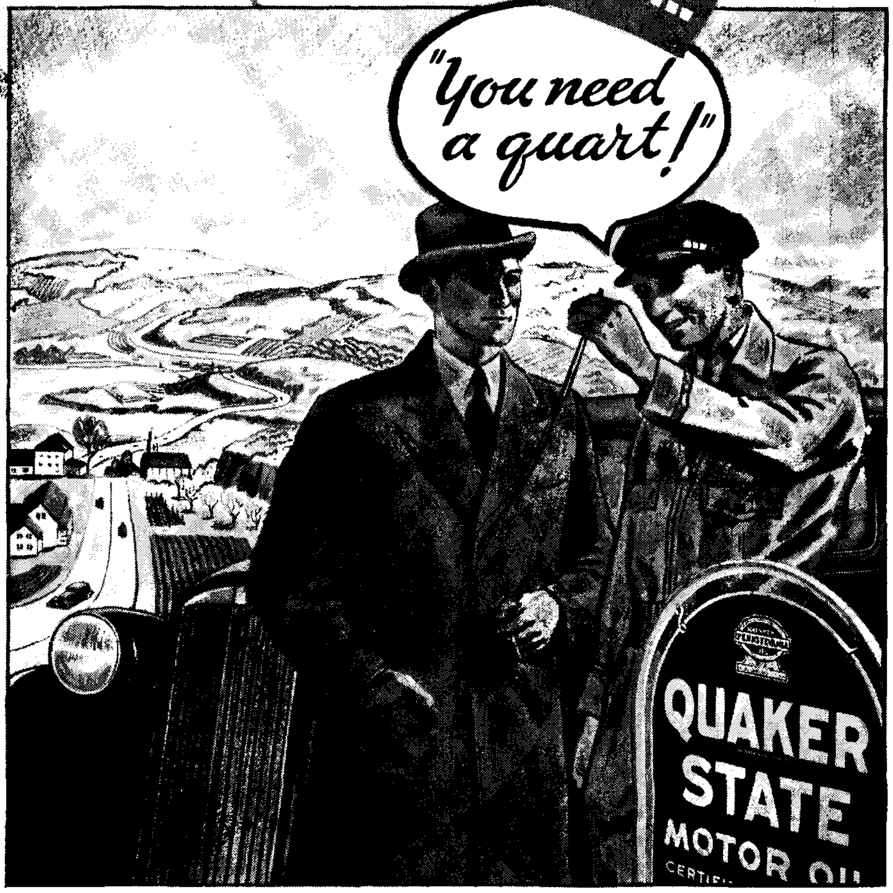
user of Quaker State, aper oil. It was my valves es. The garage



MILLIONS OF USERS SAY:

QUAKER STATE GOES FARTHER...

BEFORE HE SAYS...



And letters, too . . . thousands of them! Unsolicited and sincere statements of experience from Quaker State users. And through all of them, two points that come up again and again: When motorists change to Quaker State, they notice that they go farther before adding oil. And when they use it regularly, they discover that their repair bills are smaller.

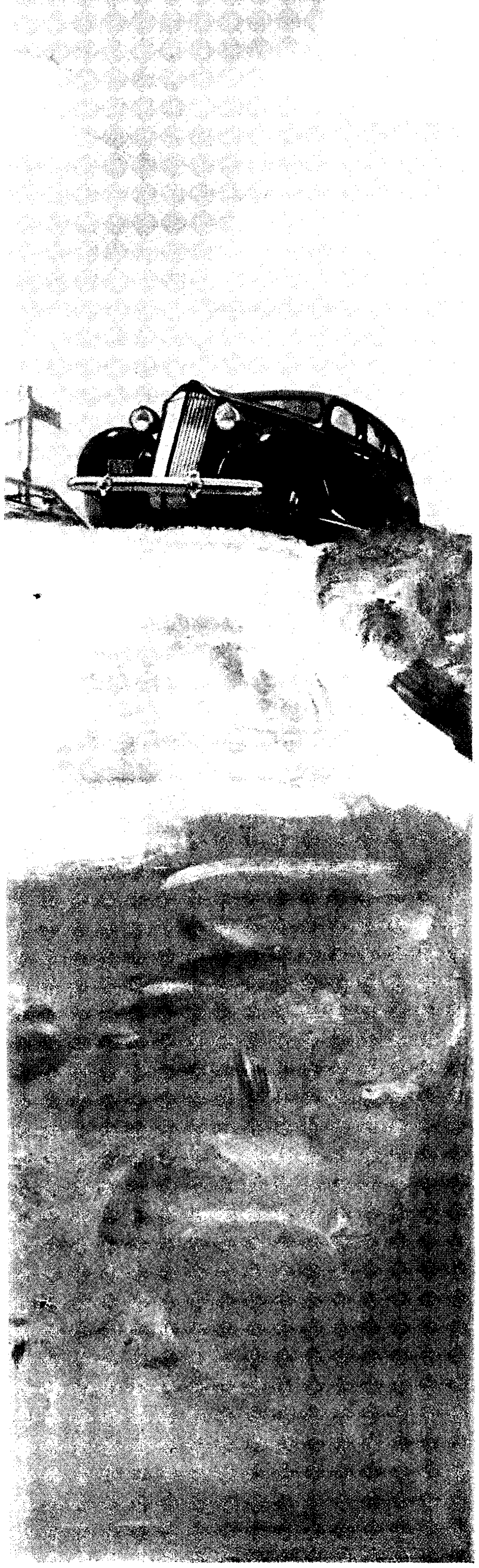
Perfectly natural, too, that these two things should go together. For the oil that stands up is bound to give the motor the safest lubrication. Isn't it worth trying? Prove for yourself the economy of using the highest quality motor oil. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Retail Price . . . 35¢ per Quart

ON THE HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA . . . *"First choice of Experience"*

"You can tell it's c

PACKARD from here"



THE INDIVIDUALITY of the Packard 120 stands out in sharp contrast to most 1936 cars.

You recognize a Packard even at a distance because your eye has been trained to do so by thirty years of adherence to the most beautiful motor car lines in the world.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this.

It means, first, that people immediately know what car you are driving. You are at once identified as a Packard owner. But more important, it means that your car does not become labelled as a style antique as soon as the next "new model" time rolls around. Because Packard considers its old owners in its quest for new ones, no radically different model outmodes your car.

And we believe the Packard 120 is the safest car to buy out of income. For it will remain in style long after the last payment is forgotten. This is one of the reasons Packard urges you to *match Packard 120 against the field.* Here are some others . . .

There has never been a car of this size and weight that handled so easily.

There has never been a "thousand dollar" car that rides so comfortably.

There has never been a car of this price with anything like the fine-car quality, fine-car luxury and fine-car prestige.

And we honestly believe there has never been a car that will need so little service. Further, if you will check the charges for service on the Packard 120 against those of other cars in its price class, you will find Packard's charges on the average fully as low or *lower.*

To discover which 1936 car offers you the greatest value, *match Packard 120 against the field.*

BEFORE YOU BUY FROM HABIT OR HEARSAY . . .

— match Packard 120 against the field!

$990 to $1115

at factory, standard accessory group extra

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Best All Around

By Heywood Broun

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA E. SCHWINN

TOM MALCOLM looked up from the morning paper and swore loudly and profusely. "Listen to this," he growled. "Just listen! 'New York Society Girl Honored As Venus and Minerva.' That's the headline. It goes on, 'Miss Elizabeth Randolph Chosen As Mount Holbrook College Girl Best Typifying A Sound Mind In A Sound Body.' "

"What's wrong with that?" asked Sam Bellows, his roommate.

"Well, how would you like it if you were engaged to a girl who was publicly proclaimed a combination of Venus and Minerva? Look what a fool it makes out of me. We're supposed to get married in June. In due course of events we might have a child. Things like that do happen. Every tabloid reporter and cameraman will be around for another story to see whether the baby looks like Venus or Minerva. And just suppose Junior turns out to be not very smart and not very beautiful—who'll get the blame?"

"Well, yes, I can see that it might be a nuisance. Let me see that sheet."

Malcolm handed him the paper.

Bellows chuckled. "Did you see this?" he asked. " 'Dean Pearl Dinwiddie says Elizabeth Randolph has the finest health habits which have been observed in Mount Holbrook in fifty years.' What's a health habit? Does that just mean that your fiancée doesn't smoke or drink cocktails? That sounds as if everybody else at Mount Holbrook went around blotto. I suppose Dean Dinwiddie just tears up the town the night after the big game."

Malcolm cut him short. "This may all be very funny to you, but I'm serious about it. As a matter of fact Betty doesn't drink or smoke but she couldn't if she wanted to. It's against the college rules, and besides, as far as liquor goes, the town of Mount Holbrook is bone dry under local option. Health habits simply means that Betty, the best athlete there, takes just the right amount of exercise and watches her calories and her vitamins with a knowing eye. I love her, Sam, but it isn't going to be easy to sit across a breakfast table morning after morning with an athlete who's likely to say when she kisses you goodby, 'Don't forget your roughage, dear.' "

"Right you are, Thomas. So I am going to give you both some good advice. Did Betty ever complain to you about your getting tight?"

"Yes, she did—once."

"THAT ought to make it easy. You sit down this afternoon and write her a nice joshing letter about the good-conduct medal and then end up with a serious suggestion. Put it on a sporting basis. If she'll agree to break training and drink one cocktail you'll promise to go on the water wagon for a month. What could be fairer than that? And it ought to be good for both of you. She doesn't have to get ossified. Just one cocktail so that you'll have something in common."

"I don't know whether you're kidding, Sam, but that really sounds to me like a good idea. I'll write the letter."

Two days later Tom Malcolm had his reply and went into another consultation with Sam. "Betty thinks it's a good idea and she's going to do it," he said. "Listen to this:

" 'I think your idea is a sound one. I knew you'd tease me about the award. It's officially called the Thomas K. Terwilliger Memorial Trophy and it was established in the will of a local wholesale grocer exactly fifty years ago. I get the use of a gold vase during the rest of the college year but I have to turn it back when I am graduated. You may be interested to know that in the course of fifty years no Terwilliger girl has ever been convicted of murder or divorced, and fifteen of them have married.

" 'There are no sound statistics as to the alcoholic habits of Terwilligers. In this field I may be a pioneer. I can understand your irritation at my getting the cup. Mamma didn't even know she was playing. It's no fun being a symbol of the best potentialities of American womanhood and it hurts me more than it does you. Already I have had two offers of screen tests and a bid to be Miss Northeastern Massachusetts in the next Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest. Well, so long and I'll let you know the plans for the big jamboree later. I'll be seeing you at the nineteenth hole.' "

"She sounds like a good kid," said Sam. "Keep me advised as the plot thickens."

Malcolm was distinctly worried when he produced the next letter a few days later. "This isn't going so well," he said. "It's getting too elaborate. I'm afraid there may be trouble. Here's what Betty writes:

" 'EVERYTHING is ready for the big blow-off tomorrow night. In the afternoon we play our field hockey match with Vassar. Immediately after the game we are going to break training in my room. Of course we have to do it unofficially because it is against the rules to smoke, drink or cook in any dormitory room. We intend stealthily to break all three prohibitions. We plan to have a cigarette, a cocktail and a Welsh rabbit. Seven members of the team are coming. Connie Madison, our goal tender, says she knows a boy at Blaine University, right here in our town, who is working his way through college as a bootlegger. His name is Albert and he has promised to deliver us a pint of gin. Connie says that to make a good cocktail you fill the shaker with gin and then add the juice of half an orange. Is this correct? Don't bother to write because I'll know by experience before your letter arrives.'

"You and your little scheme," added Malcolm savagely. "The juice of half an orange and a shaker full of gin! Do you think I ought to telegraph and implore her to call the whole thing off?"

"How can you? Don't you realize that the big battle between Mount Holbrook and Vassar is over? At this very moment the girls are drinking their gin and that goal tender is saying, 'Have you heard the one about the traveling salesgirl and the farmer's husband?' Quit looking so worried—what can happen to seven girls with only a pint of gin?"

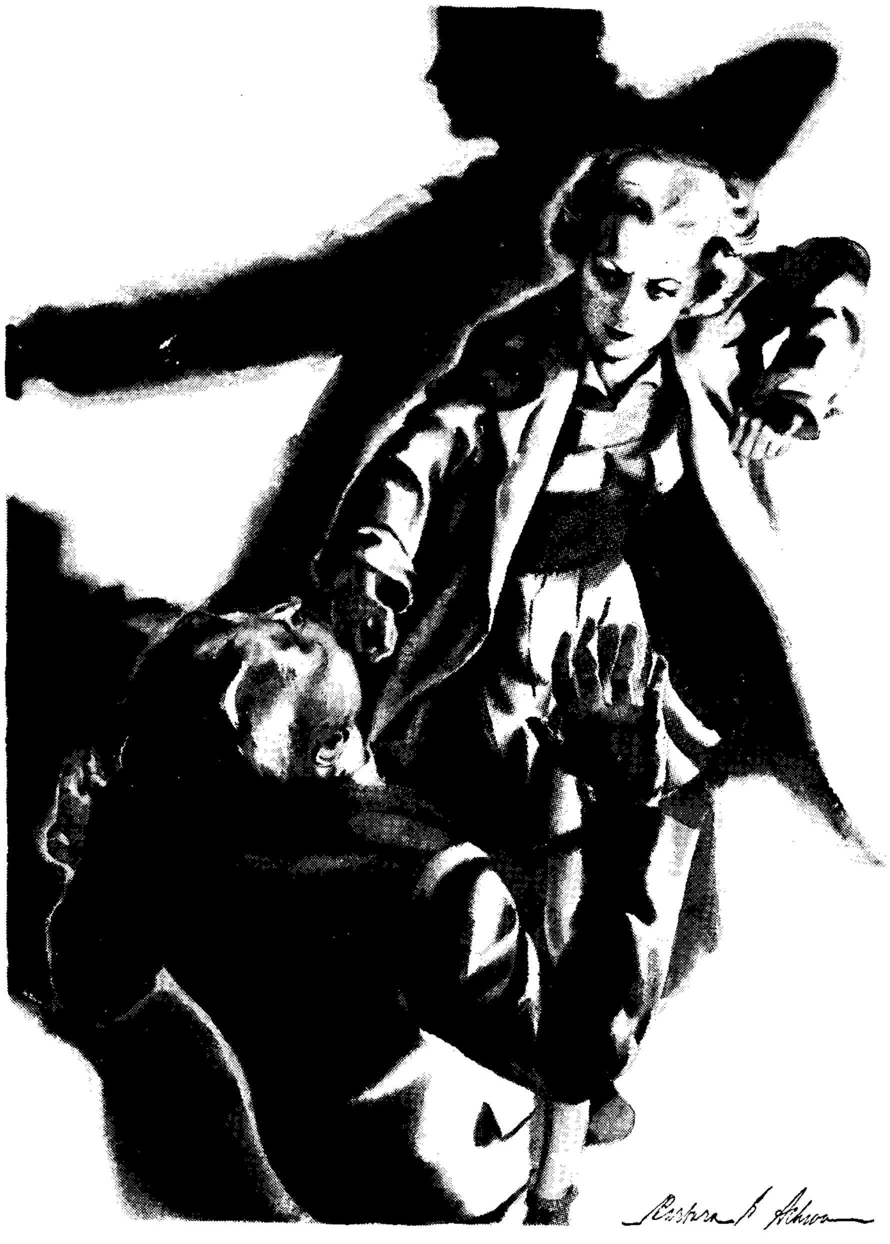
As a matter of fact it was not Malcolm but Sam Bellows who got up very early and took a quick look at the Boston Sunday paper. The headline he was looking for read simply: "Scandal Rocks Mount Holbrook." The story went on to say:

"One undergraduate of exclusive Mount Holbrook College for Women has been expelled and the same swift punishment has been meted out to a student of Blaine. The authorities are withholding the names of the culprits and refuse to divulge any of the details of the scandal. It is known, however, that constables Murphy and Dilling and Swartzkopf arrested the two students for reckless driving as they were leaving the campus of Mount Holbrook shortly after nine o'clock this evening. At the request of Dean Dinwiddie of Mount Holbrook and President Snavely of Blaine no formal charge was made and the two prisoners were returned to their respective institutions of learning.

"CONSTABLE MURPHY has a black eye and although he denies the rumor it is learned on good authority that he was severely slugged by the young woman at the time he made the arrest. Constables Dilling and Swartzkopf came to his assistance. It is also understood that, following the annual field hockey game between Vassar and Mount Holbrook, there was a drinking bout in the room of one of the girls and that the liquor was supplied by a Blaine undergraduate. The whole town is talking."

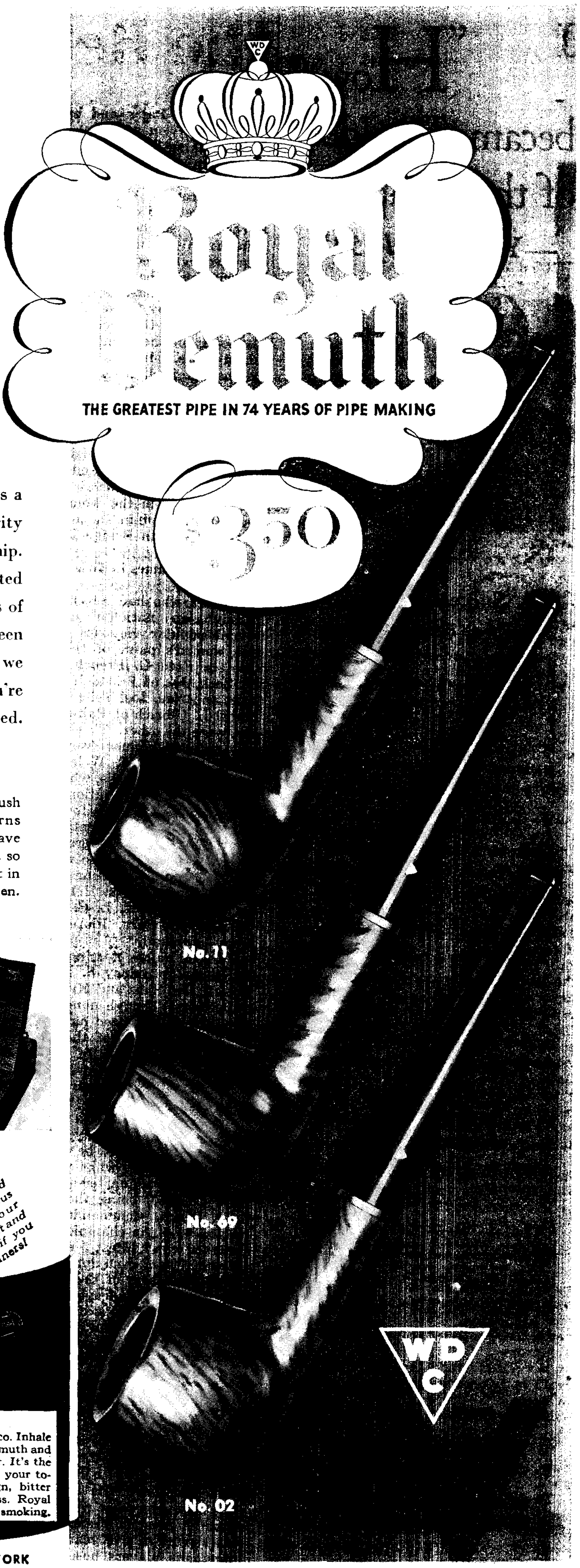
Sam Bellows shook his head sadly, aroused Tom Malcolm from his slumber and informed him of the facts. As he wound up the story, the telegram was delivered. Tom Malcolm read it silently and placed it on the table. "Read that, Sam," he said. "You and your one cocktail!"

Sam picked up the telegram and read: "I'm terribly sorry about what happened stop we found a pint of gin was not enough and so Al and I were going to get some more stop don't let anybody tell you that I didn't punch the constable stop Al the old Galahad was trying to shield me by saying that he did it stop we decided to compromise and share the blame stop Justice of the Peace Tierney has just married us stop I felt that I was in honor bound to make an honest man of Al stop wish us well stop you and I really were not suited stop I would have been too wild for you stop. P. S.—They snatched the Thomas K. Terwilliger Memorial Trophy away from me stop best wishes—Mrs. Betty Coolidge."



He was severely slugged by the young woman at the time he made the arrest

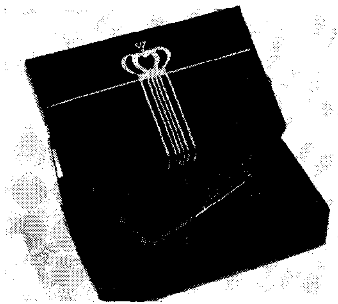
THIS HANDSOME COMBINATION PIPE BOX AND PIPE RACK GIVEN *free* TO INTRODUCE



▼ The new Royal Demuth is here! The minute you pick it up you'll know it's a far better pipe than any ever before offered in its price class. You see its superiority in the rich graining, the deeply glowing finish, the flawless details of workmanship. ▼ Then light up. Every mellow puff confirms the fact that this is a custom-crafted pipe . . . cut from the cream of the world's superior bruyere. No pipe, regardless of price, is made of finer bruyere than Royal Demuth! ▼ For 74 years we've been known for good pipes. Royal Demuth is the best pipe we know how to make and, we believe, the best pipe that can be made, anywhere, at any price! ▼ Even if you're used to $10 pipes, you'll agree that Royal Demuth is as fine a pipe as you ever smoked.

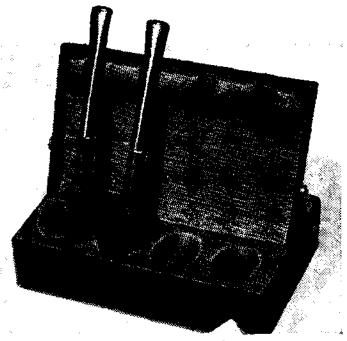
TO YOU . . . *for a limited time only!*

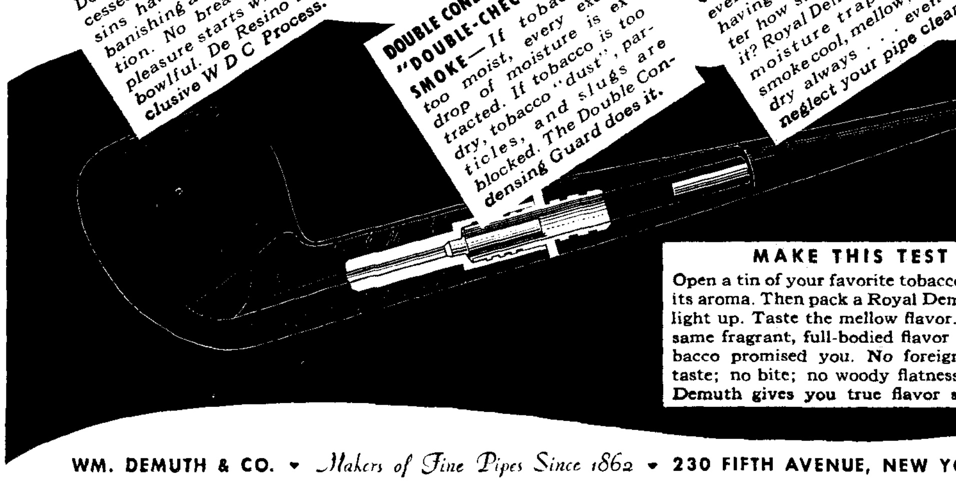
Here is a new, patented idea so unique and so handsome it must really be seen to be appreciated. **First it's a box . . .** the richest, most luxurious pipe box ever! The outside is morocco leather finish, handsomely gold tooled. Inside the Royal Demuth snugly rests against a rich, plush background. **Then presto!** The box turns almost inside out; and like magic you have a superb, rough oak finish **pipe rack . . .** so ruggedly handsome, it's worthy of a spot in the most luxurious living room, library or den.



This pipe-rack-box alone is worth almost the price of the pipe. Naturally, so valuable a piece can't be given away indefinitely. But Demuth is furnishing it free for a limited time only. You pay only $3.50—the price of the pipe alone—for the combination of both pipe and convertible box-pipe-rack.

Choice of Green, Maroon or Brown Morocco Finish





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DOUBLE CONDENSING GUARD "DOUBLE-CHECKS" YOUR SMOKE—*If tobacco is too moist, every excess drop of moisture is extracted. If tobacco is too dry, tobacco "dust", particles, and slugs are blocked. The Double Condensing Guard does it.*

NO WET SMOKE! MOISTURE TRAP CATCHES ALL OF IT—*Have you ever known the pleasure of having your pipe dry, no matter how steadily you smoked it? Royal Demuth's ingenious moisture trap keeps your smoke cool, mellow, sweet and dry always . . . even if you* ***neglect your pipe cleaners!***

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Open a tin of your favorite tobacco. Inhale its aroma. Then pack a Royal Demuth and light up. Taste the mellow flavor. It's the same fragrant, full-bodied flavor your tobacco promised you. No foreign, bitter taste; no bite; no woody flatness. Royal Demuth gives you true flavor smoking.

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—*Yet I'm only 59*"

A Success Confession
wrung from Rensselaer Morgan *

"FOR years I suffered that dread affliction that only four out of five men can understand. That scourge, Scratchitus (gritty pencils). I tried everything—all kinds of pencils, but I couldn't seem to find a smooth flowing one.

"Although I had an expensive desk set, my writing was terrible, my best friends told me. Grit got my goat. I always felt apologetic.

"Then I discovered Venus Pencils and now I have a charge account at the Ritz and a man tried to sell me his yacht.

"To end self-consciousness and be a Napoleon in Business, the first requirement is a superior pencil, one that can't scratch, one with strong points.

"Since I began to use Venus Pencils, I'm a different person. And father made me president of the company."

**Rensselaer Morgan, head of Morgan, Morgan & Morgan, did not receive one cent for this testimonial, yet he might have accepted it. But we thank him, instead. Here's to being Chairman of the Board, Rennie.*

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for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING— thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS PENCILS 10¢

The First Ten in Contract Bridge

Continued from page 20

the Masters' Pairs and being on the team which won an event not counted in the ranking because of its essentially social nature, the national mixed teams of four of the A. B. L. for the Shepard Barclay Trophy. All of the others listed had one first and one second. Since Mr. Burnstine's second was just a single point from top in the individual, the edge was granted him, with Mr. von Zedtwitz next because of his landing third in the masters' pairs for the trophy given by himself, and then Mr. Schenken over the remaining three for his being on the winning team in the mixed fours. Messrs. Barnes and Fry are named in that order because the former finished better in the individual, in fifth place. These two, together with Mr. Becker and Sidney Rusinow, won the difficult Eastern Championship teams for the Curt H. Reisinger Trophy, besides getting a first and second each. Mrs. Fuller, only woman to make the list, was first in the women's team of four and second in the women's pairs of the American Bridge League.

New Names in Title Bridge

Players who had never before come through in national championships scored popular victories in the men's and women's pairs of the A. B. L.—Captain Fred G. French and Edward M. Cook, Jr., of Philadelphia, were one pair, and Mrs. Joel Teichman and Miss Mabel L. Ulbrich of Rahway, New Jersey, were the other. Three other brand-new national winners were F. Raleigh Buck, Lawrence J. Welch and Edson Wood, of Indianapolis, who with Joseph E. Cain, a previous national titlist, captured the A. B. L. open fours. Undoubtedly the most representative winning combination, from a geographical standpoint, was found in the winners of the women's team of four—Mrs. Fuller from New York, Miss Helen White from Los Angeles, Mrs. L. C. Quigley from Chicago and Mrs. Florence Stratford from Cleveland.

Famous names missing from the list are those of Sidney S. Lenz, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hal Sims and Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson. Though none of them won any of the recognized national contract championships, all of them engaged in interesting activities of various kinds. Mr. Lenz, who played only in the American Whist League tournament, swept triumphantly through all the major whist events and broke a world's longevity record when, paired with Commander Winfield Liggett, Jr., he won the Minneapolis Trophy for whist pairs, which he also had won a quarter of a century before, in 1910, being then paired with L. J. Bruck. Commander Liggett and he also won the championship event at contract whist, latest form of the game, in which there is no dummy.

Both members of the Culbertson and Sims families endeavored to win national championships at different times during the season and made creditable records, though they did not win. Neither of the Simses has been successful in any of these events in the last three seasons, and the Culbertsons have not won any of their many championship starts since 1930, but the two families did provide an interesting domestic rubber game, which concluded at the start of the last ranking period with a victory for the Culbertsons over the Simses. Mr. Culbertson's team came within a quarter of a match point of breaking his victoryless stretch of five years, when the Indianapolis players nosed out his team in the A. B. L. open fours.

One player missing from the list, who nevertheless made a distinguished record for the year, is Michael T. Gottlieb, who played in only one of the regular events, the Vanderbilt Cup, which his "Four Aces" won. He and his partner, Mr. Schenken, spent several weeks of our tournament season in Europe, where they volunteered to meet any pair willing to tackle them, instead of selecting those whom they would face. They won every match in decisive style, against the best players England could send against them, and came as close to earning general recognition abroad as world champions as is possible under the present conditions of play. Then, when they got back here, they and their teammates won a victory, as American representatives chosen by A. B. L. play, over the fine French team of Baron Robert de Nexon, Pierre Albarran, Emmanuel Tulumaris, Sophocle Venizelos and Georges Rousset, winners of the International Bridge League's competition among sixteen European nations. This event, the first in this country against Europeans, wound up on an elaborate scale in Madison Square Garden, where New Yorkers were able to follow the play through the movements of men carrying big placards representing the various cards in the deck.

Naturally such a game with visitors from abroad can have no bearing on the relative standing of American players among themselves. Nor can the very splendid international tournament called the Canadian-American, which is held in the late spring each year at Niagara Falls. Another interesting competition which obviously cannot be counted was the first match by radio with a foreign country, in which a team headed by Mr. Culberston defeated one in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Neither can the Eastern Championship contests be included, not even the great pair event for the Julian Goldman Trophy, which annually draws at least as large and difficult a field as any national competition, since to include Easterns would raise the question of the Western, Pacific Coast and Southern championships. Limiting the ranking solely to national championships, it is also logical to leave out two of those, the mixed teams and pairs, since many of the combinations in them are made up largely for the purpose of pleasant company rather than for strength. The victors in them have been uniformly able, however, especially those of the last season. The mixed team event of the A. B. L. was won by Messrs. Watson and Schenken paired with very capable women players Miss Helen Bonwit and Mrs. Ruth Sherman. The mixed pairs were won by Mrs. Eliot Evans and Louis J. Haddad, who was at the time president of the American Bridge League and who so well organized the League's tournament in his home city of Chicago that thirty-six states were represented in the entry list.

The East Leads the Parade

That tournament was the only national contest of the season in the West, all of the others being in and around New York, whose players consequently have an unfair advantage over those living a great distance away.

Under the present circumstances, however, it is not surprising to find all but one of the ranking players identified as New Yorkers. One fact which is amazing is that every one of the eleven men listed is a member of the same club, the Cavendish Club in New York. Besides these, this club can also offer as its representatives Mr. Gottlieb, winner of one event, and H. Huber Boscowitz, who gained two second places during the season and who is the new president of the American Bridge League and recipient of the first award of the Edwin A. Wetzlar Memorial Trophy for distinguished service in upholding the highest standards of the game.

One more remarkable fact is that five of the listed players—Messrs. Jacoby,

(Continued on page 50)

1935-1936 WINNERS OF NATIONAL CONTRACT CHAMPIONSHIPS

AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE

Teams of Four: Harold S. Vanderbilt, Oswald Jacoby, B. Jay Becker and A. Mitchell Barnes.
Pairs: B. Jay Becker and Waldemar von Zedtwitz.

AMERICAN BRIDGE LEAGUE

Masters' Individual: Oswald Jacoby.
Masters' Pairs: B. Jay Becker and Theodore A. Lightner.
Open Pairs: Oswald Jacoby and Edward Hymes, Jr.
Men's Pairs: Capt. Fred G. French and Edward M. Cook, Jr.
Women's Pairs: Mrs. Joel Teichman and Miss Mabel L. Ulbrich.
Open Fours: Joseph E. Cain, F. Raleigh Buck, Lawrence J. Welch and Edson Wood.
Open Challenge Fours: Theodore A. Lightner, Edward Hymes, Jr., Louis H. Watson, Samuel Fry, Jr., and Merwin D. Maier.
Women's Fours: Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, Miss Helen White, Mrs. L. C. Quigley and Mrs. Florence Stratford.

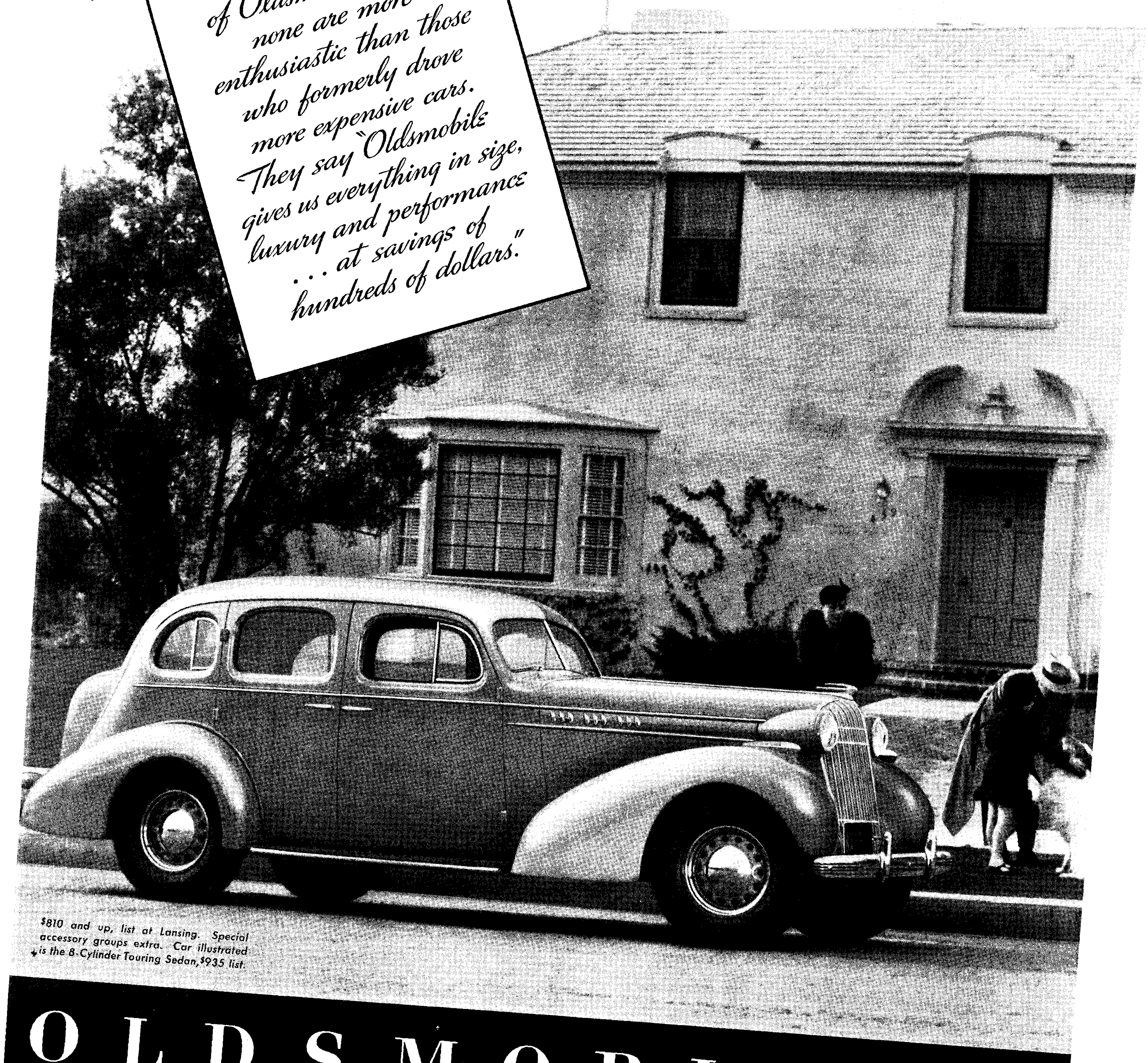
VANDERBILT CUP

Teams of Four: Michael T. Gottlieb, Howard Schenken, Oswald Jacoby and David Burnstine.

NON-WINNERS WHO EARNED SECOND PLACE

H. Huber Boscowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, Richard L. Frey, Mrs. A. C. Hoffmeier, Charles Lochridge, Albert H. Morehead and John Rau, all of New York; Mrs. Albert Rockwell and Mrs. Gail Hamilton, of Warren, Pennsylvania; Ralph Rothhaag, John Sparling and Charles A. Hall, of Cincinnati; Louis J. Haddad, Paul Parcells and Charles C. Rilling, of Chicago; Mrs. H. L. Peterson and Charles H. Goren, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Anne Rosenfeld, of Cleveland.

Among the owners of Oldsmobile Eights, none are more enthusiastic than those who formerly drove more expensive cars. They say "Oldsmobile gives us everything in size, luxury and performance . . . at savings of hundreds of dollars."



$810 and up, list at Lansing. Special accessory groups extra. Car illustrated is the 8-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $935 list.

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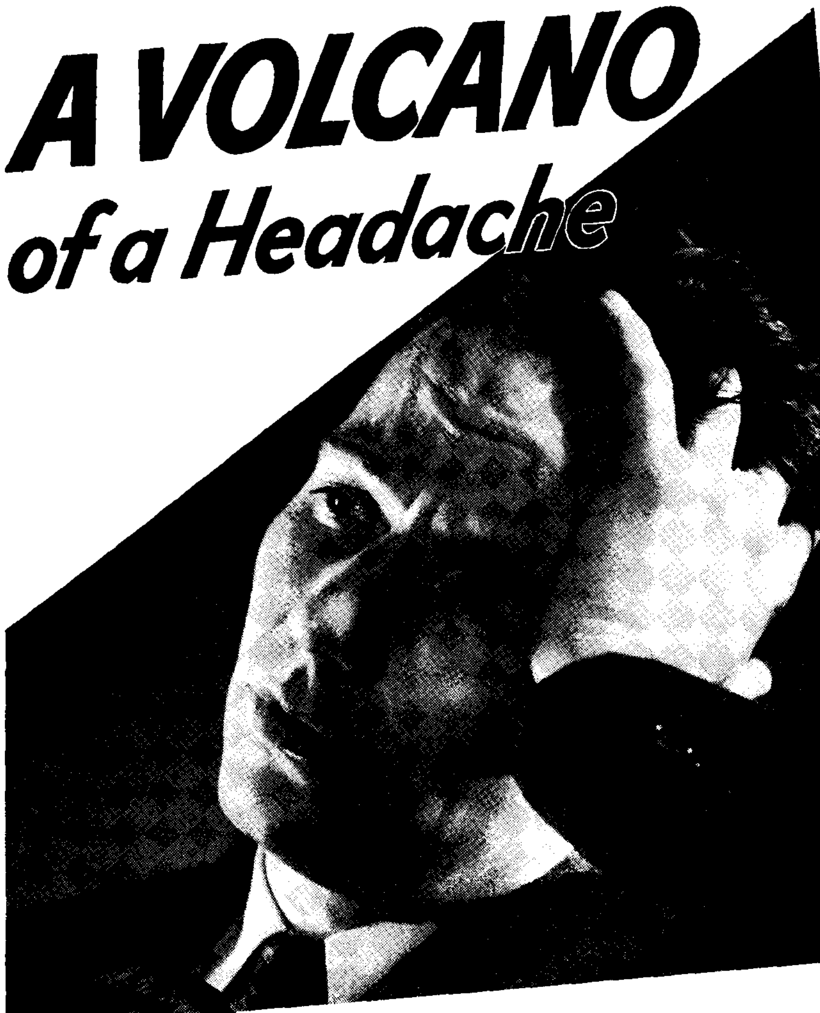
SAFETY GLASS STANDARD THROUGHOUT • CENTER-CONTROL STEERING • RIDE STABILIZER • 100-HORSEPOWER ENGINE • [illegible] WHEELBASE

A VOLCANO of a Headache



VANISHED like a dream!

Mr. Ames tells the story of his unique headache test

HERE is the story of a test—supervised by doctors—that will help *you* get rid of your next-morning headaches *faster!*

"I woke up with a volcano of a next-morning headache," says Kirk Ames. "My stomach was upset and I felt tired all over.

"Under doctors' supervision, I took Bromo-Seltzer. My headache vanished—so did the nausea and tired feeling. Soon I was feeling fine.

"Other remedies I tested didn't seem to help at all. Bromo-Seltzer works *faster* than anything I've tried!"

Doctors making careful tests like this on many men have proved that Bromo-Seltzer gives *faster* relief than any other remedy they've tested! It does *more* for you, too. Eases an upset stomach, steadies the nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood, caused by overindulgence.

When *you* wake up with head throbbing, take Bromo-Seltzer. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.

BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

The First Ten in Contract Bridge

Continued from page 48

Hymes, Watson, Maier and Fry—were graduates of Columbia University, as also are Messrs. Gottlieb and Boscowitz. Indeed, three of them—Messrs. Hymes, Maier and Fry—were classmates at Columbia. They and Watson were still so alumni-minded that when their alma mater had its big game with Syracuse at the close of the last football season they were at the game instead of at the semi-final round of the Vanderbilt Cup tournament in which they were supposed to be playing. Under the rules, they were fined ten points for every minute of tardiness. When they finally arrived, an hour and a half late, they had to begin play with a handicap of 900 points against them. In spite of this, they managed to win and moved on into the finals, where they had the doubtful pleasure of going up against the formidable "Four Aces."

Unquestionably the spectacular high spot of the season was furnished by Messrs. Jacoby and Hymes in their winning of the open pair event. The biggest tournament of the American Bridge League had been running along smoothly for several days in Chicago, with Westerners winning every event, until Mr. Jacoby decided to make an effort to prevent their clean sweep of everything. Getting hold of Mr. Hymes, he persuaded the latter to accompany him to Chicago by airplane. They took off from the Newark Airport at eight in the morning, reaching the hotel in Chicago at one o'clock.

On the way out, Mr. Hymes developed a bad case of indigestion, and was sick throughout both sessions of the first day. That night Mr. Jacoby developed an ulcerated tooth, which gave him so much pain he hardly slept. Throughout the last two sessions of play, he had a temperature of 102 degrees and his face was swelling more and more from the poison of the infection. The effects were so bad that, after his return home, Mr. Jacoby was in bed for three weeks, unable to play in the international match with the French team until the final night, substitutes taking his place. Despite the crippled condition of the pair, they won the championship. Surprisingly, Mr. Hymes played his best bridge on the first day, when he was in bad shape, and Mr. Jacoby did his best work on the second day, when racked with fever.

A Married Man's Game

All of the season's leading five players are married men, Mr. Jacoby being also the father of a toddling little blond boy. With sixth place begins the bachelors' brigade, though rumor has it that Merwin D. Maier is thinking very seriously about changing his status. Not one of the eleven men named has yet reached forty years of age. Mr. Jacoby is only thirty-three, Mr. Becker thirty-one, and Mr. Hymes has not yet hit thirty.

The sensation of the lot, in many ways, is Jay Becker, especially from the standpoint of rapidity of his rise. He had never played bridge of any kind during his college days at Temple University in Philadelphia. Later, friends persuaded him to play a bit of auction bridge with them, and he had been doing this in a desultory way for about two years when the national championship tournament of the American Bridge League came to town in December of 1931.

"Until I read about that in the newspapers," he said, "I had no idea that bridge was really an organized proposition, with tournaments and championships. I had never played contract bridge and had not even heard about such a thing as duplicate bridge, whereby all of the contestants could play the same hands."

Young Mr. Becker got so fired with interest from what he read that the following month he entered a local tournament in which hands from the famous Lenz-Culbertson match were duplicated. It lasted five evenings, and nobody was more surprised than he when he won it. The prize was a trip to Bermuda—a trip for two—so he saved it up and used it a year later for his honeymoon trip with his new bride, who had been Esther Elkins while he wooed her at college.

The Becker Success Story

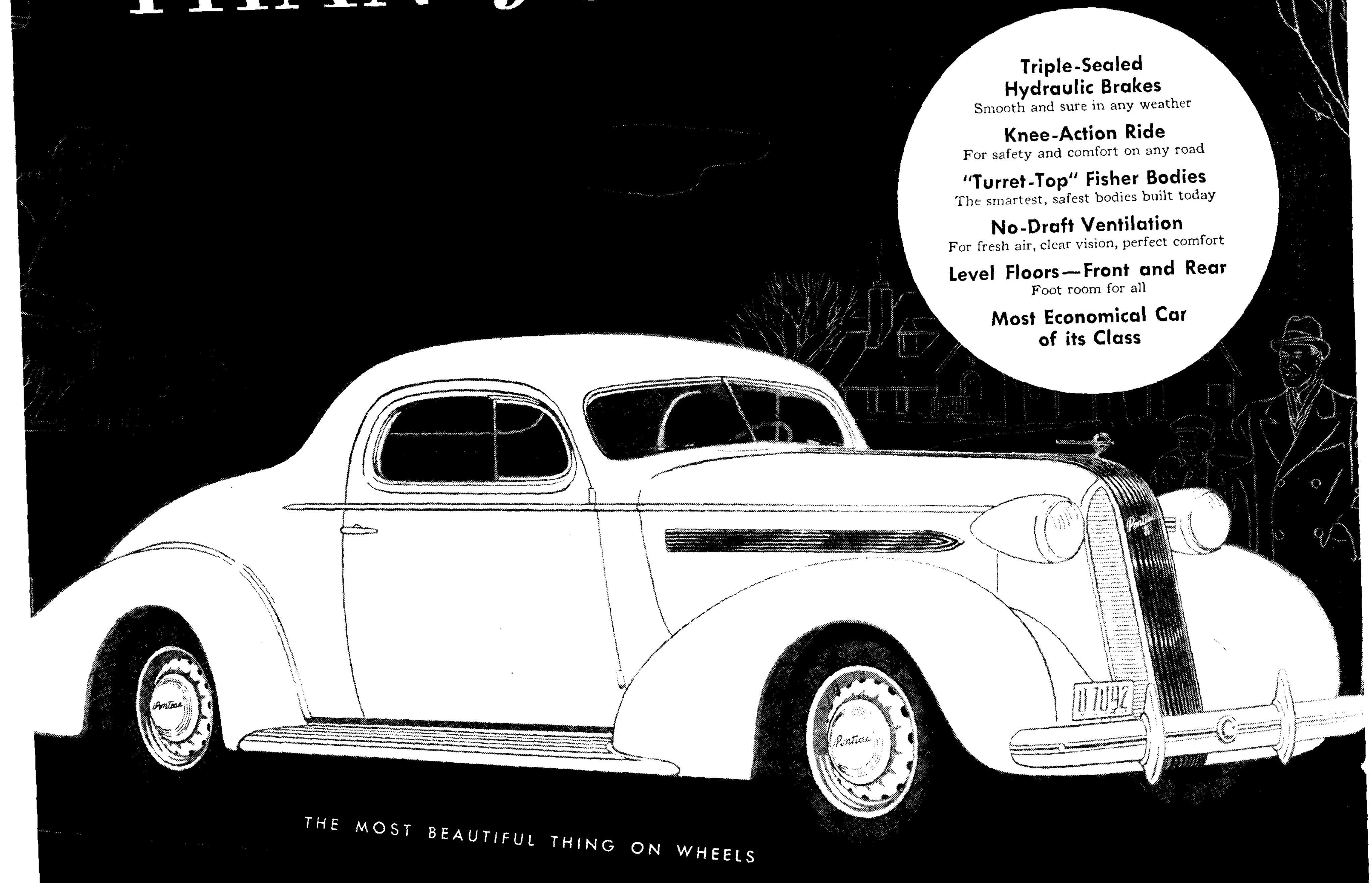
At that tournament Lieutenant Alfred M. Gruenther—now Captain Gruenther—was the director. He urged young Becker to go on to bigger things in bridge, especially to play in the Eastern championship shortly thereafter. He did not do this, but followed the advice to get in touch with George Reith, head of the tournament, at the famous old Knickerbocker Whist Club. When he visited Mr. Reith, the latter told him about the new one-over-one bidding and asked him to play a bit in rubber games. Winning, he was then invited by Mr. Reith to be his partner in a duplicate that night, which they won. Thereafter they played a set game with another pair and were successful, whereupon he agreed to accept the flattering invitation of Mr. Reith to be his partner in the nationals at Asbury Park. The team finished second, and Mr. Becker was also second in the mixed pair event, playing with Mrs. Evelyn Kaiser of Brooklyn. From then on, he had made good records in almost every event he entered, until this season marked his great burst forward, not only into the first ten but almost to the top of it. Among his other achievements, he scored more "master points" for the season than anyone else, these being awarded by the A. B. L. on a basis which counts a number of strong territorial tournaments in addition to national ones.

Mr. Becker is the only man in the list who does not use tennis as a means of keeping in condition. All of the others play the court game a great deal, including the indoor variety and squash when snow is on the ground.

Greater interest in duplicate bridge has been reflected by the organization in many sections of leagues similar to the Inter-Club Contract League in New York, which brings together, in periodic round-robin competition, teams of eight players each from those old stag clubs—the Knickerbocker, Manhattan, Metropolitan, Racquet and Tennis, St. Nicholas, Union, Union League, University and The Whist Club. Many larger industrial plants and schools also are forming tournaments of their own and arranging games with friendly rivals. Besides this, duplicate is forging ahead as a home game, and special ways have been devised, by means of the new "Par Score" game, whereby two couples may play with each other against the scores made by famous champions on a series of selected deals.

And now, who will come through the next season as the champion player of the country? Can it be that Mr. Jacoby, who repeated this time, will go on to a third successive triumph? That would be asking a good deal, when nobody else managed to top the list twice before, and especially when there are so many fine players ready to shoot at his crown.

BEAUTY THAT GIVES A LOT MORE THAN JUST PRIDE



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Most Economical Car of its Class

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

*Illustrated—the 1936 De Luxe Eight Coupe $730**

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If you will take the time to stop, some day, at a used car lot—you will learn a very valuable lesson. You will see that the cars which were smartly styled and beautifully designed—Pontiacs of previous years, for example—are worth substantially more, as used cars, than their commonplace competitors. It is easy to forget this when you purchase a new car—and permit yourself to be impressed by facts and items of no consequence. But it will save you money if you insist on smartness and beauty—and, if you do, you will insist on Pontiac . . . *the most beautiful thing on wheels.*

Pontiac $615

SIXES AND EIGHTS

**List prices at Pontiac, Mich., begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group of accessories extra.*

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Try this convenient, low-cost selling system for a week, or a month. Daytime station-to-station rates are about 50c for 75 miles, 75c for 125 miles.

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A Good Place to Live

Continued from page 11

homes, planned for modern living, for health, for comfort and convenience—a profound dissatisfaction with the old living quarters is going to assert itself. The Housing Show of 1937 and 1945 is going to be as big as and perhaps bigger than the Automobile Show. The effects upon business in America when that movement develops simply cannot be estimated.

In order to exhibit to their fullest extent the possibilities of modern small-house building, Collier's commissioned Mr. Edward Stone, architect, to plan a moderate-priced house which combines all the elements of modern planning and illustrates how the utilities, graces and conveniences of living in this era may be united in a home. To coördinate all the elements of the modern house, Collier's architect enlisted the services of the industrial design engineer, the expert in domestic organization and decoration, the electrical, ventilating and heating engineer. The result is a house which no designer or prospective home owner dare leave out of his calculations if he feels his appetite stirred for a new home.

This Collier's house is designed to meet the requirements of the small home owner. It is designed to cost between $12,000 and $16,000, not counting, of course, landscaping or architect's fee. The exact figure will vary, depending on the location of the house and the choice of materials and equipment.

It is, in the architect's plans, set on a 100x150-foot lot and is laid out upon the supposition that the street side of the lot faces north.

With this brief prelude the reader will get a more vivid idea of the design and arrangement of the house by studying carefully the plans and photographs of the model which are presented here.

Every Essential

It is an eight-room house with four bathrooms, so that it will be seen there is no skimping on essential conveniences. Downstairs there is a large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, maid's room, hall and a room which may be used either as guest room or study. There are two bathrooms downstairs, one adjoining the study and one off the maid's room.

There is a large covered terrace, a dining terrace and an uncovered terrace outside the living-room and dining-room.

Upstairs there are three bedrooms—an owner's room with private bath and two additional rooms served by a single bathroom. There is a large sun deck for recreation and sleeping.

There is, of course, a two-car heated garage, and an entrance court at the front which may serve as an outdoor living space; a large service court or children's play court at the side and an extensive garden at the rear of the house.

The structure is planned to give the maximum of convenience and utility at a minimum of cost. It is indeed designed to supply to this house practically every useful aid to good living according to 1936 standards that can be found in the dwellings of men of wealth. There is somewhat less space, less finery, less ornament, but in no sense less of the essentials of the healthful, pleasant, private, serviced modern home. It has plenty of built-in equipment, soft overhead lighting, winter air-conditioning, provision for the fullest use of electricity and for expansion of this as electricity in the home grows in use, plenty of closet space and storage space, while the rooms are carefully arranged to give to each the proper exposure to sun and air.

To understand the principle and intention behind Collier's house, you will have to remember that it breaks away from a number of chains which have bound the small house slavishly to the past. The truth is that architects have not until recently given much attention to the small house, just as they gave little attention to the low-priced apartment house until recent years. There was therefore no pioneering in design or organization. The small-house builder clung to the established methods of planning and to orthodox materials. As a result he went on putting into houses things which cost more than houses in those cost brackets could stand. He did things for which he could give no reason save that thus they had always been done.

In An Age of New Materials

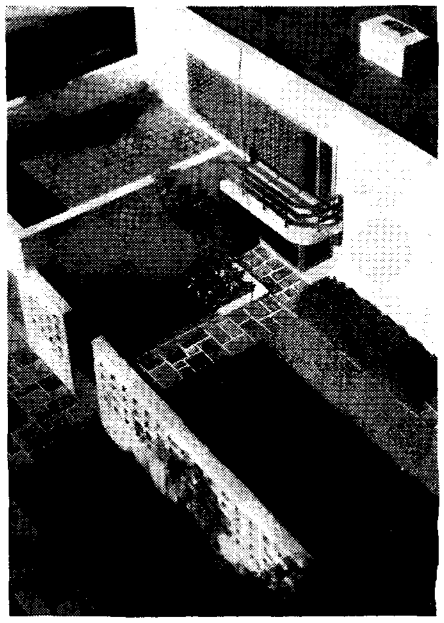
For instance, he insisted on putting a gabled roof on almost every house. Large, sloping, gabled roofs were necessary at one time to shed water and provide insulation. In certain countries the sloping roof was supposed to hold the heavy snows better and discharge them more quickly.

Because roofs were necessary, builders slowly developed some lovely patterns. But modern roofing materials, with insulation and water proofing, have done away with the need for pitched roofs. If you like such a roof—as many people do (I have an especial weakness for them)—there is no reason why you should not put one on your house, provided you understand that it is not as economical to construct as a flat roof.

Look at the garage. Once the old stable was put in the rear of the house and as far from it as possible, in order to protect the dwellers from the collection of rich odors which rose from its walls, to say nothing of the insects which flourished there and the racket which a restless horse could make at night. The garage is the successor of the stable and so we went on putting the garage at the rear of the lot and far from the house, though the reason for that had departed.

Another practice has grown up in America. In Europe, particularly in France, you will see residences built flush with the street line. The gardens are always in the rear, unless the lot is very large. This assures privacy to the dweller and privacy is a prize highly

(Continued on page 54)


Entrance court and play deck

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This emblem is solely the property of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. Certain refiners and marketers of motor oil are permitted to use it on their products, as an assurance to you that their oils are 100% Pure Pennsylvania and that they meet, or perhaps exceed, the minimum standards which the Association sets. Actually, this emblem is a two-way guarantee to you.

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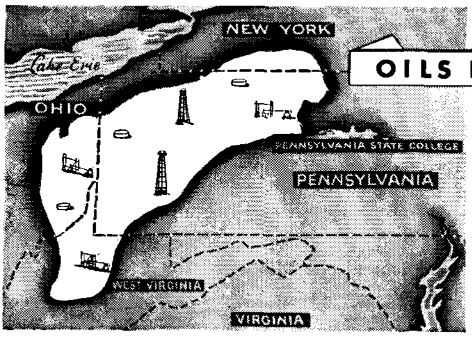
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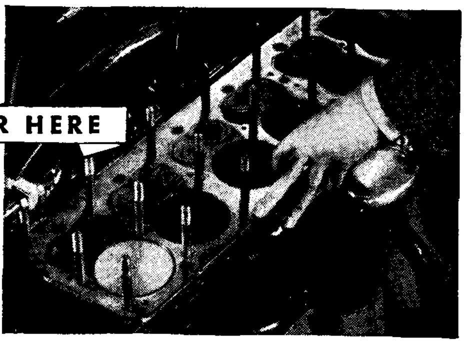

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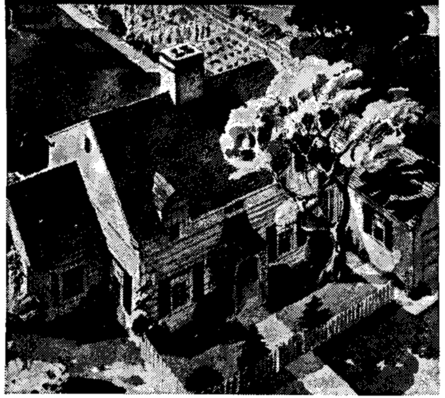

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And what does a new American Radiator Conditioning System give you? Home comfort you never dreamed possible! Proper air movement through forced circulation sends filtered, dust-free, dirt-free, humidified air through your whole house. In winter, sun-like radiant heat pours forth from radiators (recessed in walls if desired), warming evenly every inch of every room. The most advanced type of controls and valves guarantees perfect heat distribution regardless of how cold it is outside. *Year 'round domestic hot water* is on tap for ready use. Any fuel—coal, oil, coke or gas—can be used, and everything can be completely automatic! There's complete, controlled, conditioned comfort for you! Worth having in your new home, you'll agree. Worth demanding, we say!

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A Good Place to Live

Continued from page 52

treasured by the Frenchman. In America, however, the house sits out in the open. The yard, both front and back, is disclosed to the world. In later years developers have put houses in open parks, where there is neither wall, nor fence nor shrub to afford the home owner a square inch of privacy outside his house. But it is possible to design the house for the small lot so that the home owner will have ample gardens both front and rear and complete privacy besides.

Then there is the little matter of arranging the rooms. Of course tradition has decreed that the living-room must be at the front and the kitchen at the rear and, above all, that the front porch shall be within naked-eye distance of the sidewalk, so that a little family argument in the late afternoon or a bridge post-mortem on a warm evening shall be within earshot of the neighbors. But why may not the front room be at the back and why may not the kitchen be at the front? In fact why should not the various rooms be located with reference to wind and weather and sun and light precisely where they may be used to the best advantage?

And as for materials—we have been building houses of the same materials since the Pharaohs drove their bond-armies to their fifteen-hour daily stints. You can find brick and stucco and wood and stone houses all over the world, representing all vintages of building. As a matter of fact, these are excellent materials to build with. But there are still others now—steel studding, for instance, or steel panels or panels of synthetic plastic materials or even glass brick, if you please. This is the age of new materials. And hence, while brick and stone and cement and lumber remain the favored substances for house shells, many new materials are coming into use for ceilings, floors, fittings, etc.

Breaking Old Habits

In this Collier's house the architects have taken full advantage of modern processes and have not hesitated to depart from purely tradition-supported, habitual methods of arrangement and design where either utility or beauty suggested the change.

The roof is flat. And the flat roof has been discovered as a place where many useful and pleasant things may be done.

The garage is in the front, built as part of the house. But you do not enter the house directly from the garage. You go from the rear garage door under a sheltering eave into the house. Thus the house is protected from both the odors of the car and the hazard of fire.

The living-room and the dining-room are at the rear of the house. They look out upon an ample terrace which in turn opens upon the rear or principal garden.

Flexibility is an important item in laying out the floor space. And here, flexibility and service are combined in a most interesting way, which, I am sure, will appeal to any home manager. A batch of problems confronts the housewife. One is that extra room for the occasional guest. The other is that isolated room for Dad, sometimes called study, sometimes den, sometimes card room. Then there is the maid's room. And finally there is the important problem of individual seclusion for members of the family.

Look at your floor plan and see how admirably all these problems have been thought out.

Take the maid's room. The favorite spot for that in the past has been in the attic or, at least, at the rear of the house behind the kitchen. Here the maid's room is at the front of the house. It adjoins the kitchen. It looks out on the side court which may be used as a children's play yard. It opens directly into the entrance hall. If the front doorbell rings, the maid can reach it by the shortest route from the kitchen, if she is on duty. If she is enjoying a few moments of leisure in her room, she can get to the door without having to walk through the rest of the house.

That spare room is at the right and front of the house. It is so built that it may be used as a library or study or den or guest-room. Or it may be combined into all three. Between the room and the entrance hall is a passageway, which, in reality, is both passageway, dressing-room, bath and coat room. It can be used for hats and coats of entering guests. There is a lavatory for guests and a dressing table for hurried primping. And when this room is used as a guest room, this whole space can be converted into a private bathroom.

Organizing Space

Now for isolation. The living-room may be used for dancing by the younger people; Dad and his friends may sit at a quiet game in the study, while Mother may entertain some guests on the covered porch or in several spots on the terrace. (See the little dining-space or tea arbor on the terrace outside the dining-room).

If Madame wishes to entertain upon an elaborate scale, there is a magnificent sweep of floor and recreation space in the living-room, the dining-room, the study and the terrace.

There is only a small cellar, sufficient to house the heating machinery and provide well-organized storage space. This, too, saves money. The laundry, instead of being in the cellar, is in the kitchen. Here it is close to the maid's quarters and convenient for handling clothes without running up and down stairs.

In the matter of materials, the architects have wandered over a wide field, not just to be indulging in an appetite for variety, but to select the materials which seemed to them best suited to their special uses.

The house itself is fireproof. That is put down as a major advantage in modern home construction. The shell of the house is concrete. The floor joists are steel beams and the crude floors are concrete, cast in steel frames. These floors have two-inch wood pegs cast every two feet in the concrete in case the owner wishes to tack down a carpet at some time. Or wood floors may be laid over the concrete.

The partitions are gypsum blocks and plaster. The blocks are hollow. Thus the twin benefits of fireproofing and soundproofing are conferred upon the rooms.

The exterior may be finished in any material which suits the owner's taste.

But once inside an endless variety of materials is encountered. Here it is not possible to do more than indicate some of these things.

Here, for instance, let us take the matter of floors. The owner is not limited to a single material or two. In the entrance hall the architects have used a waterproof rubber tile, resilient, silent, easily cleaned, durable and available in a multitude of colors. In the dining-room they have specified terrazzo, made of marble chips mixed in cement and laid as a concrete between brass strips. It is intended to have a rug under the table. In the living-room and study the floors

Summer fares west

Fitting vacation desires to the hard dollars available is a real problem for most of us. These facts, however, will help many to enjoyment of a western trip:

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Santa Fe's round-trip summer fares will again be at their all-time low, with no surcharge in sleeping cars. Delicious Fred Harvey meals, en route, may cost as little as $1.00 per day. Living cost in California is well below the country-wide level. Last summer's reasonable Dude Ranch rates will continue.

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There has been no trim in quality to cut your rail costs. Actually, Santa Fe service to California and the Southwest was never safer, surer, swifter, or so downright *comfortable*. The cool, clean freshness of our air-conditioned trains is a god-send to western summer travelers.

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California has innumerable vacation attractions. En route are glorious Grand Canyon, reached direct only via Santa Fe; and the Indian-detours by motor through Spanish-Indian New Mexico. Southwestern Dude ranches look forward to their greatest season. There will be more of those delightful all-expense western tours. San Diego has reopened its beautiful Exposition, and the Texas Centennial starts June 6th.

—

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are of cork—quiet, resilient, decorative. The kitchen will have linoleum. The bathrooms will have rubber, tile, linoleum or glass brick. The bedrooms will have cork or wood or linoleum, or no decorative flooring if full carpeting is intended. Full carpeting is planned for the stairs because it is safest and noiseless. The maid's room is to have a floor of mastic tile, the cheapest form of fabricated flooring.

The walls also have variety. The living-room will have wood paneling, or perhaps wood paneling on one wall, around the bookcases, and plaster elsewhere. The study will have cork or leather or formica or wallpaper. The bathrooms will have Carrara glass or formica or glass brick, if the owner wishes to be a bit extravagant; or tile, metal, linoleum or washable, fadeless paper, if he would save. Or perhaps he may have complete or partially fabricated metal walls. The kitchen wall will be painted plaster or linoleum. The baseboards will be of metal or wood.

Space! That calls up one of the first problems of the designer. Space to live in!—the wisest use of every cubic foot. Which in turn means organizing the space. To the man with moderate means this is a fundamental problem. The more he contracts his space the more pressing that problem becomes. In the small house it is folly to spend money to build space that will not be used efficiently.

All sorts of work must go in within its walls. And today the architect and domestic designer seek to organize the utilities and services of the houses as completely and conveniently as the dashboard of an automobile.

For instance, in this business of service the hall plays a most important part. It is the means of internal domestic transport. As the housewife or maid works in the various rooms, she needs all sorts of instruments and supplies—water, towels, linen, vacuum cleaner, etc., to say nothing of easy access to all the rooms. It will pay the reader to pause here and glance at the hall plans of Collier's house. On the second floor the hall is simplicity itself, yet it leads with a minimum of steps into every room and into the bathroom, while along one side, convenient to every bedroom door, is a long series of linen and storage closets, while a part of the hall at the front of the house is utilized as a sitting and sewing space.

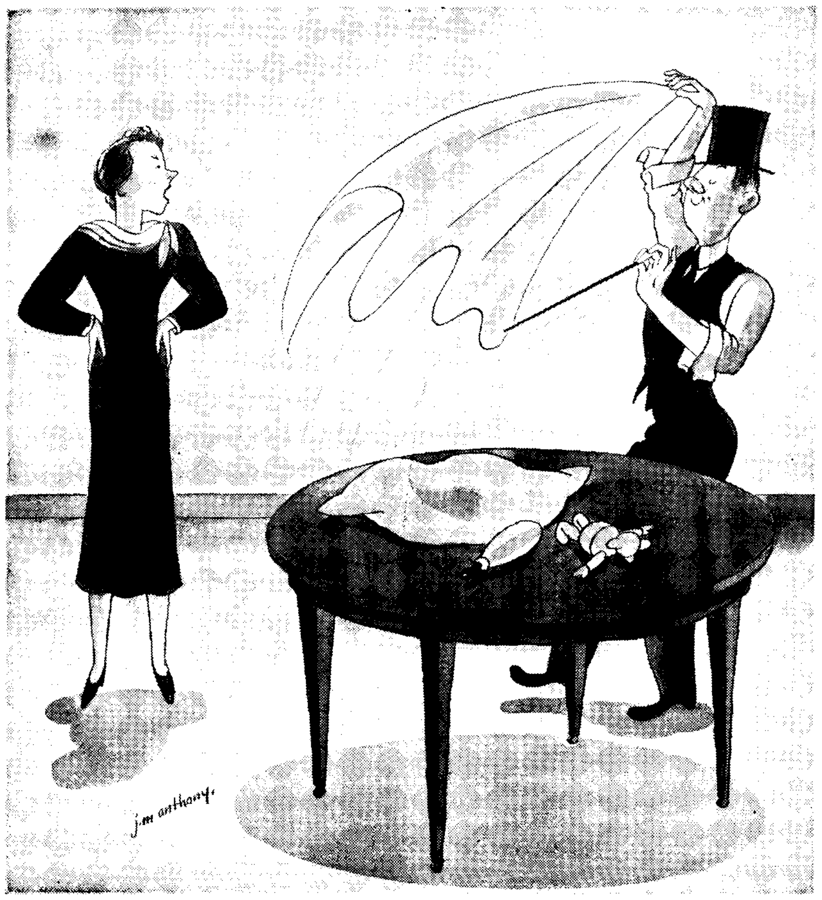
As part of the serviceability of a house, it must possess utilities. It is incredible how utterly these were left out of the old-fashioned home. Rooms—four walls with windows; the kitchen—four walls and flue for the stove and later a sink; a bathroom, but only in the last forty or fifty years, and somewhere a tap or two for water; no lights, until gas came into general use and electricity only in the last three or four decades (there are still 5,000,000 homes without electricity). No closets or storage space—all this function was supplied by furniture—armoires, dressers or bureaus, washstands.

To take a very simple, yet essential item of the first importance—fenestration. If you had asked a builder of the last decade, or most of them in this decade, what he proposed to do about fenestration in your new home he would have looked at you with amazement. Fenestration! Well, that refers in a very general way to windows. But it is something more than windows now, for the window has become a problem for the scientist.

The Battle at the Window

Millions of the houses standing today are sieves, through which in winter the cold air leaks in and the hot air leaks out. To heat such a house, you have to supply enough heat to keep the house warm and also to heat up a considerable aura of the circumambient atmosphere. It is said that the air in an ordinary house is changed over completely once every hour—that means twenty-four times a day. To you, Mr. Coal Buyer and Oil Buyer, that means you have to heat up your house twenty-four times a day. Of course you may console yourself with the thought that you are, after all, getting in this way a continuous supply of fresh air. But it has its drawbacks. In winter, of course, it is dry air

(Continued on page 56)



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Cadillac craftsmen—schooled for thirty years in fine-car manufacture—can produce high quality at the lowest cost in America. But they are not miracle men. They cannot produce a La Salle to sell in the low-price field. There are numerous good cars that sell in the lower ranges—but they are built, necessarily, to sell at a *price*. La Salle cannot compete with these cars in *cost*—any more than they can compete with La Salle in *quality*. It is the privilege of any buyer to pay less for his car than La Salle's modest price—but when he *pays* less, he should *expect* less.

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La Salle

La Salle not only delivers exceptionally generous gasoline and oil mileage—but all service charges are unusually low. Furthermore, La Salle is so soundly designed and so superbly built that it requires much less service attention than cars of lesser quality. Almost anyone can afford to drive a La Salle.

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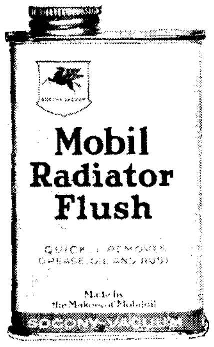
KEEP YOUR CAR FROM GETTING "Hot under the Collar"

EVEN A LITTLE RUST and scale can clog radiator passages—even slight corrosion can cause leaks.

Prepare Your Radiator *NOW* for Trouble-Free Summer Driving!

WITH SPRING and summer motor trips just ahead, now is the time to make sure your car's cooling system is 100% efficient. Don't risk overheating, or radiator leaks that can cause damage, delays, and the need for costly repairs. See that your radiator is clean so that the water in it flows freely. See that it is guarded against attack by corrosive elements in the water.

A clean radiator protected against rust and corrosion is your best assurance that your engine will be cooled efficiently.



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FIRST—clean your radiator with Mobil Radiator Flush. It dissolves grease and grime—loosens scale and rust quickly. Not only that, it emulsifies them so that they drain off from the radiator easily. Mobil Radiator Flush is non-caustic—perfectly safe to use.

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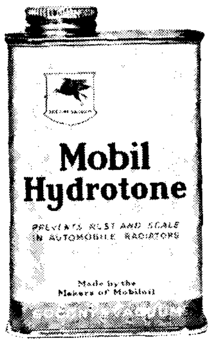
THEN PREVENT the re-formation of rust and scale with Mobil Hydrotone. This keeps the water crystal clear and neutralizes corrosive elements. It guards the tiny radiator passages from clogging and corroding. One 35¢ can protects for months.



Read what Motor-Makers Suggest:

"The cooling system should be cleaned at least twice a year—particularly in spring."

"Corrosive scale and mineral deposits will clog the radiator."

"Rust-resistor should be added to prevent accumulation of scale."

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(Continued from page 55)

you are taking in, for as the air grows colder it precipitates moisture. Into your warm house comes the cool air without moisture, which is well enough as long as the air is cold. But immediately you raise its temperature in your warm house. Then the air needs moisture. In fact, it demands it. And there being none available, it proceeds to take it out of the furniture, the rugs, the walls and, worst of all—out of you. Which may explain that relentless cold or perhaps that expensive sinus trouble.

But to get back to the window. In one corner of the room is the radiator, sputtering, struggling manfully—and expensively—to heat the room. In another corner, or perhaps just over the radiator, is a window. Probably there are several windows. Put your hand on that wide expanse of window pane. It is as cold as the radiator is hot. It is a refrigerating unit. The radiator is heating. The window is cooling. There is a struggle going on between the two and you are paying the coal bills.

The problem for the modern planner, therefore, gets down to one of windows, insulation, light and heating units.

First there is the question of heat. In this age, of course, in the newly built home, air-conditioning is the natural system. Air conditioning may include winter heat and summer cooling. In Collier's house only winter conditioning is specified. For a house built in the South or in a climate which is plagued by long heat spells or protracted summers, the owner should, if he can afford it, install summer air-conditioning as well. Winter air conditioning costs approximately a third more than an efficient heating plant of the ordinary type. But it will be found more economical to operate once it is installed, particularly if proper insulation is applied to the house.

Wired for the Future

The importance of air-conditioning simply cannot be overestimated. The relation between America and her national disease—the head cold and now the most serious sinus infections—may be traced in great measure to the inadequate knowledge of heating which we have labored under. The modern air-conditioning unit, which takes the air from the house and a proportion of air from outdoors, from two to four times an hour, filters it, washes it, heats it to the proper temperature and delivers it properly humidified, works with automatic trustworthiness.

The ordinary winter conditioning unit can be used in the summer to stimulate the air, without conditioning it, thus holding the temperature indoors down several degrees, depending on the effectiveness of the insulation.

But insulation cannot be ignored. Here is a field which has been only recently explored. The heat losses in the ordinary house are appalling. The heating bill can be reduced in the most amazing manner by protecting the house from its leaks. This must be done by treatment of the walls and windows.

Walls can be insulated by many new products. There are insulating blankets which are laid in the walls between the plaster and the outer shell. There are various mineral wools, metal foils, and insulating boards, all now widely advertised and most effective.

In the case of windows, various problems present themselves. First of all, the old-time window frame itself is almost an open hole in the side of the house through which the reigning weather outside pours in upon the shivering or sweltering dweller. The glass is, as already pointed out, a refrigerating surface. Double thicknesses of glass, certain types of glass will let in or keep out heat. No man should build a modern house without getting expert advice on this important subject.

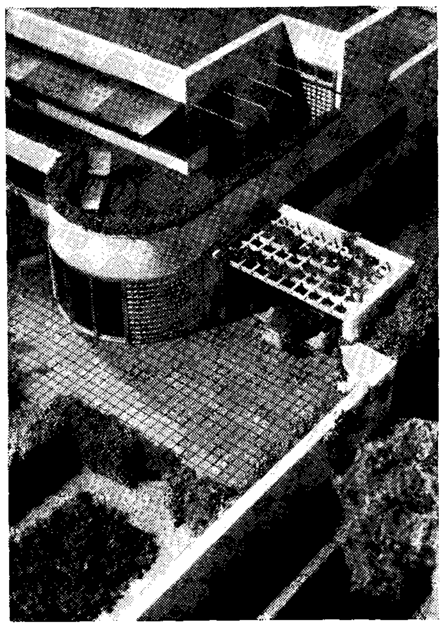
There is one other subject—the mechanization of the house, the machines for cooking, for washing, for ironing, for mixing, for sewing and so on. This, of course, means electricity. This subject is so well known that it needs merely to be mentioned. But the point kept in mind by the architects of this Collier's house is that we are merely in the midst of our electrical development. The house is provided with every possible convenience for using electricity in every mechanical operation, including the electric eye, which automatically opens and shuts the swinging door between kitchen and dining-room as the servant passes back and forth. Wiring, therefore, is of the greatest importance; flexibility, extensibility to meet every new development in household electricity.

One of the most remarkable features of this Collier's house is the use which Mr. Stone has made of the out-of-doors. A mere glance at the pictures of the house will reveal the magnificent deck spaces provided by the terraces and, for that matter, the roofs—roofs of both house and garage. Upstairs, the terrace decks sheltered by awnings may be made into outdoor sleeping quarters. If privacy is required, opaque glass partitions which fold back during the day may be opened up at night. There is a delightful small dining-deck downstairs, a large terrace for general lounging. This terrace blends into the still wider spaces of the rear gardens in the summer. At the side is a covered deck, which is shielded from other portions of the terrace and offers a quiet corner to the reading member of the household or the weary housewife. The deck above the garage can be used for a children's play space. And we must not overlook the enclosed court at the side of the house adjoining the kitchen, which may be set apart as a play space for the children and surveyed from the kitchen.

However, this house offers endless flexibility. It may be made very much smaller, sacrificing some rooms and space for the smaller family or the family which cannot afford to spend so much, but without sacrificing any of the essential services of the house.

The architect's work on this house is done. You can get a set of complete working drawings and specifications for your builder for $3.00. Write to:

Collier's House, Collier's, *The National Weekly*, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Please do not send currency.



Dining terrace and sun deck

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Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself

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The new PACKARD LIFETIME LEKTRO•SHAVER allows you to *Shave Blindfolded*

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You don't have to be a graduate engineer or a head barber to get a perfect and painless shave every day of your life. You can do it blindfolded with the simple new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver, with the master cutter which took seven years and $200,000 to perfect.

The Almost Human Cutter

The new Packard, we believe, is as much an improvement over early electric razors as the latter were over old-fashioned hand razors and messy blades. Its amazing results are due to the master cutter—that almost human device with its two-way action. As it rotates left to right, it also slides backward and forward.

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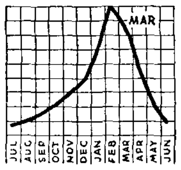

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Berlin Dinner Party

Continued from page 16

useful to foreign correspondents. He was always a valuable adjunct to any dinner party too, because he was willing at all times to play or sing in practically any language. He was probably at his best when playing American college songs. I don't think there was one he didn't know. He himself had written a Harvard song when he was an undergraduate there. Yes, he was amusing all right—but not when he played Liszt.

He sat down and put his elephantine hands on the keys. I tell you that Hanfstaengl could play Liszt. He played the Piano Concertos in E Flat, and in A. It left us all breathless.

Then suddenly my party was over. They were filing out and saying "Wiedersehn."

The Nightingale said, "Aren't you taking me home?"

"Jerry Young has begged for the privilege." I smiled. "You are lucky. You shall be taken home by the future British Ambassador to Berlin."

SO THEY went—all but von Genthner, and I knew that he wasn't going just yet. I knew that there was something—something important—he wanted to tell me.

"Let's have one brandy on the balcony," I suggested, and then I called Martha.

She brought the bottle and two glasses and we sat on the balcony.

"Now tell me, von Genthner," I turned to him, "what's on your mind?" He looked up, startled.

"Come now, friend," I told him laughingly. "What were those curious looks that passed between you and Woolwerth? Why were you so reluctant to give Doames the details of the capture of that madman in Schwanburg? Why were you so dismayed when I suggested that Doames fake the story and say that the madman was enticed by a showing of her new picture? There were undercurrents passing between you and Woolwerth and I think The Nightingale. I don't like mysteries, von Genthner. Tell me about it."

"Are you in love with The Nightingale?" he asked suddenly.

I yawned. "Love is a big word for a little guy like me to use. It's too big a word to play with and that's my business—playing with words."

"There are men who will do almost anything for love," he said savagely.

"Sure; some will even marry for it."

"And," he said unexpectedly, "they go mad because of it and they'll murder for it—you're right, of course, I do want to tell you a story."

"I'm listening," I said—and waited.

"You knew, I suppose," he began, after a pause, "that I originally came from Bavaria. I was born just a few miles outside of Schwanburg on the Danube. After the war I was a bit sick of living and of watching men die, so I went back to my old home and I stayed there studying my music and playing with my science. My two nearest neighbors, old friends of mine, were Anton Leiber and Peter Schultz. Leiber died some fifteen years ago leaving a brilliant young son, a man of twenty-five then whose name too was Anton Leiber. Peter Schultz, a widower, had a daughter, a daughter named Bertha, who was then about eight.

"Eight years ago Anton Leiber was the most brilliant young scientist in Germany—perhaps in the world. He took degrees in medicine and chemistry at Heidelberg and at Goettingen and then, being well off, decided to spend the rest of his life in research work.

"Now perhaps you don't know how closely chemistry and medicine are aligned. Life itself is of course a chemical function. Each cell in the body is a separate little chemical factory which is supported by the salts, the water, the nourishment and the oxygen which the arterial blood brings to it. When the supply of nourishment is cut off or when such a cell is bruised the result is—pain.

"Leiber had imposed this task upon himself. He would eliminate pain. Such a job, of course, is within the province of a biochemist. People outside of surgery, medicine and chemistry think that pain has been eliminated. Sir Humphry Davy, Faraday and the American, John D. Goodman, were the first to introduce the medical world to anesthetics, and later Dr. Crawford Long performed an operation with the help of ether. Ethyl chloride, nitrous oxide, scopolamine, cocaine and eucaine all followed, but they were mere pain soporifics. You tossed one of these drugs to pain and you said, 'Chew on that awhile, my friend,' and while the pain was doing that the cells of the body were free from its ravages. But once pain lost interest in the drug—it returned.

"Practically all drugs take their toll, too; cocaine, for instance, is a powerful cardiac depressant. All drugs merely compromise with pain—they do not kill it. A cancer pain, for instance, cannot be killed. Drugs given constantly will dull it—but at a dreadful cost, for those drugs meanwhile are destroying the cells and the heart. Leiber intended to go beyond all this. He would find a chemical that would absolutely kill pain.

"'Pain is a useful servant—but a harsh master,' he once told me. 'Pain as a warning signal that something is wrong is excellent—but the trouble with it is that once it has warned us, it insists upon taking possession of us. There is no need for this. I will kill pain—physical and mental pain.'

"Leiber was the most gentle soul I ever met—except when on the subject of his specialty. Then his deep-set eyes blazed and his hands clenched. He talked of pain as though it were an enemy.

"ONE night he came to see me. This was about eight years ago. His eyes were shining and he was trembling.

"'I've got it!' he cried. 'I'm on the right track. I'll have the whole answer within a year. My theory holds good for mental pain, too. I've gone beyond Fourneau and his stovaine, beyond the others with their tropacocaine and alypin. They and their drugs merely compromise with pain. I will kill it entirely. If a cell is paining I will kill that cell—and, von Genthner, I will replace it with a new cell, a complete, live, healthy new cell. I have done it in animals already. If we can replace one cell—we can replace a thousand or ten thousand cells.'

"'How,' I asked, 'can you segregate such cells and have them ready at all times? How can you keep them alive?'

"'Alexis Carrel has kept a chicken heart alive for twenty years,' he rasped. 'He put me on the track. We will kill pain not with temporary stop-gaps, such as drugs, but by surgery, by chemical surgery.'

"He walked up and down my study, his hands clenching and unclenching. His eyes were flashing and his dark hair fell over his forehead.

"'And mental pain?' I asked softly.

"'The same theory holds no matter what Krafft-Ebing and Freud say,' he shouted. 'Look here, von Genthner. I walk in my garden. I see a snail on the ground. The sight of a snail sickens me, causes me acute mental distress. Should I go to Krafft-Ebing or Freud and let them dig into my mind for months and months to find out why it is that the sight of a snail causes me mental pain? Nonsense,' he snorted. 'Instead I kill the snail. My mental pain dies at the same time.'

"'In short, to eliminate mental pain, or as you say to "kill" mental pain,' I asked, 'you would eliminate or kill that which is the cause of it.'

"'Yes,' he said calmly.

"'I am glad, my friend, that I do not cause you any mental anguish,' I laughed. 'Or to be consistent you would have to eliminate me.'

"'Exactly,' he said softly. 'That of course is where my theory will ultimately lead.'

"I FELT a bit uneasy. 'Stick to your biochemistry, Leiber. Your theory there sounds interesting, sounds more than interesting. But leave the mind alone. Leave mental pyrotechnics to the men who specialize in such things. A surgeon's scalpel cannot cut away memory or kill remorse or fear—without killing the mind; and the duty of a medical man, even a biochemist, is to build and cure, not to kill . . . Leiber,' I looked at him closely, 'you've been working too hard. Take a rest. Go on a walking tour. Climb a mountain. The Danube is a hundred feet away. Get into a boat and paddle for a week. But rest awhile.'

"'I have no time for rest,' he said sharply. 'And there is another thing I wanted to ask you about—Bertha Schultz.'

"'What has that young rascal to do with biochemistry?' I laughed.

"'Everything,' he said. 'Von Genthner, I am in love with her. I want to marry her. I want you to talk to her father—he is a good friend of yours, I know. Convince him that I am not a lovesick fool, von Genthner. Convince him that I love his daughter tenderly, devotedly.'

"I got up and I am sure my face must have expressed my utter amazement. 'Little Bertha? My Lord, Leiber, she is a child. She is only sixteen,' I gasped.

"'But older than her years,' he said. 'Have you ever heard her sing? Of course you have. Yes, it was you who taught her to love music. A month ago I was passing her home and I heard her singing. Until then she had been merely a child to me, too, a neighbor's child. But that voice, von Genthner, entered my heart and my soul and my brain. That voice possessed me; it was as though a thousand skylarks had made their nests in my brain. I can hear nothing else. And I love her, von Genthner.'

"'You are what? Thirty-five? She is sixteen. To her you must seem a middle-aged man. Wait, Leiber. Wait two years.'

"'I cannot wait,' he interrupted, 'I need her.'

"'You, you one of the world's great scientists, need that sixteen-year-old girl? Come now, Leiber, just because she sings prettily—her voice by the way, is still far from being good—you think you're in love with her. You're in love with her voice—'

"'That voice has gotten between me and my work,' he shouted. 'Can't you understand? For a thousand years the world has been waiting for my discovery. Now I am on the verge of revealing it and at the critical point the voice of this girl has taken possession of me. When she is not around I find myself listening for her voice. My work is suffering—and my work must not suffer.'

(Continued on page 60)

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Berlin Dinner Party

Continued from page 58

"He left. I sat up half the night thinking. Then I made up my mind.

"I hurried to see Peter Schultz the next morning. Frankly, I was frightened. Why, I don't know. I told Peter the whole story. Of late years he had been feeble and had leaned on me much, especially in the upbringing of the child.

"'Leiber,' I told him, 'is brilliant. He may well be the world's most brilliant man. But friend, I do not think that he is for our Bertha.'

"'Nor do I,' Peter said.

"'The man is close to a nervous breakdown—or worse,' I said.

"Peter Schultz looked at me. 'Or worse?'

"I nodded and he knew what I meant. 'I suggest that we send Bertha to Berlin. She shall stay with my sister there; and, Peter, it is time that we really recognized her talent. She has a remarkable voice. Let me have it trained by the masters in Berlin. Let us—let us send her to Berlin tomorrow.'

"He nodded and we called in Bertha. She was a lovely child, slim and, through the heritage of an English mother, dark, and her eyes were very large and very dark too. They lit up when she saw me. Always I had enjoyed the status of a favorite uncle with the child. I had introduced her to music, had myself taught her French and English. She was overjoyed at the prospect of going to Berlin. And so we sent her.

"A WEEK after she had gone Leiber stormed in to see me. He was in a dreadful state. He looked as though he hadn't slept for weeks and his eyes were the eyes of a hunted wolf.

"'They have taken Bertha away,' he cried. 'Where is she? You know where she is. I will find her, von Genthner, if I have to go to the ends of the earth. Can't you see how I love that girl? Am I leprous that you forbid me to see her? Am I immoral? Am I tainted? You have told me that I will one day take my place in the first ranks of science. Why am I unworthy of that girl?'

"'Steady, steady, Leiber,' I soothed. 'Wait, wait another year or so. We have no objection to you. But she is a child. She will be a woman soon enough. Then she can listen to your pleading.'

"'I cannot wait,' he said. 'Her voice haunts me. It hurts me except when I can hear it. Her voice is in my consciousness. I must get it out of my brain. It causes me mental pain. . . .'

"Suddenly his eyes opened wide but he looked ahead blankly, not seeing me at all and he whispered, 'All pain must be killed. To kill pain you must eliminate the cause of the pain. Pain must be killed . . . her voice causes me pain . . . I must—'

"'Leiber, Leiber!' I said. 'Steady!'

"'Pain must be killed,' he repeated in the tone of a man walking in his sleep. Without another word he arose and walked out into the night. And I knew now that what I had suspected was true. He was mad, quite mad.

"The next day his servants called and asked if I had seen him. He hadn't reached home and they were worried. We made a thorough search of the surrounding countryside but could find no trace of him. Three weeks later he turned up. He was walking along a street in Ingolstadt when, without warning, he seized a young girl by the throat, crying, 'Pain must be killed. I will kill your voice. I will kill your voice. . . .'

"Luckily there were strong men in the crowd and they grabbed him. He was hopelessly insane now and was immediately confined to an asylum.

"Meanwhile what of Bertha? Her teachers in Berlin were delighted at her progress. 'She can be a great actress,' they told me. 'She can be a superb singer. Send her to Rheinhardt. Send her to Bellini in Milan. We have taught her all that we know.'

"Bertha in three years had grown up. Now she was tall and slim and her eyes were even larger, but to me she was still a child. Her father had died and had made me her guardian. And day and night I was tortured by one thought, one fear. What if Leiber should escape? In one of his rational moments he would be clever enough to escape from any asylum.

"I came to a sudden resolution. Leiber would never destroy Bertha. I myself would. I would kill Bertha and replace her with a totally different personality. Bertha should die and a glamorous, mysterious being take her place, with no resemblance to the child Leiber knew.

"I told Bertha my plans. 'I want you to study abroad for two years. You say you would rather sing and act in films than study either opera or concert work. Very well. For two years I want you to disappear completely from Germany. For two years you are not even to speak German or think it. You are to drop the name of Bertha Schultz now. Never are you to tell anyone who you are or from whence you came.'

"'It seems so silly,' she laughed. 'But of course I will do what you say.'

"'Child, it isn't silly,' and she now realized how much in earnest I was. 'I have a definite reason for this. It is an important reason. I ask you to do this—the first favor I have ever asked you.'

"She was worried now. 'Of course,' she said slowly. 'Bertha Schultz dies tonight. Until you give me permission I shall never reveal to anyone who I am or from where I came.'

"'You shall be mysterious,' I told her. 'For two years you shall not even see me or write to me. You shall have all the money you want. Your whole time shall be spent in study. But you are to form an entirely new personality. You are to take a new name. My child, I want you to be a voice, not a person. You shall be like a bird in the forest, heard but not seen. . . . A rare bird with a beautiful voice . . . a bird so rare that none may know it.'

"'Like . . . like a nightingale,' she laughed. 'It is such a pretty word, too. In French and even in English it is a pretty word. I shall be . . .'"

"VON GENTHNER, von Genthner," I cried, leaping up and grasping his arm, "then The Nightingale and Bertha Schultz are one and the same. That is why she is so mysterious, why she has built a wall around herself. That is why—"

"Of course," von Genthner said, "have you only guessed it now?"

"Does she know . . . about Leiber?" I asked.

"If you mention Anton Leiber to her he would be a mere name out of her childhood. No, she doesn't know why I have made her create a new personality. Knowing me, she trusted me. She knew that I had some good reason for it. Now let me finish the story, though the rest of it must be obvious even to you.

"Bertha, or The Nightingale as I shall call her from now on, studied faithfully during the two years she was away. Seven months ago I brought her back and turned her over to Woolwerth—in my opinion the only real genius the talking pictures have yet produced. I told him the whole story and his sense of the dramatic made him fall in with my idea of making a mysterious creature out of our Nightingale.

" 'Just a voice,' he said. 'Not even a name. Not even a person. Merely a voice.'

"He gave her comparatively small bits in two pictures and, as you know, she was sensational. She remained virtually a recluse. She attended but one social function—a dinner Woolwerth gave. I wasn't there. You were. In fact," von Genthner added dryly, "I made up the guest list and had you included.

"IT WAS a month ago that the first of the so-called Bluebeard Murders occurred. When this murderer's victims had reached the number of five, Goering asked me to take charge. The first thing I did, just as a matter of routine, was to ask for pictures of the dead girls. I took one look at them and my heart turned to ice. Each girl was slim and dark and each bore a very faint but nonetheless unmistakable resemblance to The Nightingale. I phoned the insane asylum, and my worst fears were justified. Leiber had escaped three weeks previously!

"This threw me into action. Unknown to The Nightingale I threw a heavy police guard around her. Twice more the madman struck and each time he got away; a third whom he had attacked miraculously recovered. All of the murders occurred in the region of Schwanburg. We tried everything but no trap worked. Then I conceived a desperate plan.

"I received Woolwerth's coöperation. There is one large picture theater in Schwanburg, the Ufa Palazt. I planned for a showing of The Nightingale's new picture for that theater. During the past week we advertised in every newspaper in the region. Each day we ran a large picture of, not The Nightingale, but of Bertha Schultz as she was eight years ago, on the first page. One of the slight advantages of a Fascist form of government"—von Genthner smiled—"is that we can tell newspapers what to do.

"Thousands and thousands of these papers and additional posters were printed and distributed everywhere. They were posted on trees and on barns and on fences. You couldn't walk fifty yards in the vicinity of Schwanburg without seeing a picture of Bertha Schultz with the announcement that she would appear in person at the preview of her new picture which would be shown for just one performance at the Ufa Palazt. If Anton Leiber was in the vicinity he must see that picture. Would it draw him to the theater? I had staked everything on that. I had even revealed The Nightingale's true name. If this plan failed she would be in double danger henceforth.

"I STOOD outside the theater with the one girl who had escaped from him. Of course it was a fifty-to-one chance that he would appear, but I had to take that chance. He did appear and even before the girl with me gave a frightened cry I recognized him.

"We closed in on him. He came quietly enough, not recognizing me at all. At the police station he gave only vague, disconnected replies to our questions. Then suddenly as though a film had been removed from his eyes he stared at me and cried, 'von Genthner, what are you doing here? What am I doing here?'

" 'You are here because you have murdered seven girls trying to drown out the sound of a voice which rings in your mind,' I said.

" 'Yes, yes,' he answered, 'a voice rings in my mind. Sometimes it gets very, very loud; and then . . . then things are confused. I hear it now . . . I feel that it is going to get louder. . . .'

" 'You can't still the sound of that voice. Only death can do that,' I told him. 'While you live you shall hear it and be tortured by it and, worse still, inflict pain upon others. As long as you live you shall try to kill that voice by killing those who remind you of it.'

" 'No . . . no . . .' he cried. 'It is better that I die.'

" 'Only then will the pain leave you,' I said sternly.

"He looked at me quietly and in his eyes I could see the beginning of a struggle. His lucid moment would soon be over, though now he was trying desperately and consciously to prolong it. 'Quickly,' he pleaded, 'let me be alone and give me something to make me sleep.'

"I looked into his eyes and for the moment they were clear and there was a message in them that I was able to read.

" 'Put him into a cell,' I told the police.

"We walked to a cell. I went in first. Then he followed. I told the police not to enter. Then I walked out.

" 'Leave him alone,' I told the police. 'I have given him something which will make him sleep.'

"A moment later we heard a shot and we ran back. Leiber had sent a bullet into his poor, mad brain.

" 'But,' the police chief protested, 'I searched him thoroughly. I found no weapon on him.'

"I looked into the eyes of the police chief. 'No, it was I who searched him. I myself. And I found no gun on him. So the responsibility is entirely mine.'

"The police chief saluted. 'As you say, Herr Baron.'

I STOOD up and reached for von Genthner's hand. "Then he is dead and she will never again be in danger?"

"That is true. So you see why it was I didn't care to discuss the murders at dinner. You see why I felt dismayed when you all unwittingly stumbled upon part of the truth. It is a story that we had all better forget. It has caused enough torture especially to my child, The Nightingale."

"But she knows nothing of it. Why should it have tortured her?"

Von Genthner arose. He looked very angry. "You fool," he rasped. "Don't you realize the torture she had been through? You yourself have been full of suspicions of all kinds. Who was she? Where did she come from? You asked her these questions—you of little faith. She couldn't answer because of her promise to me. And she knew how you felt and, being a woman now and not a child, your pain was her pain—"

"Has she told you this? How do you know, von Genthner?" I grabbed his arm impatiently.

"What a beautiful dawn," he said softly. "Look at the sun rise over those poplars. I tell you our Tiergarten is the most beautiful park in the world. And do you know that flowers smell more fragrant in the dawn? I have a theory—"

"Von Genthner," I cried. "Tell me. How do you know she cared whether I was in agony with my suspicions?"

"Because I am not a fool," he said. "I have eyes that see and ears that hear. And tonight I heard her sing an Irish song. And as she sang it there were tears in her eyes. Now she has never been to Ireland and so it must have been an Irishman who taught her that song. I have not spent a hundred nights in your company without hearing you sing or hum Kathleen Mavourneen dozens of times. So I knew it was you who taught it to her. . . ."

"And so. . . ?" I asked softly.

"And so, my friend," he yawned, "it is time that an old man went to bed. But you are young . . . and she is young, too, and I think that if you phoned her now she would not mind it. I am sure that she is still awake. For I told her to remain awake until she heard from me. . . ."

But I wasn't listening. I was screaming her number into the phone to a very sleepy telephone operator.

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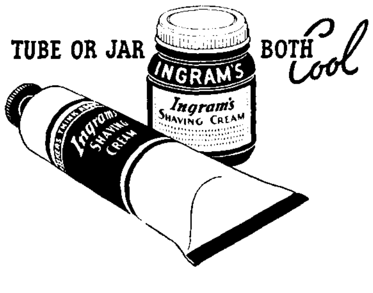

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MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 19

that she knew, now, finally, for good, what had happened.

What does it matter, oh, what does it matter, why can't things stop? Fifield was dead—dead—dead—in his grave—out of it. Let it go. Why must there be more?

Emery knew that Tommy was—somehow—mixed up in it. Dave knew that Paula had driven Fifield away from his apartment at two-thirty that Saturday afternoon, after being alone with him there for an hour, much later than she had acknowledged seeing him. . . . You couldn't help picturing everything. Not if you had seen Paula come out of the telephone closet at the country club that night early in March. Nearly three months ago—nearly three centuries ago. She had stood there in the light of that shaded bulb and her face was white as death, hateful as hell itself, relentless, merciless, corrupt.

She said that Fifield had come that morning to plead with her to take him back. He couldn't have! Far more likely that he had come to threaten her. And, around one-thirty, Paula had gone to his apartment, and around two-thirty she had left it with him. Clearer than anything in the world. She had come to plead with him. And she had won. Maurice's hot imagination, when he was trying to shoulder the blame, had suggested a rendezvous at the shack that afternoon. Well, there must have been one. That must be what had happened. Caroline had shuddered to that idea for twenty-four hours, and her throat was sour with disgust. Paula was capable of it, Paula must have done it.

She was on her way to Dave's. For no reason. For the best reason—that she couldn't stand this any longer unless she was with him. And he was looking for her—for his horn sounded and the car stopped at the curb. She fled into it. And there wasn't any comfort, once she was inside. For Dave said, "I was coming for you. I told Paula I'd be at her house at three. You've got to come along."

Two weeks ago, at three o'clock, Paula had arrived at the camp with Gene Fifield—Fifield alive and to be dead within three hours. "Dave! I can't. I can't do it."

He slipped an arm round her. "You've done everything so far. This is the last, dear. You've got to do it. It's only an hour." His arm was tense, and so was his voice. "We're going to play showdown. It will all be over by four."

IT HAD to come. There had to be a showdown. Everything had to come into the open. The world had to collapse. She hid her face in his shoulder, "Why do you need me?"

He kissed her. Here in the street with people passing by. Queer that with all the longing for that kiss she had felt, it didn't seem important now. But Dave said, "You're right oftener than I am. I know a lot and I guess more. I want you guessing too."

Weakness went away; her mind was clear again and cold. Yes, he wanted her guessing with him. If he only realized it, he wanted more than that. He wanted what she knew and he didn't. There were going to be a lot of victims. She was going to be one.

"Why can't you drop everything and let it go?"

"Well," Dave said, "I'll tell you why. Last night I wanted to. I knew too much. I wanted to throw it all overboard—thank God that Fifield was dead—let whoever killed him rejoice in a good job and go his way. I wanted to get you and drive a thousand miles from Morrison. But this morning! Ask me—" he said explosively, "where Maurice Traggas is, this minute. He's in jail. They call it held for questioning. Actually, he's accused of murder. The dean got on the job yesterday, and Chief Tolman got on the job right afterward. And so Paula got on the job. The chief went to see her. Deputies went to the hospital this morning at six o'clock and got Maurice. I can't see him. No one can till George Peters gets his writ of habeas corpus. That's why we're going to see Paula."

She didn't need steadying now, but if she had this would have done it. Last act. The dreadful thing was under way. Nothing could stop it. She knew what fate was, the steady coming on of the inescapable. She felt powerless but she felt quiet too. No more tremors, no more hesitation.

EVEN Dave could not bring himself to drive fast. They merely crawled toward the little bungalow. In a moment he said, "Emery Smith. He's told me a lot. A strange boy. Some of it is true and indispensable. Some of it is fantastic beyond words. Carol, he thinks you're mixed up in this."

"I know." Struggle against that would also be quite useless. "He let me know. It breaks him up. He's in love with me."

Dave said, simply, "How did he get that idea? What makes him think so?"

She caught her lip between her teeth. She pressed her sandals against the floor. Time hung for a moment. Then, "Dave, I know. I'm not going to tell you."

He nodded. He stopped the car. In another moment he had taken her face in his hands, turned it up, kissed her lips twice. He started the car again and turned up the curving Faculty Row.

Paula came to the door. No further evidence was needed, and Caroline hoped that the shock and pity and disgust which spread over her did not leave too blatant marks on her own face. Paula was old. Paula was shattered. Paula was—oh, lost! She couldn't be more than thirty-two or thirty-three. That small, sweetly formed body was young still, and only a little while ago the fine face had been compelling—perfect features and the jet black hair that set them off. Men had fallen easily in love with the beautiful woman Paula had been. She was old now, old and hard, old and tired, old and indifferent—indifferent to everything on earth but the terror that showed in her eyes, in the movements of her hands, in the very way she walked.

Then Paula said, "You didn't tell me you were bringing your campus sweetheart," and Caroline remembered that Paula could be dangerous too.

"Several more are coming too," Dave said.

The dark eyes narrowed and, as they went into the living-room, Paula had a watchful readiness that allowed no doubt. She knew! She was prepared to fight as cunningly as any of those great caged cats, but the very fact of that alertness proved everything. . . . The familiar room. The piano where so many college people had gathered to sing so many idle songs, Tommy among them, no doubt, or Tommy alone, being gay and charming even while the storm gathered. And Fifield too, at that piano. And oh!—Caroline shuddered. On the wall was the charcoal sketch of Fifield that Paula herself had made!

Paula sat down and Caroline thought

achingly how small habits persist even in times of fatality, Paula arranging her skirt when she knows Dave thinks she killed Gene Fifield! But Paula made no pretense of smiling, or being trivial and amused. That was over forever.

"Don't waste time, Dave," Paula said. "What is this all about?"

"I won't." Dave came into his crisis too deadly to be excited, too centered on his purpose to show any hesitancy or any feeling. "I'm here because you told the police you thought Maurice killed Fifield."

"Not did, just might have," Paula said. "They think, now, that he didn't kill himself. They know that Gene and I had been— That Maurice had a sound motive."

"You think he did?"

Paula's fine shoulder twitched minutely. She was grave, white, contained, regretful. "Oh, my dear Dave! I don't know anything about it. Gene seemed to be out of his mind when he was here. Pleading like a child, beseeching me to —be nice to him. He threatened to kill himself if I didn't. He threatened to kill me, even to kill Maurice. Remember, Maurice had this vengeful idea of bringing him into a divorce suit. But when they telephoned and told me he had killed himself, what could I think except that he had carried out his promise? It didn't seem possible, but that's what they said. . . . I'm not the one who accused Maurice of killing him. But," she said, with a cunning, deprecating whisper, "but, of course. . . ."

"Yes? What?"

"I've lived with Maurice nine years. One doesn't need nine years to learn about his insane rages, his insane jealousy, his insane lack of control. Nine years taught me that Maurice might very well commit murder. What should I do, Dave, when they come and ask me questions? I told them that he had once already half-killed Gene over me. I told them that Maurice came here looking for me that Saturday afternoon, after avoiding me for months. I hadn't mentioned either fact at the inquest, or before it or after it. But when the police are investigating, Dave, when the truth has to be told, what would you want me to do?"

HOW did she know that Maurice had come here that afternoon? Caroline wrestled with that question. Paula had no maid. She had not been here herself —couldn't possibly have been here, even if Maurice was wrong. She had not heard it from Maurice himself. Or . . . or had she?

But Dave was saying, levelly, "There were a few minutes after Fifield was shot when someone made an irrevocable mistake. He was shot, of course. It wasn't suicide. It was murder—as plain a case of murder as ever happened. But maybe it wasn't murder under the law. And certainly there was a fine chance to make it seem not to have been—legally—murder. It could certainly have been made to look like homicide. Perhaps even justifiable homicide, perhaps even self-defense. But there were just those few minutes. Someone tried to think very clearly—and didn't. It was a final mistake."

He was talking calmly, rationally, and assuredly as if he himself had been there. Caroline realized suddenly that this was David Bingham, the scientist. He had facts and he was drawing inferences. The scientific intelligence was dealing with the material it found at hand. Doing what it had to do, carefully, step by step, and in full confidence that it was right.

The door opened and Emery, Steve and Tommy came through the hall. Caroline's nerves were jangled by that unexpected appearance, then they quivered uncontrollably. Steve looked stern and set, Emery looked shattered and, when he saw Caroline, stared at her with disbelief, as if she couldn't possibly be here, as if this were the one place she would not dare to be. But she could give only a glance to Steve and Emery, for Tommy was—well, an apparition. It was not that, like Paula, he was pale and haggard—everyone was, Emery was, Dave was, Caroline knew that she herself was. It was something else, intangible but unmistakable. Tommy's eyes, his manner, a strangeness that wrapped him like a cloak.

CAROLINE'S heart thumped and rocked, for, holding herself from crying out, she had remembered half a dozen allusions and prophecies Maurice had made. That was enough—they were right. Her own intuitive fear had been right. Tommy had swung off center. The mainbrace had dropped quite out. Tommy was—it had been too much for him and he had cracked. Everyone must see it as plainly as she did! Put him in a simpler place, Maurice had said, put him where no exorbitant demands were made on his self-esteem, and his fantasies would not get out of hand. But put too great a strain on them and he would crack down the center and be—only the fantastic half. He would madly play some heroic, some fantastic conception of himself, some bright delusive role that made him glorious and splendid. But what role?

She had missed whatever might have shown in Paula's face at sight of Tommy. It was a mask now, expressionless except that her eyes were venomous. But Steve said, "All right, Mr. Bingham?" and Dave said, "No trouble?" Steve said, "A little," and then, "Sit down, Pierce." They all sat down —and Emery was still staring at Caroline with desolate incredulity.

Showdown. That was Dave's word. And he had promised that everything would be finished by four. Caroline's hands were ice. But, thank heaven, her mind was cold too. She wasn't horror-stricken, she wasn't even afraid.

Paula said, "What do you mean by having people come to my house without consulting me? If you'll all go, please, at once—"

"No," Dave said. "It won't do, Paula. As late as last night I was willing to quit and walk out. Not now. Not with Maurice in jail because you lied him there."

Paula's eyes were fixed on him. But now it was possible to make a first guess about Tommy who stood up, a little supercilious, more than a little aloof and dignified, and said, "I came here more or less against my will, Paula. I'm sure it's a jolly party. But, really, I think I won't stay. Interesting and all—but you know how it is."

Dave said inattentively, "Sit down, Pierce," echoing Steve, but Emery was out of his chair and had Tommy by both shoulders. "For two weeks I've wanted to sink a fist in your face!" Steve had to get up, deprecating, genuinely ashamed of Emery, and touch his arm and gesture him back to a chair.

Paula's laughter rose in a succession of clear, liquid, mirthful notes—a triumph of acting and of icy nerve. "But how charming! My dear Dave, this is a splendid farce. Is there more of it?"

She had scorned and taunted more than one man out of his self-control. She had no effect on Dave. "I was talking about the mistake that can't possibly be repaired," he said. "It could have been made to look like self-defense. But someone was scared and hurried. Now, even if it were self-defense, it can never be made to look like anything but premeditated murder."

They were watching him with agonized concentration. All except Tommy,

(Continued on page 64)

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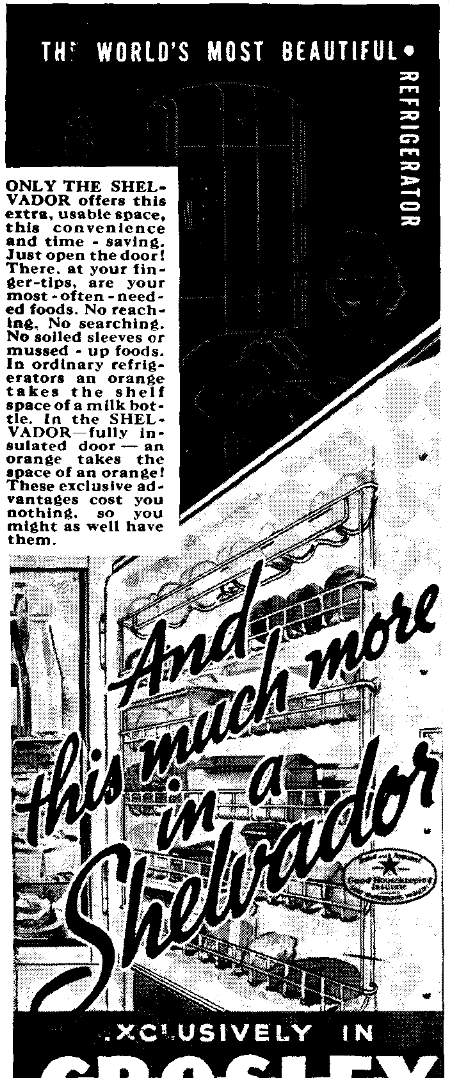

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(*Continued from page* 63)

who rested his chin in a graceful hand and blew inattentive smoke rings and gazed into the distance with ostentatious boredom. Tommy was seeing himself as untouched, detached, above the struggle—that must surely mean something. . . . Dave was stone. He might have been lecturing on hydrocarbons to a class.

"There was no premeditated murder," he said. "There was some plan that went wrong, and then there was a quarrel. It must have been a pretty hot quarrel. It must have got hotter, as Fifield's viciousness and vindictiveness increased. It ended in somebody's losing his head and grabbing one of Fifield's guns from the drawer where he kept them in his mistress' house—and shooting him. It was a quarrel that ended in a shooting. But—" Dave was a scientist impersonally laying out his data, "but once it gets into court nothing on earth can keep it from looking as if someone deliberately took him out to that shack on some pretext or other, for the clear, single and premeditated purpose of murdering him."

Tommy said "Preposterous!" in a bored voice, glanced at Dave with a kind of annoyed restraint, as at somebody whispering during a symphony, and looked away again, making graceful arcs with his cigarette. But Caroline saw Paula's breast rise with a breath that seemed to go on and on. . . . Driving away at half past two, with Fifield, after an hour alone with him. She would be seeing that drive.

"IT SEEMS to me," Paula said, thin-lipped, "you aren't helping Maurice with this vivid detail. Everyone knows he has an insane temper. But only you and I and a few friends know how craftily he plans things. Why make that public, Dave?"

"You see," he said, suavely, "I can prove that Maurice didn't have anything to do with it."

"How can you be sure?" Paula had a vast casualness. "You may find that all your melodrama has been wasted. What if you get out of here and find out that Maurice has simply told the police that he did it?"

"Ah!" Dave came out of his chair triumphantly. "Do you guess that or do you know? A little of both, probably—Maurice got word to you. He phoned you or sent you a note or even saw you and told you he would stand by you." His eyes leaped to Caroline's, glowing and victorious. "But he won't if George Peters sees him first and tells him what we should all have told him long ago—that Fifield's quarrel with you was over Fifield's successor, the one who displaced him, this bored young man."

The bored young man looked at Dave idly, with superior disdain, and let one lip curve in a fine, theatrical sneer. Then he delicately shrugged his shoulders and straightened his tie.

"That," Dave said, softly again, "that's why you're so sure—that's how you guessed that he came to see you after you'd left. . . . Paula, I understand Maurice being a fool in a thousand ways. It has taken time to realize that you can be one too. Don't you understand that means Maurice saw you at an inconvenient time? Don't you realize that if he saw you, others may have too?"

He sat down again and one hand on his knee closed slowly. "Let's stop talking about Maurice confessing or not confessing. He can confess a dozen murders. But we'll come into court with a farmer named John Beech, from the Four Corners. Fifield was killed at about six-fifteen. At ten minutes to six, John Beech picked Maurice up twelve miles from the shack and drove him into Webster, and went to a bar with him in the rainstorm and drank with him till a quarter to seven."

Both his hands were fists now, and Caroline had lost all sensation. Dave said, "And we'll have the bartender with us. I found John Beech last night, through the market association. Together we found the bartender this morning."

Twelve miles from the shack. At ten minutes to six. And George Peters, Maurice's friend, now Maurice's attorney, would bring Horse Walters and six others into court and prove that it was six-fifteen, or a few minutes one way or the other, when the shots sounded across Lake Maitland. Dave had done his job, a full and deadly job. And Paula had lost her luck. It had been incredibly in her favor all along. Then it had changed, and when her luck changed she lost everything.

Something like that was in Dave's mind too. "You had all the luck for a long time, Paula. But it was absolutely essential to keep on having it, and you didn't. Then you lost your head. Because that mistake can never be repaired. You decided that it had to look like suicide. If it did, no one would ever bother about anything. But if anyone bothered—if Maurice bothered, or I did, or the police—then the town was full of things that pointed straight at you."

Tommy murmured, "Delirious!" as from some other planet, and Paula said, hoarsely, "At me! No, Dave! Have all the delusions about me you like. Call me all those quaint names you've been calling me for so long—temptress, home-breaker, seductress, scarlet woman. But do you really think I could shoot a man? Any man at all? Especially a supplicating little man whose only wish was for me to take him back again?"

And that, Caroline thought, with a swift awareness of her own necessity, was just right. Dave had got off the straight track. He didn't know—he didn't even feel. And she both knew and felt. Call Paula anything else, but not that. Those little hands were utterly corrupt, but they could not hold a pistol at poor Fifield's head. And they had not. Doom and necessity gathered in Caroline's heart. She knew—and no one else knew.

"Well," Dave's reasonableness was more awful than any passionate denunciation, "you think that a district attorney, a judge and a jury will believe Maurice. But your luck broke. What will they believe? You weren't in Allentown, you didn't even start there. Your last sight of Fifield wasn't when he left your house. And he didn't come there to plead with you to take him back. He came there to threaten you. With what? I don't know. But everyone will guess. To threaten to expose your romance with Tom Pierce."

YOU could watch Paula grow smaller, a light woman in a white dress, stiffly erect in a big chair. But Tommy was being—splendid. He must be seeing himself in some gigantic spotlight and all the rest of the stage quite black. The untouched young man, amused, far above the struggle, but with a sensitive honor now rousing to Paula's defense. He said, "Bingham, were you in love with Paula? Why are you trying to endow her with love affairs and murders? You'll have to settle with me for that, you understand."

Dave paid no attention. "If anyone thought it wasn't suicide after all, you were sunk. You are sunk, Paula. You must have foreseen you would be, even when you hoped—ten minutes after it was too late. You didn't go to Allentown. You went to Fifield's apartment. About one-thirty. You were with him—alone—for about an hour. What were you doing? What will any jury think you were doing—especially after your sworn assertion that he had been pleading to be taken back? And when it's shown that you left with him in your own car and drove to your favorite rendezvous at the summer camp. What were you doing?" A rasping note came into Dave's voice. "You've boasted he was putty in your hands. You could do anything you liked with him. You went there to seduce him back. And you did."

That was the black abyss. Caroline sat compulsively building up that scene. Paula in extremity, the precarious edifice that the months had reared now fatally crumbling round her head. Paula desperate—and corrupt. Pleading with the man she hated, and when pleading only made Fifield's revenge more satisfying to him, then practicing for a desperate purpose the art she hadn't needed to practice deliberately ever before. Seeming to warm toward Fifield in spite of herself, growing tender, tempted to yield, playing expertly on his senses. Finally some climactic passage of reconciliation and promise before they left the apartment and tremulously started for the shack. Squalid and terrible, the meeting place of destinies. Poor Paula! Strange to be feeling for her only a simple pity.

DAVE hardly paused to observe the havoc he had caused, Paula slumping down in her chair, her head bent as if only fatigue remained. "What will it look like to a jury? That you promised him everything and took him with you—and meant all along to shoot him when you got him out of town. That isn't right, of course. You meant anything but that. Maybe you meant what you promised him—maybe Tommy could go to hell if you could only save your public reputation. Maybe you could buy Fifield off with humility. Maybe you could scare him off. Maybe you could drive him off. I don't know. But something went wrong. Fifield balked. He didn't do something you counted on him to do. So that was that. You poor fool, Paula, why didn't you come straight back to town and tell the police you had shot him in defense of your life or your precious honor?"

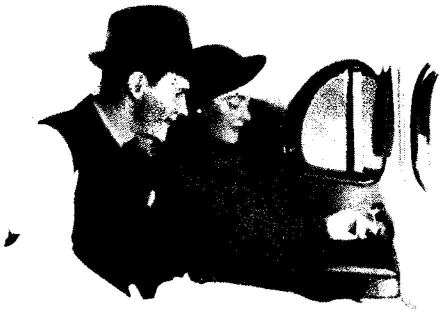
It was fatigue, the weight of weariness and immense helplessness, settling down on her. But her voice, though a whisper, was a calm whisper. "Do you think I could shoot a man? Will anyone think I could?"

No. Restore the whole fateful afternoon piece by piece, and still you couldn't imagine that. Paula as corrupt as you like, yes, using for the most squalid end the very art she had exercised so skillfully that the lives of three men had been ruined. But she couldn't shoot a man. Not even in desperation, not even in despair. Paula was responsible for this murder, but she couldn't have committed it. . . . Caroline had been sure for twenty-four hours. But Dave didn't know. He had gone off the track. What did she have to say?

"It won't wash." Surprisingly, this was Steve speaking. "I told you this morning, Mr. Bingham, and I still think so. You're wrong. It just can't be that way." Caroline was looking at Tommy. Still magnificent. And there was Maurice's word that he had fled away from reality altogether, and was gloriously living in some rainbow-colored phantasmagoria where there existed only the solace of knowing that he was true and strong and splendid and all the world was paltry.

"I haven't finished," Dave said. "All this would satisfy a jury. George Peters agrees it would. It doesn't satisfy me. There are contradictions. Why leave the apartment at all? Well, we leave it, with Fifield won over, Paula's slave. He is just that, her slave—but three hours later he is dead. Why? A jury

(*Continued on page* 67)



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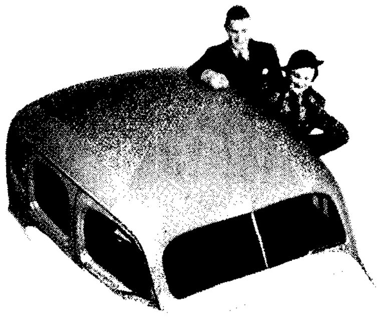

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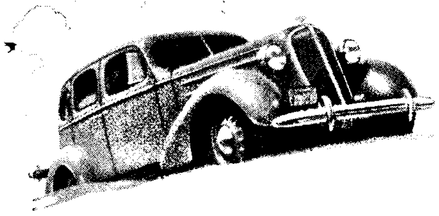

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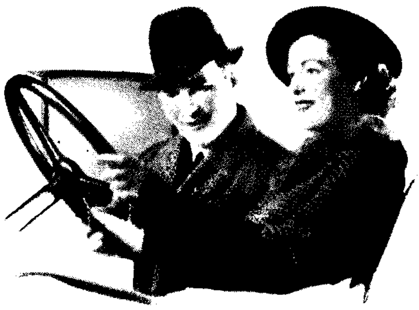

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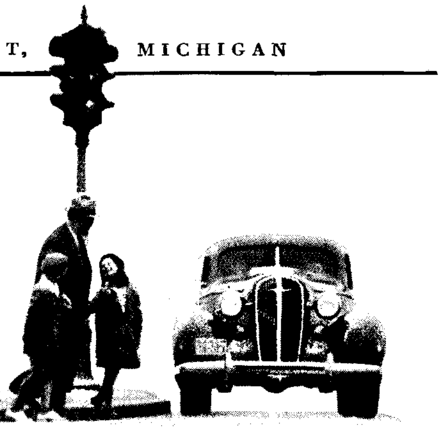

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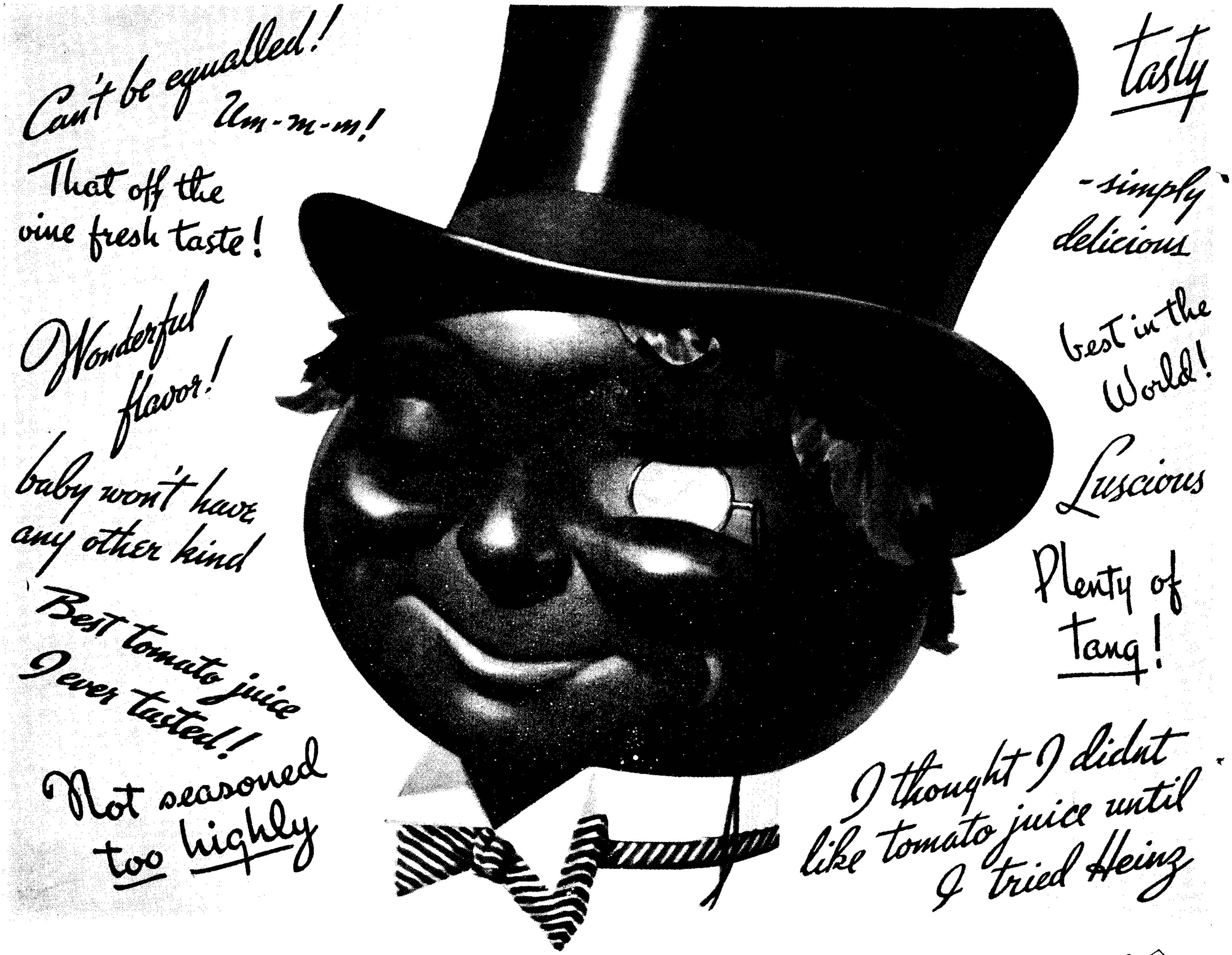
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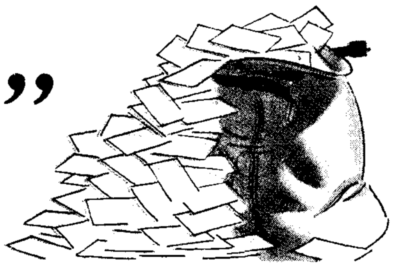

ONE OF THE
57
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
SERVE COLD
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FAN mail from 'round about America regarding Heinz Vine-Fresh Tomato Juice is, in sentiment, a tribute to that famous symbol of goodness, the Heinz Aristocra-tomato.

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Heinz Tomato Juice

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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 64

would say it was a plotted murder. But it couldn't have been." He turned away from Paula and said, "Where were you that afternoon, Pierce?"

Tommy was gay—a frivolous young man nonchalantly untouched by anything that was happening, high above the turmoil. "Oh, miles away. I didn't see Paula. I didn't see Fifield."

Caroline could not make out what might be behind that assertion. Was he sticking to whatever frenzied story the two of them had devised and carefully rehearsed? Or, a disgusting thought, was he beginning to run out on Paula?

Dave took an envelope from his pocket. "You got a summons from Fifield's committee. It's postmarked midnight Friday, the day before. It called you to the dean's office to confront them Monday afternoon. And Fifield had already been questioning Caroline about your love affair. You left this in the phone closet Saturday. Emery Smith found it there. Did you go there to phone Paula?"

Oh. Then Dave did not think that Paula had shot Fifield. He had rejected that possibility. He had guessed what Caroline knew. Poor gay, bright, eager, insane Tommy. Nothing could be helped or stopped. Every thread in his destiny had seemed innocent and harmless in itself. But look at the knot they made!

"IT WASN'T Paula he telephoned to!" Caroline said. She couldn't help saying it. The words came from far beyond her will, wrenched from her inescapably.

"No, he didn't," Emery Smith suddenly groaned. "He phoned with that on the table all right. But it was Caroline he phoned to."

Dave shook his head. "We've got to deal with the logical, not the inconceivable. Pierce had money for his debts on Sunday—and the committee didn't meet on Monday anyway, because of Fifield's death. But on Saturday it was still going to meet on Monday and Pierce had no money. . . . Come back to the shack. Why did Fifield have to be taken there? And what happened to bring on a shooting no one had foreseen? Fifield leaves for the camp an impatient lover. Three hours later he is a corpse. Why? What happened?"

Tommy laughed gayly. "What a droll man you are! You've proved that Paula wades in human gore. Are you going to prove, now, that I'm a second murderer? Why, I liked the amiable Fifield, Bingham. An amusing fool. He made life comic."

But the bright crazed eyes were changing. Even in that solacing glory of the insane must come some realization that the gate was closing on him. . . . Caroline felt it closing on her too. Everyone was a victim—everyone! Not only Paula, not only Tommy.

"We'll all guess," Dave said. "A prosecuting attorney will guess very actively. I'll guess for the rest of us. There was an idea of getting Fifield alone and out of reach. Maybe they could reason him into reconciliation. Maybe they could abase and humiliate themselves enough to make him withdraw his hand. Maybe—" he said slowly, "maybe they could threaten him. Fifield was a coward. Everyone knew that—they must have known. Maybe, if they got him alone and pulled a gun on him, oh, quite without any intention of using it—they could terrify him into behavior."

Caroline was watching Tommy in a trance. That brave exterior. And underneath! She could feel time running on, and Tommy's defiance ebbing with it, and terror settling down on him.

"I don't know, but there are two of us here who do know," Dave said simply. He ignored Tommy for a moment to talk to Emery. "That furious rainstorm at six forty-five. It would be a godsend to anyone who wanted to drive out of the Experimental Forest unobserved. You insist Caroline was seen with Pierce just after it ended. No. Someone saw him in Paula's car, not yours, just as it reached the outskirts of Webster. A minute later and Pierce wouldn't have been seen—he would have got up and disappeared. He must have come back later to Paula's, about the time she said she got in from Allentown. About eight o'clock. In time to perfect the story they had agreed on. The story that was the fatal mistake."

Everything was simple and clear. Especially Tommy, vague and stunned in his bright mists. Especially the fact that Dave had proved that Paula hadn't done it. Especially the fact that Tommy was cornered. And especially one thing more—a pity for that crazed boy that dissolved away every other consideration. Life had been too ruthless for him. He was too weak, too frail—fate should not have asked him to be more than he could be, to stand more than he could stand. Give him an hour or two, just a start, just a chance. Goodby, Dave, Caroline thought suddenly—we weren't ever meant to, it's too bad.

"I'll tell you how I know!" For the first time Dave wasn't calm. He came out of his chair, surcharged and relentless. "Two shots! The second one came when the great mistake had been decided on. Not to go to the police and claim it was self-defense. They thought it couldn't be claimed—not with Pierce there—how could Pierce be explained? Somebody was thinking clear and fast, after this murder that nobody had intended. Thinking too fast. Do you know how I know?" He stopped in front of Caroline, and his eyes were blazing. "Did you see me in Fifield's apartment, opening his cabinet? Why did I wrap a handkerchief round my hand when I opened the door? What was in my mind? Fingerprints! We've been taught to think of them first of all. Even children. Even college boys!"

SHE heard and understood, but she wasn't seeing Dave. She was seeing only the pitiful thing, the careless months, the march of impersonal circumstance not one bit of which had intended this. Tommy young and arrogant and gay. Tommy whom she had been in love with, who had been in love with her—why, they had planned and dreamed together. Tommy carrying on, not really meaning to desolate Helen. Tommy captured by Paula, who was too strong for him—helpless in her fine, destructive hands. He was now only a tragic madman. Oh, quite mad. Maurice had said so. He was cornered. He had intended only a colored picture show about himself, the young hero, the magnificent young man whom everybody loved. Whom everybody, he came to feel increasingly, then turned upon and persecuted. Cornered and—oh, destroyed and damned.

But Dave had proved that Paula didn't do it. So whatever happened, that would be proved again—in court or wherever it needed to be. Remember that.

"There he was, on the floor, shot—and nobody had intended that. What was there to do? They were thinking furiously. Suddenly someone realized that they weren't Fifield's fingerprints on the gun. No, they were Pierce's. They had to be Fifield's. So he goes to the drawer and gets another gun—carefully, handling it tenderly, using a handkerchief. It was bound to have Fifield's fingerprints all over it. And just as tenderly, he takes it to the porch and shoots it—once—into the lake. And picks up the cartridge case. He puts the new gun beside Fifield's hand and puts the other one in his pocket. Ten minutes to think this out—and do whatever else seemed best. And pretty soon the storm came to cover them on the way out."

IT WAS over! Tommy stood up. His eyes! "Why me?" he said hoarsely. So, at the last, he was really going to forsake Paula. Caroline couldn't stand that. She couldn't stand—any of this. And Dave *knew* that Paula hadn't done it. Everyone would know too. Paula was safe—or partly safe. She wouldn't be—oh, executed. She could tell everything and be a little safe. If Tommy was gone. If Tommy got away. If Tommy were given an hour or two. It's too bad, Dave, goodby.

"Why me?" Tommy repeated. "Did I come to see him at his apartment? Did I promise him everything would be lovely at the camp? Did I drive him away in my car out to the place where he was killed? Did I—"

Caroline stood up. Everything was simple and as bright as steel. She said, quite calmly, "It's gone far enough, Tommy. Tommy—" she said conversationally to all of them, to Dave, to Emery and Steve, to Paula, to Tommy, "has been trying to protect me. I let him but things have gone too far. It's too bad. We've got to tell the truth now."

It was strangely easy. She wasn't even trembling. Her mind was quiet, and so was her voice. "You see, Tommy couldn't have had anything to do with it, whatever may have happened. He told you the truth—he was miles away from here. All that afternoon and evening. He was in Barnaby. I was with him. We were at the Midland Hotel. That's what we have both been trying to keep you from finding out."

She saw Emery nod slowly, in agony. There was agony too in Dave's voice, "Carol, what are you saying?"

"Just what I've said. . . . How could you keep forgetting that Tommy and I used to be in love? You used to suspect it all the time. . . . We had arranged to go there that afternoon. So we went. To the Midland Hotel. We got back about four Sunday morning."

"Caroline," Dave said, "wasn't it about three o'clock that afternoon you were in my arms?"

She easily met and held his eyes. "That wasn't pretty, was it? But it came up and there didn't seem to be any way to stop it—I had to keep you from suspecting where I was going. I met Tommy right afterward." She had to hurry a little, now. "With Emery's car. Ask Emery. We were Mr. and Mrs. George P. Ashton. You can telephone the hotel and find out. Or you can ask Priscilla Farley why I'm being dropped from Gamma, and what time I came in the next morning."

She walked over and took the trembling Tommy by the hand. "You've been a good man, Tommy. Let them fight the rest of it out for themselves. Come on, my dear."

They crossed the room, the hall, outside to the porch and down the walk.

(To be concluded next week)

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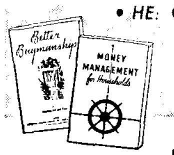

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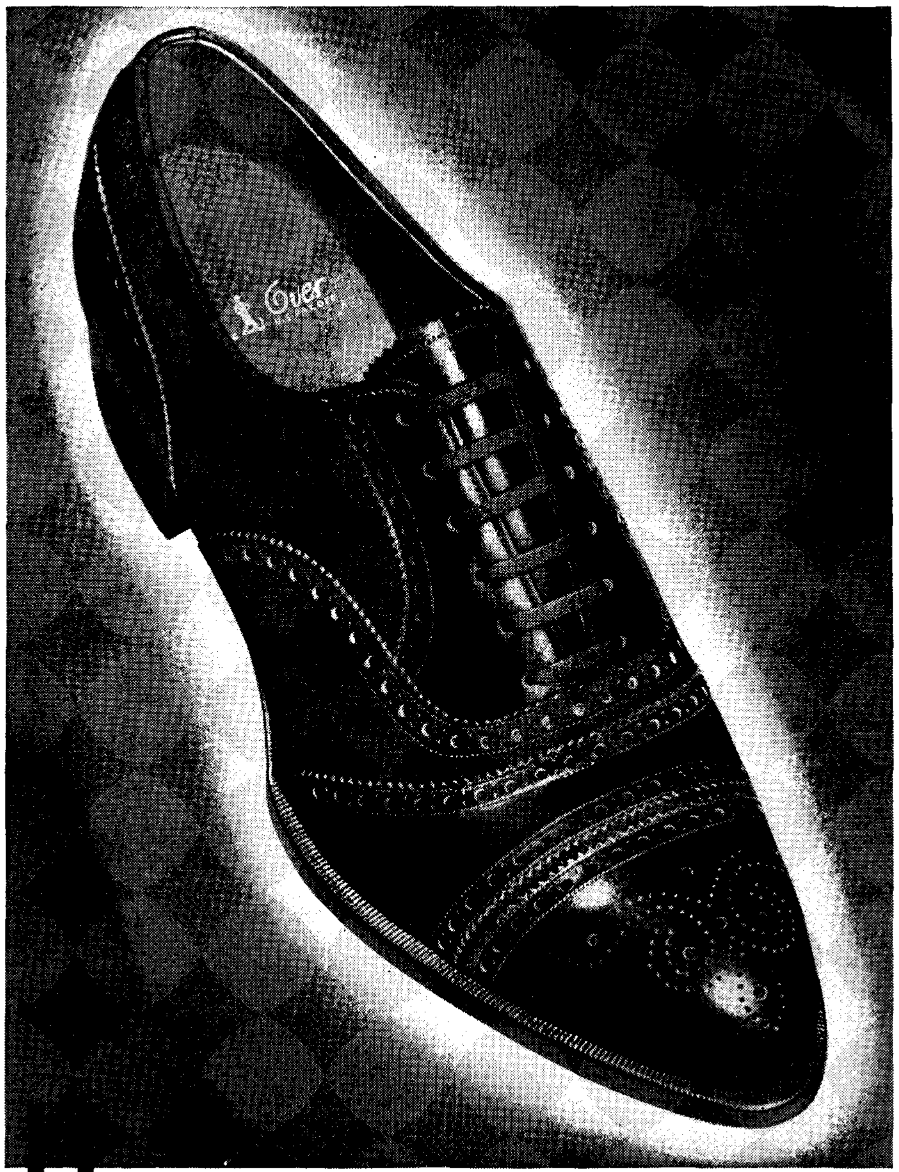

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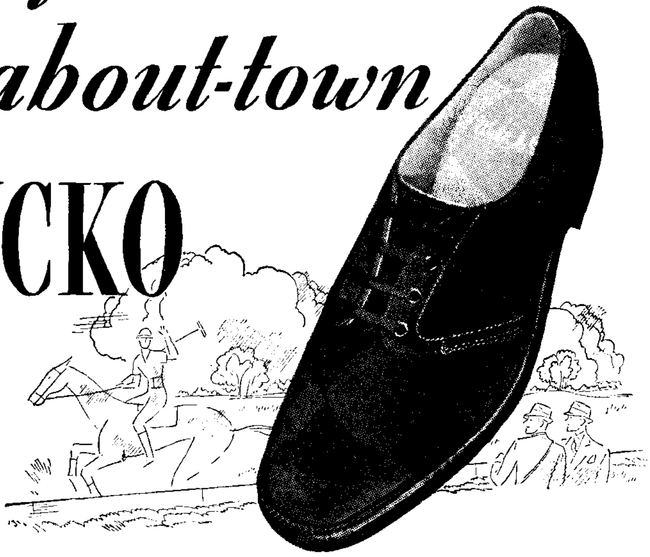

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Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK·OVER

Homecoming

Continued from page 9

Johnny shrugged, frowning at her. "They keep me going," he answered. "Fridays I get out with Jim Elting, on the pay rolls. But I don't even get a kick out of carrying the gun any more. When I first started it used to make me feel like Frank Buck."

"The gun," Margaret said. "The gun, Johnny. You—I'd forgotten that. I thought— You and Jim Elting bring the money to Steel's."

"I told you that months ago," Johnny said. "Not that you have to worry, hon. It's just like delivering mail. Nothing ever happens in this town."

"No," Margaret answered. "Not in this town."

Perplexed, Johnny looked at her.

"But if something did," Margaret asked steadily, "if anything ever came up, Johnny—if someone like Rosy Daniels tried to take the money—"

Johnny's young jaw hardened. "They'd have a time. Elting carries a gun too, and they've made us practice twice a week. Now I could nip that little curl away from the back of your ear at fifty feet—only I love you too much to try."

"But you wouldn't try to fight them," Margaret said. "Not Rosy Daniels, Johnny. That would be *foolish*."

"I don't know," Johnny said, his blue eyes narrowed. "Maybe if I saw him I'd be too scared. Maybe I wouldn't. Sometimes I've thought that if I ever got a chance to line up on that baby I'd be the happiest man in town. He—he isn't really human, hon."

He broke off to stare at her. "What's the matter with you?"

Margaret whispered, "Nothing. I—"

"Sulphur and molasses," Johnny said. "You look like you could stand half a bottle. You're taking the afternoon off. If you don't ask old Larkin I will. Come on."

At the office Mr. Larkin said, "I thought you were looking fagged. If you come in before you're right again I'll fire you. Today—let's see—is Thursday. Don't try to come down before Monday. Now git, Miss Riley."

LATHROP STREET flowed busily with afternoon traffic. She walked slowly along it, knowing that Pop wouldn't be through until six, and that at home she'd be alone with the three. In the sunny street she felt the coldness solid and heavy inside her. She could not go home, not without Pop to hold to, to defend; alone she shrank from them, with no courage and no warmth in her. It was odd that Pop gave her fierceness, and something unyielding that grew over and fought down the shrinking. But without him it was not there; and in the end she took a bus and rode out to the Heights on the other side of town.

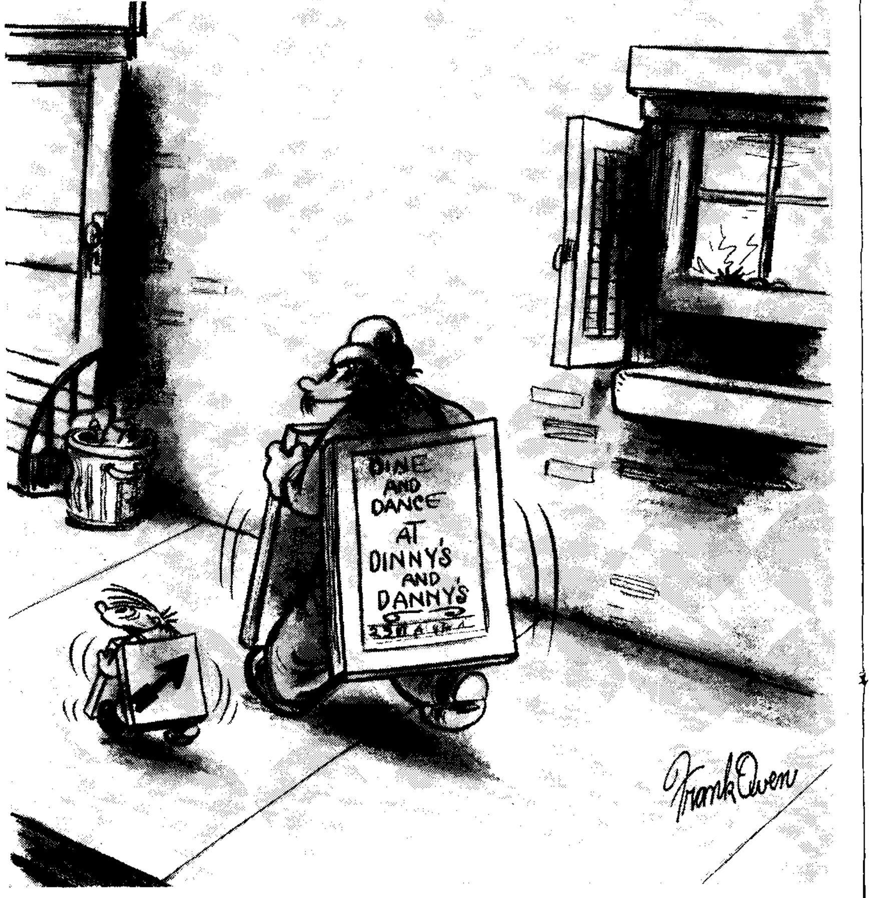
There white houses shone across tended strips of lawn, window boxes drooped lovely greenery, small crocus beds and yellow jonquils rested like birds against the warm earth. After leaving the bus she walked in along placid paths—two squares, to the house that Johnny was building.

It wasn't very large, and only the framework had been completed. Angled and barred, the new wood shone cleanly yellow in the sunlight, with a kind of warm bareness about it; from the front doorway she could see the crossbeams in the floor, littered with paper-thin shavings and pressed heavily about with the clean smell of the wood, and the pungent dustiness of cement bags. Johnny had been able to afford only one man;

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"You'll go along and help Papa, if he'll teach you the business when you grow up!"

at nights, and on Saturdays, he came out to work himself. She looked at it quietly, and spoke to the man; surely in August, Johnny had said. . . .

Presently she walked on to the field in back. Tomorrow at two, or a little after, they'd be waiting at the side entrance to Steel's—behind the door, perhaps. In the shadow of the stairway there'd be the bright flash of guns, and the look of Johnny's eyes, the heavy, brooding face of Carter, the deadly quiet Lou Stern. Wild in his young years, Pop had said; but that passed off. He knew. He'd be a good boy—a good son. The hardware factory—incredibly, horribly, it was funny. The man Carter had laughed about it. Surely in August. . . .

For a while her thoughts seemed to stop there, as if they had lost the vitality to go on. It would not happen; she could not let it. She could talk to Eddie, beg him to go away. But if he wouldn't go away? . . . She thought of the other way, the sure way, a few words and police and headlines—but through that starkly, most vivid, there came the desolate shame in Pop's eyes. She knew that it was not Eddie and the thing that they would do to him, in Wisconsin or Indiana or Iowa, whichever claimed him first, that roused the anguish in her. Always, always, it was Pop. Nothing had touched the secret darkness that she saw in Eddie's eyes; it was as if he were off in some far place, watching them from a great and uncrossable distance, and unable to understand their words or their actions. She thought of him as a stranger, a phantom; sullen and silent, he would face whatever came, and he would not be touched. But Pop would live; Pop would. . . .

When she got up and walked again the sunlight had died; a tranquil, misty dusk was thickening in the valley. Lights sprang up and cars wound snubbily along the hill roads, with golden glowing eyes. At home, in the bright kitchen, they were eating, and in his smoothly unctuous voice Lou Stern was asking about labor. Assuring him, Pop's voice was eager.

She stopped in the corridor with her hand pressed to her eyes, then went on to her room quietly, not to let them hear her. On a plain sheet of paper she printed some words in pencil which she did not sign; later, after she had eaten, she put it in an envelope and walked downtown. When it had dropped through the slot in the post-office door she turned away quickly, fighting a sudden sickness, the lights, the traffic sounds, the people on the walk below, spinning about her in a confused phantasmagoria, and only the thought of Pop clearly visioned in her mind. It's done, she thought—done, done, done. And nothing could change it now, not even her wish. Not even Pop.

IT WAS noon the next day before she came downstairs. Eddie and the others were in the parlor, and as she crossed the hall there was an instant's panic in her mind that Eddie might try to stop her. He came out to the doorway, dressed neatly in the blue serge, freshly shaved, with the ends of the black bow tie bent back over the points of his collar, and his hands hooked in his jacket pockets.

His voice was quiet and precise, nothing menacing about it.

"Pop said you were sick. How're you feeling now?"

"Fine," Margaret said. A hand on the cool metal knob steadied her. "It's only a headache. I'll get some tablets. But I'll be back to fix your lunch."

Eddie said, "Don't rush," from the doorway, watching her with something cold and rather puzzled in his face. She walked with an odd, stiff carefulness down the hill, not looking back; it was one before she reached Steel's.

There a blurred kind of despair gripped her, for in the first moment, looking casually about, she saw nothing changed. A crank's letter, they might have thought; they must get others like it all the time. Then in an empty second-floor office across the street from Steel's a face advanced out of shadow and held close to the sill for a brief moment. Chief Ryan looked up and down the block; a slim man selling peanuts from a cart under him took off his hat and scratched his head. Usually the man, small and bearded, was nervous about policemen; but now one came along the street and passed the peanut vendor without disturbing him. Everything else was normal.

Margaret went home, entering the house through the yard and the rear door. In the kitchen she put pots of water on the stove, making noise with them, so Eddie would hear it. Then she sat down and watched the clock on the wall. At ten minutes to two she got up, turned off the gas, and went inside.

IT WAS shortly after two that Johnny started from the bank, and in their car it would take them perhaps ten minutes to get to Steel's. They'd start early, not to miss him, and she knew she had had to wait for the last moment, when it was all arranged, and there was no way for Eddie to go on. She would tell him the police were there, the trap was set, and there was nothing he could do against that fact. It was certain and immovable, and nothing could change it.

For a moment she stood in the parlor doorway, not talking to them and looking only at Eddie. She felt relaxed and sure as his sharp face turned slowly to her, the cored black pupils seeming to focus on her from some deep, faraway absorption.

In that instant of silence while they looked at each other the terrible name seemed utterly to vanish, without anything left behind it. He was Pop's son and her brother, and she could speak to him, he would understand. He must, he must. In a fraction of time that feeling swept over her and convinced her.

"You're Rosy Daniels," she said quietly. "I know that, Eddie."

With that quality of movement in him as if there were no effort, he got up softly, and Lou Stern came out from his chair. The blond man sat motionless, staring at her, his face twitching slightly around his haggard mouth.

"Who's outside?" Eddie said. There was no surprise in his voice, no panic. "Take a look, Lou."

She saw the dark man bend sideways to look through the window; but the action, Eddie's words, conveyed nothing to her. Watching Eddie, she was flaming and absorbed; she knew, she knew, that the terrible name was not true. Lou Stern, or the blond man—but it wasn't Eddie. It never could have been Eddie.

"Listen to me," Margaret said. "I heard you talking, and it isn't the factory; it's Steel's. Don't you see what it will do to Pop, Eddie? You can't do that; you don't want to. They're making you. Even if you wanted to, you couldn't, Eddie. I can stop you."

He stared at her quietly, without moving. It was Lou Stern who, in a great bound, was behind her, his hand over her mouth.

"Two old women," Lou Stern said. "Just walking by. She might yell, Rosy."

She remained quietly in Lou Stern's hold, not trying to free herself, looking at him. Filled with that dark life, with nothing else, Eddie did not answer the swart man; moving with the swiftness that was so smooth it seemed not swiftness, he came forward with a handkerchief in his hand. He had deft, hard fingers that pressed it into her mouth,

(Continued on page 70)

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Today WELL-TAILORED TROUSERS are closed with the TALON SLIDE FASTENER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from page 69)

far back, cruel to her breathing, in a flicker of time.

He said, turning to the window, "Better fix her in the chair, Lou. I'll see if the outside's clear. It's about time we moved."

It wasn't until Lou Stern forced her down, and drew her arms behind the chair, that she understood. Then she fought, making mumbling sounds behind the gag. But Eddie did not look at her again.

"We'll get into the car in the garage," he said. "I'll drive. I know the streets."

His voice was quiet and hard and not excited. And all the time she was trying to tell him; with her eyes she tried to say don't, don't, Eddie, with words caught futilely in her throat, against the handkerchief. Pop would have seen the thing in her eyes, or Johnny. But to Rosy Daniels it was another language, his ways were not Pop's ways, and those things he did not understand. Fantastically, in some remote way, they had always amused him.

Just for an instant, before he left, he bent over her.

"Sit tight," he said. "Just sit tight. If you don't want the old man to know keep your mouth shut." Leaning behind her, he did something to the bonds. "You can work out of them in a couple of minutes. But sit tight till we're gone."

She tried to talk quietly, to pass the thick wad of the gag. She tried to hold him with her eyes. Apple-cheeked, the black eyes shining, he straightened from her, and passed like a shadow around her chair. Something went with him out of the room—a stranger that enveloped him, through which she could not force her way. The terrible name, the charm and the guard, went with him, and behind it he lived, he had always lived, cut off, furtive, amused. Proud he was, that nothing could touch him; it was the thing above all others that had made him great.

After the car had gone up the hill, dust specks whirled and eddied slowly in the shafted sunlight of the room. In the table ashtray one of his cigarettes smoldered; narrow and gray and placid, its plume of smoke rose and broke, with the dust specks moving in it, slower and slower. Then without break they were gone; there was only the stilled, mild sunlight; and Margaret thought, I couldn't, I couldn't. He wouldn't let me warn him. When the shots came she closed her eyes.

"IT WAS kind of messy," Johnny said that night. "Chief Ryan hollered at them to put up their hands as soon as they got out of the car. He spotted them right away—you couldn't miss this Rosy Daniels; he was just like his name, small and rosy, like a kid. Just for a second I saw him look up and start to run and then there wasn't any center in his face. It was all over before I knew it had started. Ryan had a couple of nice shots in those upstairs windows. The three of them—like that. Dead."

Pop came in from the kitchen.

"All day," he said, "all over town, they've been talking about that. What for? It's terrible, Johnny. I wouldn't listen to them."

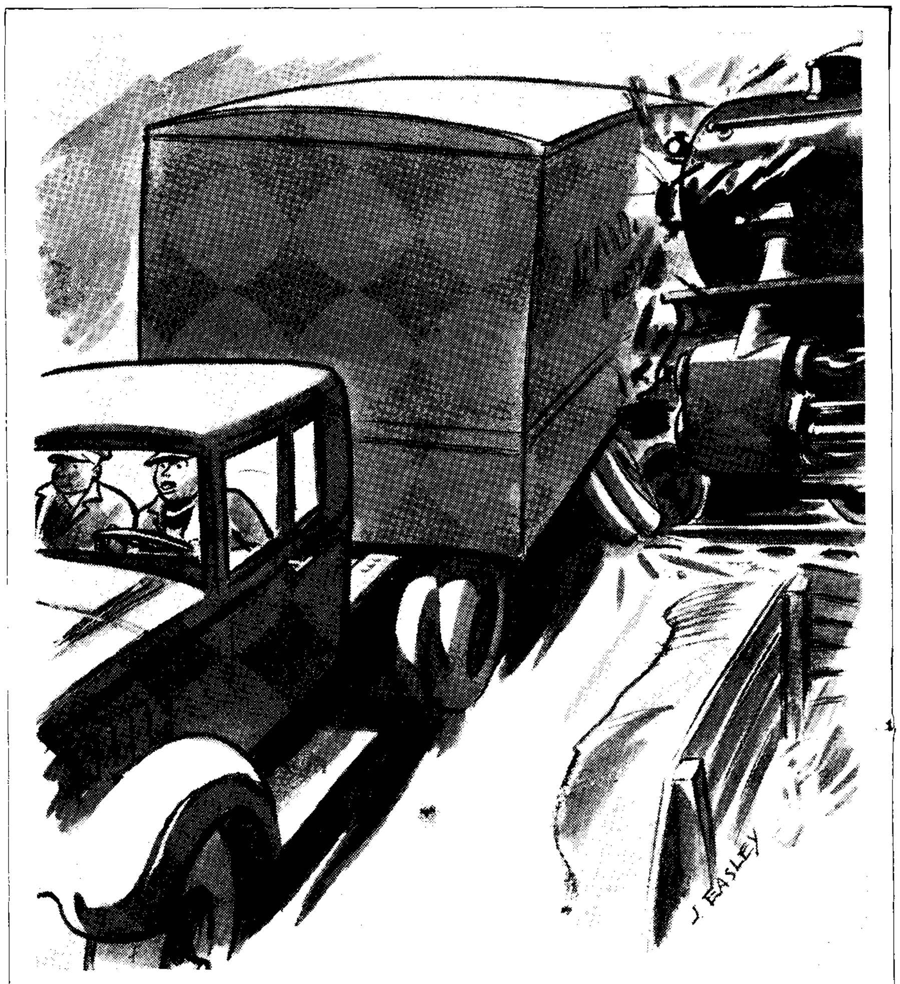
"They came from Chicago," Margaret said, "in a black car. Now they're dead."

Pop nodded, troubled. "A terrible thing. He—he didn't say when he'd be back, Margaret?"

"No," Margaret answered, "he didn't, Pop." There wasn't any quiver in her voice. "The telegram was very important and they had to drive right back. He couldn't even wait to say goodby, Pop."

"I guess he couldn't," Pop said, rubbing his chin.

He moved slowly; he looked old. And Margaret thought it was just that he wouldn't get any more cards. Eddie had builded better than he knew. It had seemed that there was nothing in her, that there was nothing again she could feel; but when she heard Pop's feet on the stairs she began to cry softly, in Johnny's arms. The tears broke in her the grief, the secret, shamed fierceness, and the desolate pain. Words came; and Johnny held her, and stroked her hair.



"There goes that left rear tire again!"

J. EASLEY

Shy Pilot

Continued from page 13

his silly knees and looked under the seats. I helped him. You have been very kind, Mr. Nash."

He mumbled something about being happy to serve her—and then came out with it. "Of course I should go now, but do I have to? I'd like to sit around and talk to you."

"I was hoping you would and because your approach is extremely nice and extraordinarily juvenile, you may come in—do."

He came in but left the door open. "Shut it," she commanded, and laughed because she had read his mind. Again he blushed. "That's blush Number Two," she challenged. "I do not recall having met your kind before. You're afraid of girls, aren't you?"

"Well, not afraid exactly, but I avoid them."

"I'm tremendously complimented. Why do you avoid girls—that is, nice girls?"

"They keep looking at my face," he confessed, "and wishing they knew how I got it on upside down, but are too polite to ask. I make them nervous—and they make me nervous. You're the first girl who hasn't kept looking at my face. You do not make me nervous."

"You'll make me nervous if you do not tell me how come your face is so funny. And I did look at your face—once, with interest. But once was enough. I've been taught manners." And again that husky little chuckle.

"A motor came back in the cockpit one day and jammed the cowling of the instrument board against me. It broke my right jaw and threw me over against the seat coaming and that broke my left jaw. One of the instruments broke my nose. Caved in the bridge—and now I have a saddle nose and both jaws are faintly lumpy, like those of a squirrel that has tucked away one nut too many in each jowl."

"But that will gradually be absorbed —and a plastic surgeon could build you a new nose—any style nose you like—a beautiful nose."

"Couldn't afford the operation when it happened and haven't had time since I could afford it. Takes three or four months to do a perfect job."

"Those dimples in each cheek help out a lot."

He had no answer for that.

"You seem quite lame," she pursued. What an inquisitive girl she was!

"Oh, that's temporary. Comes from riding a mule!"

SHE laughed again, remembering what she had read in the paper. Mike Nash, flying the air mail from Newark to Cleveland, Ohio, had gotten lost in a snow storm over the Allegheny Mountains, run out of gas and pancaked in some scrub timber, unhurt. He had borrowed two mules from a hillbilly and, with the latter for a guide, had carried the mail by mule-back to the railroad.

"Hero-stuff," she suggested. "The air mail must go through."

He replied very soberly. "Well, that's what I hired out for."

"When you left Newark did you know it was snowing in the mountains?"

"No. You see, flying the air mail is an innovation; the Post Office Department hasn't much of an organization as yet; political appointees run the show and our meteorological information is a bit sketchy. We'll improve that in time."

"Were you dismissed for losing that ship?"

"Oh, no. I've got a new job and a much better one. I'm going to fly the mail and some passengers for the Amalgamated Air Lines. I get off at Salt Lake City."

"What route will you fly?"

"The only one they have at present—Salt Lake City to Idaho Falls and Great Falls, Montana."

"I live in Great Falls," she told him irrelevantly. "That is, when I'm home."

"Going to be home long?"

"Only for my Easter vacation. If you find yourself at a loose end some night in Great Falls you might telephone me and I'll invite you up to dinner. My father would like to meet you. You're a man after his own heart. He hasn't much of a face, either. A sheepherder whittled his left cheek and nose with the drag of a shotgun charge at close range."

He took her to luncheon and after luncheon they chatted in the observation car. It developed that Miss Gillam's first name was Chloe, that she was an only child, that she was a student at Radcliffe, that her mother had died when she was a child and that she was twenty years old. They were quite good friends when they parted at Salt Lake City. The last thing Chloe Gillam said was: "Have that nose reconditioned and get rid of your inferiority complex. The nose is doing that to you. Don't be a dodo."

He stood staring after her as she climbed back aboard the train. "Lord," he murmured, "I've got it and I'll never get over it. And I have as much chance as a prohibitionist at a brewers' picnic! Farewell, O heiress, to ten thousand fat steers annually!"

On her part Chloe had a suspicion she was not going to get Mike Nash out of her head in a hurry.

ON a day early in December she arrived by train at Salt Lake City, taxied to the airport and purchased a ticket to Great Falls, via the Amalgamated Line. They had some cabin ships now; more passenger accommodations. "This ship will take you to Idaho Falls," the ticket clerk informed her. "You'll change to another ship there. During the winter we do not always fly the big cabin planes from Idaho Falls to Great Falls. Passenger traffic is very light, the air mail hasn't worked up to much of a load yet, so we frequently fly open jobs on the Great Falls run. I'll wire ahead and reserve space for you. It will not be a comfortable trip at this season of the year. It will be night flying over a course unlighted most of the way. Don't you think you should lay over in Idaho Falls tonight and take the daylight plane tomorrow?"

Chloe did not answer. She saw no reason why she should discuss her affairs with this affable young man. When she came in on the field at Idaho Falls it was five o'clock, but it was obvious that darkness would close in at six o'clock. No sooner had the Idaho Falls ship moved out after discharging its passengers than an open ship taxied in. An airport employee paged her as she alighted.

"Miss Gillam," he explained, "this afternoon I told the pilot who flies the open ship to Great Falls that he had a woman passenger. He cussed some and went away. When he came back he had an old fleece-lined army flying suit, an aviator's helmet, a pair of galoshes and a pair of fur-lined mittens. He says you're to get in these things, otherwise you are not to fly with him. He's afraid you might freeze to death en route if you travel as is."

"How thoughtful of him," said Chloe and followed the man into an office,

(*Continued on page 72*)

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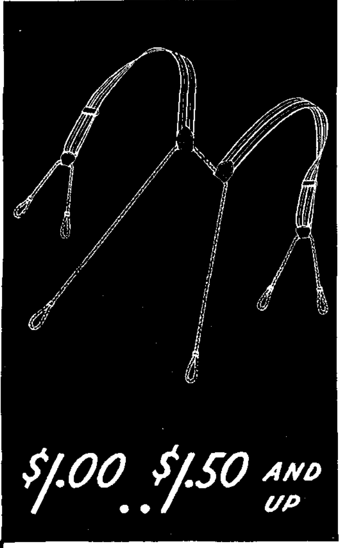

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(Continued from page 71)

where he helped her into her flying gear and a parachute. Awkwardly she climbed into the cockpit and sat down. The mail was stowed in the rear. "If anything happens and we have to bail out," the pilot ordered, "stick your thumb in this ring, go overside head first, count five and pull the ring. You'll land somewhere. Put this flashlight in your pocket and when you land use it to signal me. I'll be landing somewhere in the neighborhood and will find you and look after you. I wish you wouldn't fly with me tonight. I smell snow. The air mail must go through but do you have to?"

"My father is dying," she answered simply. "I'm in a hurry."

"Strange the importance some people attach to such a commonplace job as dying," he retorted.

He flew a straight compass course, flying at seven thousand feet, compensating two points for the high northwest wind that otherwise would have drifted him off his course. His speed indicator showed ninety-five but he knew he was not making that speed over the ground due to wind conditions; he knew he would not get over the mountains to the north before dark. Once over, the mountains dropped away abruptly to country that was flat or rolling—cattle and sheep range. He'd feel safer there.

Approaching the range a few minutes after dark he came down until he could see below him the taillights of a train. Well, he was nicely on his course; his compensation for drift was right, so he zoomed up again—and at eight thousand, the minimum height at which he knew he could pass safely over—a big flake of snow struck his cheek. He went to ten thousand immediately. The weather, cold all day, had suddenly turned bitterly cold.

In five minutes he was in Stygian darkness and soft, wet snow began piling up in his lap. But—he knew his approximate ground speed rather accurately now, knew the distance he had to go before it would be safe to decrease altitude. Forty minutes. Twenty minutes passed, then his motor missed fire and he headed her up in a sharp angle and gained two thousand feet. If his motor quit he wanted plenty of altitude so he could volplane over the mountains into the flat or rolling country beyond.

HE HAD just flattened out when his motor popped twice and quit! His heart came up in his throat, as he eased her nose down in the minimum angle for maintaining a glide.

He had switched on his other tank after commencing his glide and monkeyed with the spark, hoping, if the other tank gas line was plugged the second would feed and, with the prop turning slowly in the wind, reëstablish contact. But it was not to be.

With the rapidity of years of experience he calculated his position by dead reckoning and the distance he would have to coast in order to clear the crest of the range and the answer to his problem in mental arithmetic lay on the wrong side of the mountains. So he shifted a little off his course to get the wind more on his tail and boost him along at a greatly increased speed, and he wondered if he would fly into a mountain peak or, clearing it, crash in one of the great eroded gullies in the flat country beyond.

He had often noticed those gullies. Well, what was to be was to be, and he was grateful to his passenger for not getting out of hand. Perhaps she didn't realize. He looked at his watch. He must be over the eastern tip of the range. He looked at his altimeter. Eighty-five hundred feet. He closed his eyes and waited, but whatever he waited for did not come. Instead something white flashed by very suddenly, but distinctly.

"Snow-covered timber tops," he thought dully. "Now it's coming!"

But it did not come and when three minutes had passed he knew he was over the range and sliding down its eastern face, and that the angle of his drop was flatter than the slope of the mountain. Would he reach the flat country beyond? Well, what if he did? He'd crack up and even if he and his passenger didn't get hurt they'd freeze to death.

SUDDENLY the snow decreased in density. The moon was coming up and its light was striving to pierce the opaqueness of the weather. He looked down and faintly, very faintly, below him and quite close, he saw something. A fraction of a second later he saw it again—something dark and tall thrusting up at him.

"Telegraph line," he exulted. "I'm over and out in the flat country. I'm coasting to the south of the line because the north side of those telegraph poles is covered with snow but the south fringe is bare and shows black in this faint light and I'm about fifteen hundred feet up."

He gripped the stick with his knees. He had a flare ready and dropped it; then swung the ship slowly in a half circle and turned back into the wind; as he came about he saw the flare burning brightly and within the compass of its radiance he saw that the snow field was level. He reached an arm over and drew Chloe Gillam close to him.

"Goodby, girl," he shouted. "I'm sorry I was weak enough to take you, but it was hard to refuse you under the circumstances." He felt of her belt and prayed that when they landed and nosed over, the motor would not come back and kiss her as a motor once had kissed him.

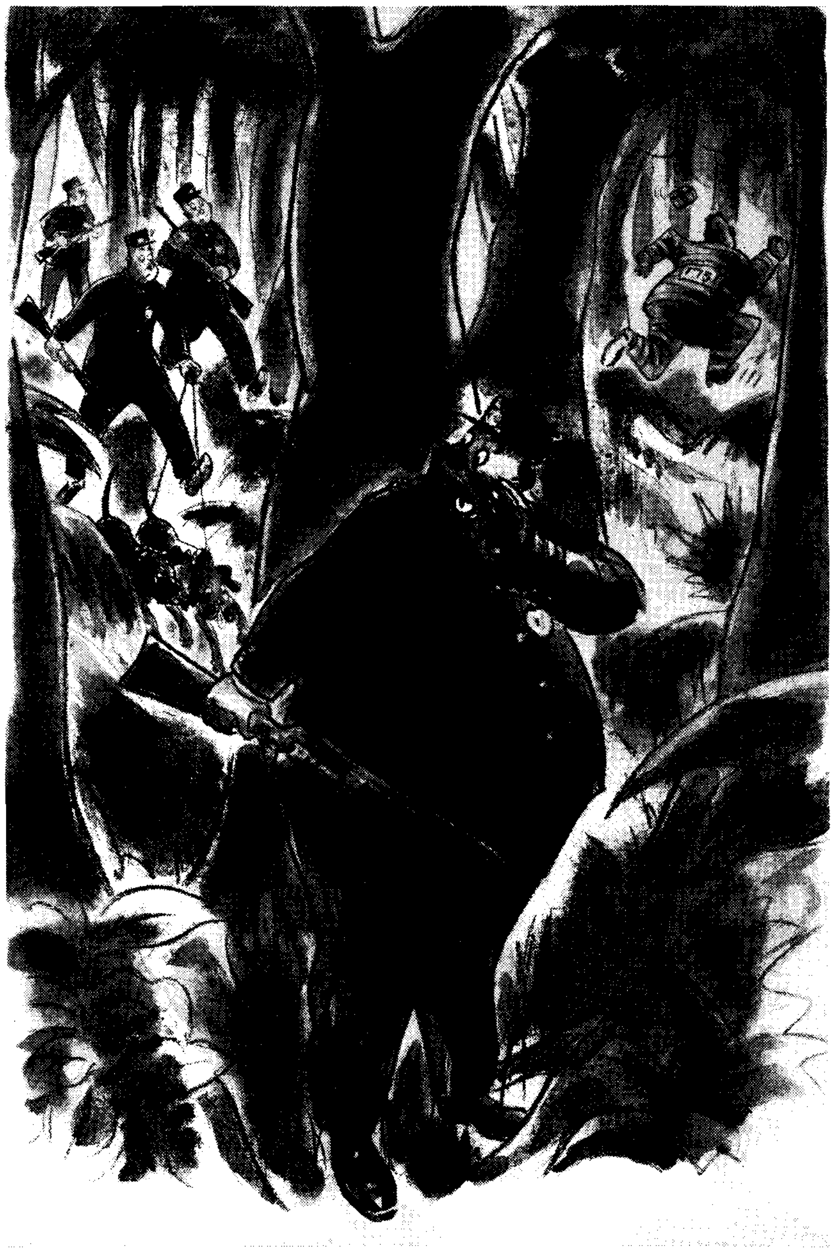
Her hand came out of the mitten; it reached up and stroked his frozen face. That was all. He gulped and set his ship down as carefully as if coming into a regular landing field. He knew approximately where he was, knew that all that country was thickly strewn with tumbled masses of lava. Not very large, but big enough to wreck a plane, to turn it over. He couldn't see these rocks, because the snow covered them, but he was certain there were plenty of them there; they covered an area of ten square miles east of the mountains.

His wheels touched, he bounded ever so little and then his tail skid came down to a perfect three-point landing and the plane was scuttling along over the frozen crust. He jammed down his brakes, just as a violent gust of wind swung the plane at a right angle. It bumped into something solid and stopped.

Above the howl of the wind his voice came to Chloe: "Well, it seems we do not die tonight, lady. Sit here—I'm going to make a reconnaissance."

He got his flashlight, shed his parachute and climbed down. The right front wheel, he discovered, was jammed hard and fast between two pickets; about a foot of stout picket fence peeped above the snow. So he got ropes out of his tumble box and lashed the ship to this fence, so the wind would not blow the plane away or roll it over. He walked

(Continued on page 74)



"TALLY-HO!"

ELWIN HENRI

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ONE MORE ADVANTAGE OF "THE FLAME THAT FREEZES"

Electrolux differs basically from all other refrigerators . . . it freezes with a tiny gas flame . . . has no moving parts to wear . . . operates in permanent silence, giving constant cold for only a few pennies a day

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In Electrolux, man has turned the unchanging laws of nature to a new use. A tiny gas flame—"The flame that freezes"—replaces all moving parts, circulating a simple refrigerant and producing constant cold without force or friction.

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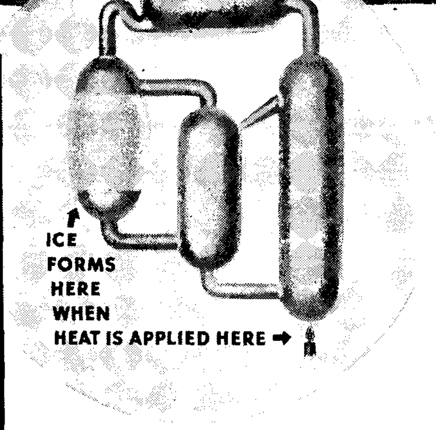

NO MOVING PARTS

This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Remember that parts that do not move cannot wear. This is why Electrolux remains silent and efficient long after it has paid for itself in savings.

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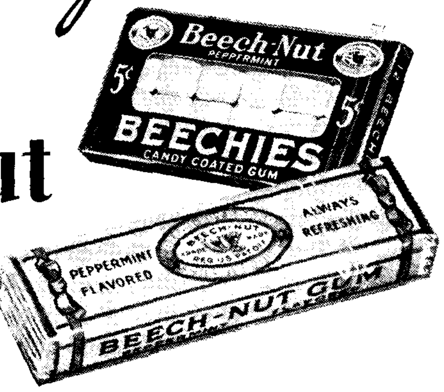
At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, *to . . .*

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*



Shy Pilot

Continued from page 72

down the line of fence about forty feet and found an arched gate, the sort pedestrians might use. "Gates lead to houses," he soliloquized. "Which way?" He turned north and a hundred steps away his flashlight fell on the front half of an unpainted board shack. Snow had drifted up against the rear of it as high as the roof. He kicked at the door and shouted, then lifted the rusty latch and entered.

The shack had not been lived in for a long time. He judged it was a sheepherder's shack; men ran sheep in this open country between the lava beds but got them out before the winter snows. There was a mud and stone open fireplace, a small square rough board table and two benches. In a corner were two pairs of decaying old overalls, some magazines and two cheap old quilts upon whose cotton interior rats had levied for their nests. He passed through a door into a lean-to kitchen. Here he found a rusty, dilapidated stove, perhaps an armful of stove-length firewood, two five-gallon empty kerosene cans with wire bails on them and a wooden bucket. On a shelf were a number of empty coffee tins. Piled in a corner were half a dozen sheep pelts.

"Why, this is a first-class hotel for folks in our fix," he exulted, and promptly made a fire in the front-room fireplace; then he went out to the ship, helped his passenger to alight and led her into the shack. "You sit here in front of the fire," he ordered. "I have things to do."

He carried the little table out; then he returned and carried out the bucket and the two kerosene tins. In about twenty minutes he returned with these receptacles and they were full of oil. "Drained my crankcase," he explained, "and put the nightgown on my motor. If I let the oil remain in the oil base over night it would freeze solid and I'd never get started again until spring."

HE MADE another journey out into the howling storm and returned with some chocolate bars, a loaf of bread, two cans of sardines and a quart thermos bottle full of hot coffee. "I always carry a little jag of emergency rations," he explained. "Old army custom. I've made two forced landings far from home and I knew hunger before they found me. I also have a quart of very good brandy. Don't drink much myself—booze and flying don't mix, but when a fellow needs a drink he needs it badly."

She did not answer him. Her experience had shaken her. He bent the flashlight on her and saw that she was crying. "You'll do," he assured her admiringly. "While it was happening you were cool and quiet. Now that it's over it's your privilege to cry. Want a sip of coffee? Yes? Good girl. Help yourself while I go outside and tear down a few yards of that picket fence for fuel."

HE CAME in with an armful of pickets and he was very cold. He warmed himself at the fire, then went into the other room and returned with half a dozen evil-smelling sheep pelts, which he spread on the floor in front of the fireplace. Then he unpacked his parachute and spread it for a sheet. "Use the other parachute for a pillow," he urged, "and try to sleep. You'll not freeze in my old flying suit and the odor of those old sheep pelts isn't fatal. They keep the cold air from coming at you from below."

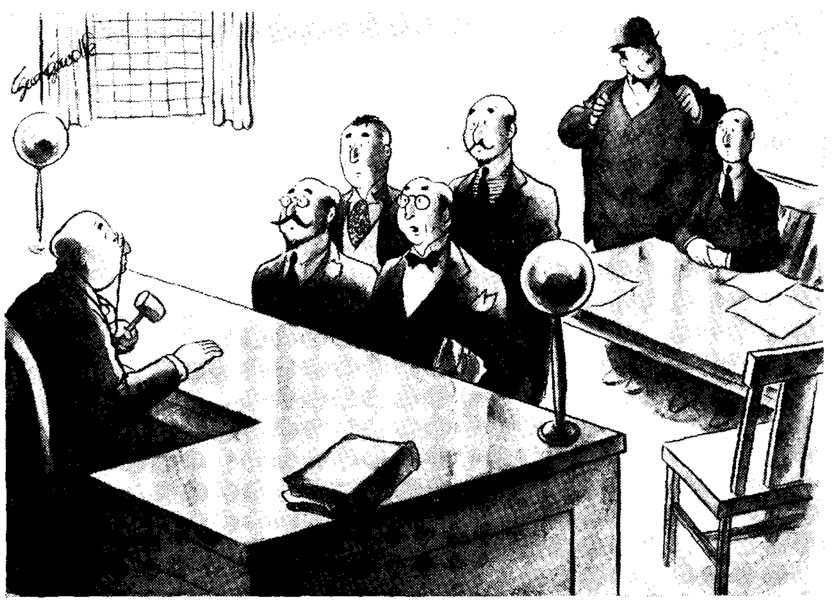
He drank a little brandy, drew the other bench up to the fitful light of the fire and lighted a cigarette. As the match illumined his countenance Chloe Gillam said:

"I've had the queerest feeling we have met before. Your voice sounds familiar, but I see now you're quite another person. That's disappointing. I thought the world could only harbor one such cool, collected, competent and courteous man as yourself."

"It hasn't been anything to get excited over. These things happen and a long time ago I learned that things only happen to an aviator one at a time, which gives him time to think—sometimes." He chuckled very softly. "I trust you'll outlive the scandal of being marooned with an aviator in a sheepherder's shack for God knows how long. If you're seriously disturbed about it, I can, of course, think up an excellent lie. By the way, now that our society has been, by fate, forced on us, it might be more comfortable if we introduced ourselves. My name is Michael Nash."

It was fully twenty seconds before Chloe answered. "And I," she said, "am Chloe Gillam. I'm not traveling with a dog this time."

He picked up the flashlight and bent it full in her face and the hand that held the flashlight trembled like a drunk-



"We find the defendant a man of average ignorance!" GEORGE WOLFE ard's. "Chloe Gillam," he said softly, "I've thought of you, whenever I had any spare time, every day since the day I saw you last, but last night I thought of you continuously after the motor conked. I nearly cried your name when I saw those timber tops; when we were coming into a forced landing on what I thought was four feet of soft snow among lava boulders, I thought: 'Well, I went and got me a new nose, just so I could call on Chloe Gillam without making her feel sorry for me; and now I'll never see her again!'"

"I expected to die or else be seriously hurt and then freeze to death, Michael, but I didn't have time to think about that. I was thinking: 'Well, I'll never see Mike Nash again, and he was nice and I did want to know him better and—'"

Mike Nash set the flashlight on the bench. "Come here," he ordered, and Chloe came, straight into his arms, and he held her tight to his heart and patted her back and rubbed his cheek against hers and wondered what Providence was up to, to take a man through hell to such happiness. After a while he put a very dirty, oily finger under her chin and tilted it up and kissed her and said he'd be damned.

"And I really made a hit with you on the train, Chloe?"

"My mother, like yours, died when I was a baby, Mike. Like you I've been man-raised, and one of the things my tough old cow waddy of a father always tried to impress upon me was that beauty is only skin deep; that he didn't care what kind of male person I picked to fall in love with, provided the fellow was a man. You qualify."

"And you really love me, Chloe?"

"I don't know, Mike darling, but I have the strangest feeling about you. Now that I've found you again I think it will break my heart to let you go. I haven't known you very long, but given time, I think I can do a first-rate job of loving you dearly."

Again Mike Nash murmured, in awe-struck tones, that he'd be damned; that he had never heard of such a crazy thing. He said he was only a knot-headed flyer who didn't make enough salary to keep her in clothes, and she'd have to get over it.

"I had hoped," Chloe replied to that outburst, "that when the doctors built you a new nose they might have thrown in a superiority complex for good measure. But you're still inferior. I made up my mind a long time ago that if I ever met you again and you were still a single man and shy, I'd ask you to marry me. Mike, do you love me?"

"DARLING, there ought to be a bigger and better word for what I feel toward you."

"In that event you have no out, my dear. It's your manifest duty to make an honest woman of me now. As for the vulgar fiduciary details, we'll forget them. My name is Chloe Gillam; on the Montana hills my father feeds his flocks. He has half a million acres and now that he's getting along in years he yearns for an airplane to get him over his empire without bumping. As soon as we get home (provided the poor dear hasn't died of pneumonia) I'll say: 'Pop, look what I've brought you.' And he'll growl back: 'What?' And I'll answer: 'A son-in-law who was flying planes when fools paid a dollar to look at him.' And Pa will say: 'Well, daughter. Tell him to buy me the best in airplanes and I'll put him on the pay roll and try to teach him the cattle business. Where did you pick him up, Chloe?' And I'll answer: 'He was hard to get, so I shot him down to a forced landing.'"

Mike Nash sat down and stared at her in the flickering firelight. "Trapped," he murmured. "Trapped like a doggone old rat—and glad of it. Honey, how do you like my new nose?" . . .

To prove how much Honey liked it she promptly kissed it and was filled to overflowing with pride in the knowledge that he had had it built for her.

In the morning the weather had cleared, but the temperature was still far below zero. Mike Nash, using a parachute for the purpose, made a tent around his motor—a tent that reached up from the ground and was nicely tucked in.

Then he got two fire pots out of his trouble box and lighted them in the tent. While the captive hot air was rising to warm the motor he got a fire going in the rusty stove and heated his motor oil almost to the boiling point, and while that was going on he overhauled his carburetors, checked both magnetos and blew out the gas line. About noon he set the old table up under the motor, poured his hot oil back into the motor and ordered Chloe up into the cockpit to turn on the switch when he told her to. He blocked the wheels carefully. Then he cranked his inertia starter, pulled the mesh ring and, after many attempts, the motor started. Chloe, under his orders, advanced the throttle to keep the motor from dying. Finally the motor roared. He leaped up and shut the throttle until the motor spun at six hundred revolutions; then he cast the ship loose from the fence, broke down the fence, climbed in, warmed the motor for fifteen minutes and taxied away over the frozen snow field, up into the wind and off. Two hours later he dropped in at the Great Falls airport and cut the gun in front of the passenger entrance. A little knot of airport employees and reporters rushed out to greet them.

"WHAT happened, Mike?" the general manager asked excitedly.

"Nothing, mister. The weather got thick just after I got over the hump and my motor conked on me. So I made a forced landing and spent the night at a farmhouse, miles from anywhere and no telephone, so I couldn't report in."

The manager turned to Chloe Gillam. "Your father's been mighty low with pneumonia, Miss Gillam, but when I telephoned last night to brace him for the shock his nurse told me he had passed the crisis and was on the upgrade. So I told her not to mention the matter to him."

A reporter, alert for the story, buttonholed Mike. "Whose ranch did you put up at?" he demanded.

"A sheep ranch. Couple of Basques."

"What names?"

"My dear man," said Mike Nash, "this is only a one-paragraph story. I loathe personal publicity and this sort of publicity doesn't help the air transport business any. And did you ever know anybody except a Basque who could pronounce a Basque's name, in addition to remembering it? We couldn't speak their language and they couldn't speak ours, but we enjoyed the hospitality of their humble abode."

He picked up Chloe's bag and escorted her to a taxi. Her eyes crinkled as he handed her in. "Gentleman to the finish," she murmured, "and always able to think fast in an emergency. The air mail must go through but hereafter it will go through without your help. You're going into the cattle business, darling, so hand in your resignation and come up to the house tonight for dinner and our very best guest chamber. Don't pout about it. Button up your lip or I'll throw you higher than Kilderoy's kite."

"This," said Mike Nash, "*is* a forced landing. Well, you're the doctor and I'm grounded. See you at six, oh light of my life and crutch of my declining years."

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32 pages describing and illustrating many American *Leisure Lands* where you can live on $100 a month. It is published by the 79-year-old company that has already paid more than 850 million dollars to its policyholders or their beneficiaries.

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City..............................State..................Age........
How much income can I have at age 55 / 60 / 65 if I lay aside $..................a month?
C-3-28-36

One More Goodby

Continued from page 36

We were working on our second when she came downstairs. "Dinner's ready," she said. "Come on, will you?"

"One more quick one," Terry said. He was pretty tight. "Johnny and I gotta have one quick one to celebrate his return to the working class. Right, Johnny?"

"Right," I said.

"How about it if I let you two celebrate alone then?" She was smiling but there was more to it than that. "I'll see you tomorrow, Terry."

"Oh, *no you don't*! Not tonight, little girl. You've got to help us."

"If you don't mind, Terry."

"But I do mind." Terry was around the bar like a shot and up the stairs. "I won't take any chances." I could hear his feet pounding across the living-room floor above.

"Where's he gone?" I asked her.

"Out to take the keys of my car away." She laughed but it didn't sound funny. "It won't work this time." She twirled the key ring on her finger.

I didn't know what to say then.

"Well, I may as well go before he comes back," she said but she didn't go. She stood there looking at me. I didn't say anything, but still she didn't go.

"You—you look different, Johnny," she said.

"And you look exactly the same." Funny, but she did too.

"Tell me, Johnny."

"Tell you what?"

"Everything. What you've been doing—why you're out here—why you're working—all those things."

Looking at her, I forgot everything else.

"Why?" I asked her. "Why should you care? I was in love with you three years ago and you didn't care then. You were the only thing in the world I wanted—that I'll ever want. Why should you care now?"

"I was the only thing in the world you wanted that you couldn't have—that's what you mean, Johnny." She was very serious. "Maybe that's why you wanted me so much."

"YOU know that isn't true," I said. "You haven't forgotten that much already. And you were in love with me too, you haven't forgotten that either." She was going to say something but I didn't wait. "I wanted you to marry me—and to give up the stage—that's where we stopped. Or rather it's where we started saying goodby."

"That's true," she said; "you've said everything, Johnny. You wanted it all your way—none of mine. Because you had a lot of money you couldn't see my end of it. You still can't—I don't know why I thought you'd changed."

"Well," I said, "if I haven't, other things have. I've lost all my dough, Marsha—that's one reason I'm working. Only there's one thing that won't ever change."

"I'd better go now, Johnny," she said. "Goodby."

"That has a familiar ring," I said. "One more goodby, Marsha?"

She didn't look at me as she went out.

Terry came back in a minute. "Marsha go?" he said.

I told him she had.

"Well, I don't suppose I can blame her at that." Terry poured himself a fresh one. "Johnny, I'm a fool."

"Sure," I said, "we all are. But look, Terry—aren't you overdoing it a little? Not that it's any of my business."

"You mean this?" he said and he picked up the bottle. "Well, I'll tell you, Johnny. It's a lot more fun climbing up to the top than it is trying to stay there. Maybe it isn't worth the trouble, I don't know. But believe me—I've got plenty on my mind." He poured a drink.

One of the servants came downstairs. "Gentleman to see you, Mr. Donlin."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Seaver. Said it was important."

I wondered if it was Sid Seaver, Hollywood's foremost gossiper via the radio. He had been putting some pretty unpleasant stuff on the air lately. Terry looked suddenly weary.

"Send him down."

It was Seaver all right, a fast-talking boy with a fat face and a little black mustache.

"I'd like to speak to you, Donlin," he said.

Terry looked at him. "Speak away."

"Alone, if you don't mind."

"You can say anything you want to right here."

"If you don't mind, Donlin."

"Okay," Terry said. "Excuse it, Johnny." He went upstairs in back of Seaver. Something was definitely up, I could tell that. And I didn't like the way Seaver talked.

I HEARD Terry upstairs in a minute and he was shouting. He called Seaver a couple of things that weren't pretty and then there was a crash. I knew Terry had hit him.

I went up the stairs three at a time and there they were. Seaver was on the floor and Terry was standing over him with his right cocked back as if the next time he was going to knock him right on through the door. I got in back of Terry and grabbed him.

"Cut it, Terry," I said, "you can't do that."

"Oh, can't I?" He pulled away. "Get up, you punk, and take some more!"

Seaver wasn't having any more. I got Terry over to one side of the room.

"Don't be a fool, Terry," I told him. "I don't know what this is all about but you can't handle it this way."

Seaver got up, holding his jaw. He backed away to the front door and up the steps, Terry glaring at him all the way.

"Better tune in on my program tomorrow night, Donlin," he said. "You'll get your money's worth." He was gone.

"What is it, Terry?" I asked him. "Anything I can do?"

"I don't guess anyone can do anything," he said. "I might as well tell you; you'll hear it tomorrow." He sat down in the big chair and put his head in his hands. "I'm sunk, Johnny."

"Spill it."

"Well—remember a girl dying while we were on location in my last picture?"

I thought I did, vaguely. "Drowned, wasn't she?"

"Yeah, but it was my fault. You didn't read that."

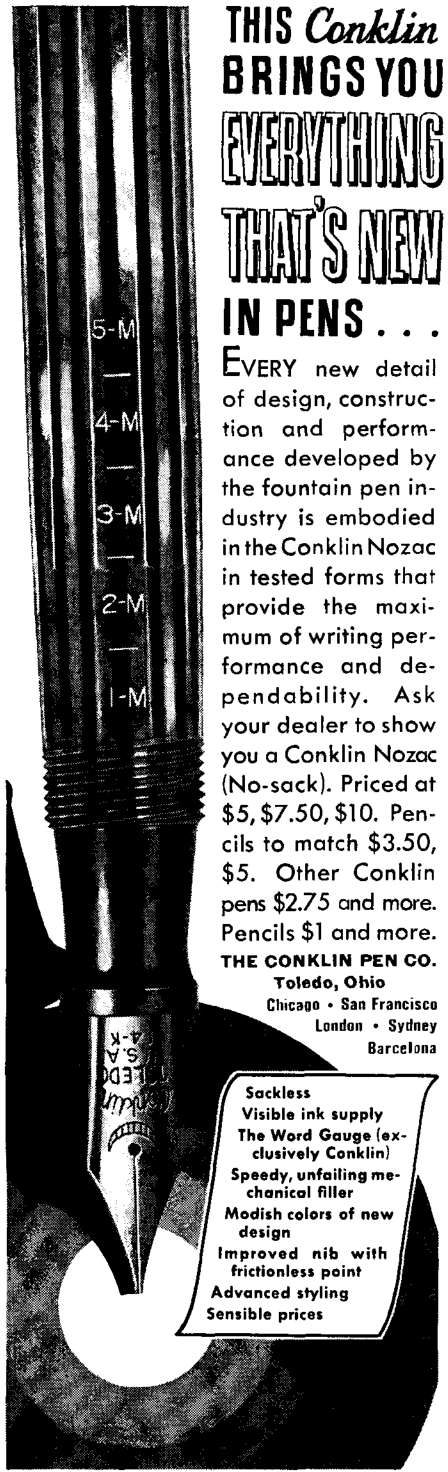
"What do you mean?"

Terry had a tight look around his mouth. "I was in the water with her. It was pretty rough and she hit her head on the side of the boat we were to climb in. She went down like a rock."

He waited a minute before he went on. "If I hadn't been about half plastered I could have grabbed her. You can't make much sense in a spot like that when you're crocked."

"I can imagine you'd feel bad about it," I said, "but what's that got to do with Seaver?"

"The studio kept it hushed up, naturally. It wasn't particularly good publicity for their he-man star. But that isn't all. Seaver's going to say that she had been my girl."



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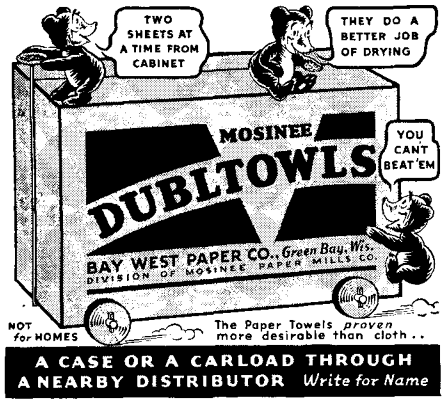
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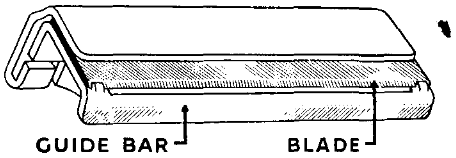

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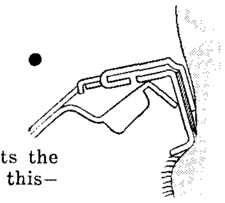

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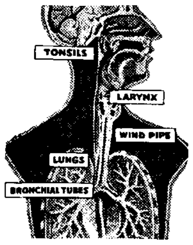

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"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

"So the studio can sue him? You're crazy, Terry."

"No, I'm not crazy." Terry had sobered up plenty. "Unfortunately he can prove it."

"It's true?"

"It's true! Don't you see how it looks? As if I'd done it deliberately to get rid of her. I had just announced my engagement to Marsha. The girl had told Seaver she wasn't going to take it. It might even come to a police investigation. Wouldn't that look pretty all over the front page?"

"It would wash you up in pictures, all right. Gee, Terry, I'm sorry."

He looked at me and grinned a little like his old grin when we were tired and on the wrong end of the score deep in the fourth quarter and we wanted to go home. "Oh, I can take it; I've got it coming. I was pretty rotten to her. It's going to hurt Marsha, though."

I hadn't thought of that; things were coming too fast.

"What's Seaver want?" I asked him.

"Fifty grand to keep his mouth shut, that's all."

"You told him where to go, I take it?"

"More or less." Terry rubbed his knuckles pleasurably. "But even if I wanted to give it to him, I couldn't. I haven't got it—or anything like it."

I looked around at the room and Terry read my mind. "I suppose you think I should have," he said. "Well, I never was very smart at saving anything. Besides, that kind of stuff never works. He'd only be back for more."

"Right. Well, what are you going to do—sit and wait for it?"

"What else can I do? You tell *me*."

I don't know, but I felt I had to help him somehow.

"Where could we find Seaver?" I asked Terry.

He looked at me, not very interested. "What for? You haven't got fifty grand in your pocket, have you?"

"Not exactly. But we've got to do something. Where would he be now?"

"One of the clubs, I guess. He'll be running around all night looking for choice bits of gossip. What's on your mind?"

"I don't know yet," I said, "but come on."

IT WAS quite a while before we found him. Terry was working on a bottle again so I had been leaving him in the car and going in the places alone. At the Troc, down at the end of the bar, I found Seaver talking to a couple of beautiful extra gals and trying to look important. I walked up in back of him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Step over here a minute," I said when he turned around.

"Oh, no you don't!" he said to me. "I know you; you're a friend of Donlin's. Nothing doing."

"There'll be plenty doing in a minute." I got a grip on his shoulder. "Come here, I'm not going to hurt you."

He looked at me doubtfully. The girls with him were staring. I didn't want to make a scene, that wouldn't help.

"Come on, Seaver," I said, "I'm talking turkey." We sat at a table near the bar.

"Terry can't get up fifty," I said very confidentially, "but I've talked him into seeing reason. I know the story; he told it to me. You've got him pretty."

"Yeah?" Seaver wasn't a very trusting soul. "Where do you come in?"

"Listen," I said, "there's no use in spilling this thing as far as you're concerned—it'll make you plenty unpopular if it *is* a scoop. On the other hand you can't reason with Terry—he's got an Irish temper. That's where I come in."

Seaver was listening now—looking at me hard. "I hear you," he said softly, "but I don't see you. What do you want? Aren't you a friend of Terry's?"

"Sure I am," I told him, "and I don't want to see him get hurt. And to be frank, if I can fix this up, I'd like a piece of change out of it. Not much—but I happen to be flat. You know how it is."

I was talking his language now—the double-cross. "You said he couldn't get up fifty grand," Seaver said. "Is that straight?"

"Look," I said, "I'm in this with you—in a small way. Would I be likely to chisel myself? He told me he couldn't get it and I believe him. Of course, he may be lying."

Seaver looked blank and then he grinned. "No, I guess he's telling the truth. I've got a pretty good idea of his expenses." The way he said it I wanted to belt him right on that smile but I grinned back at him as if I were with him all the way.

"How much did he say he could get?"

"Not so much on short notice," I told him, "but if you give him a little time—"

SEAVER started to get up. "None of that," he said, "no stalling. It's going on the air tomorrow night. Unless—"

"Wait a minute," I said, "I'm not stalling."

Which up to that point was exactly what I had been doing. But right then I got an idea.

"Look, Seaver," I said, "suppose I get you five grand in cash tonight—will you give me one? And twenty more tomorrow—in government bonds. I told you I needed the dough—I'm just as much in a hurry as you are. Give me a grand tonight out of the five and one more tomorrow. That'll be twenty-three net to you. It's better than a kick in the teeth."

He looked at me fast as though he didn't like the last but I grinned at him again. He looked at his watch.

"I'm not trusting you," he said. "I don't even know your name. If you're leveling—that's all right with me. If you're not—it doesn't make any difference. I've got my story straight and I can prove it. Now when can you get this dough?"

"Well, by twelve, I imagine. Where will you be?"

"I'm not sure." He looked at me suspiciously again. He was a guy with not much faith in human nature, all right.

"How about my calling you when I get the dough?"

"That's okay. Can you get it by twelve?"

"Well, maybe a little later. I don't know how soon he can raise so much cash at this time of night." I had to give myself a little time.

"Twelve-thirty then—at the latest. I'll be at Granite 4535." He looked at me hard again. "No funny business now," he said.

"Not a chance," I said. "See you later." I got up and walked out to the car.

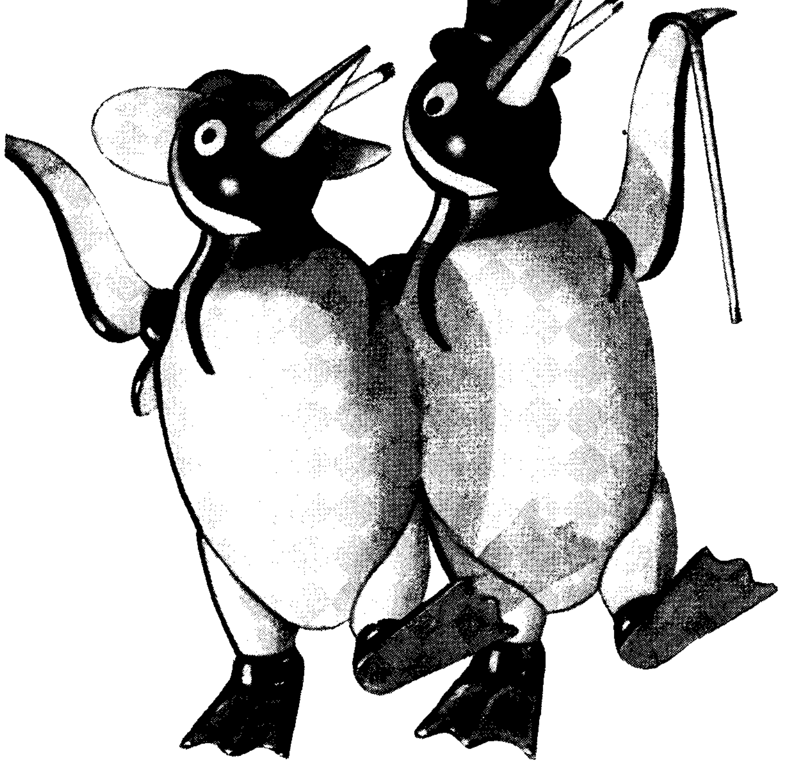
Terry was folded over the wheel and he was as cold as a turkey. I pushed him over to one side and got in and started the car. It was ten-thirty. I remembered I hadn't had any dinner.

I drove up the block and stopped. I shook Terry hard by the shoulder.

"Terry!" I yelled at him, "Terry!" He opened his eyes halfway and started to close them again. "Listen, Terry, it's important. Halliday—the guy I met today—the sound man—that was his name, wasn't it?" He closed his eyes and I smacked him. "Halliday! Where does he live—what's his phone number? Come on—come on, tell me and I'll let you go back to sleep!"

He was muttering something but I couldn't quite catch it. Finally I made it out. Laurel Canyon. Well, anyway I knew where that was. I swung the car around and let it go.

(*Continued on page 78*)



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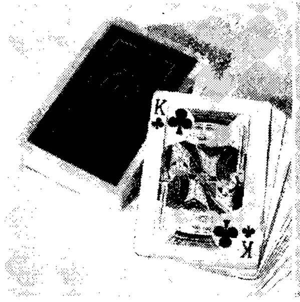

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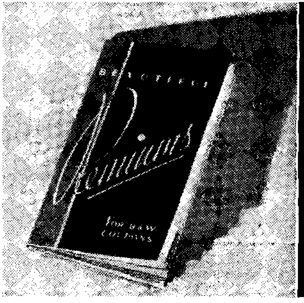

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Western Electric
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(Continued from page 77)

When we got to the canyon I made enough sense out of Terry to find the house. Lucky it wasn't complicated. I got out of the car and then I thought of something. I went in Terry's pocket and took out his wallet. There were two fifties in it. That was a break.

I rang the bell and Halliday came to the door himself.

"Hello," I said, "listen, Halliday. You're a friend of Terry Donlin's, aren't you? Well, he's outside in the car and he's in a bad jam. Will you help?"

Halliday was on right away. He nodded. "Drunk?" he said.

"Yes, but that isn't it. Get your coat and come on, will you?"

He got in the car between Terry and me and I gave him the idea of what I wanted to do. He didn't say anything till I had finished.

"Can do," he said then, "that is—if a lot of things work."

I drove to Terry's house and handed him over to one of his Jap boys. Then I headed for the studio.

THEY were still working on one of the big sets and we didn't have any trouble at the gate. We went up to Terry's dressing-room and started figuring. It was twelve-fifteen before we had everything set. I called Seaver.

"Look," I told him, "I'm with Terry and we're out in Beverly Hills. Been having a tough time finding people in. It's okay though; he's fixed it to get the rest out at the studio now. How about meeting us there?"

He was eager enough this time. "I'll be right out," he said.

I told the front desk to send Seaver up to Mr. Donlin's dressing-room and I looked at Halliday.

"Okay," I said to him, "let's go. When you hear my voice, turn 'em over. That is—if you ever hear it."

He started out the door. "Oh," I said, "and don't forget to set it up for a wax. That'll be fun."

Well, now it all depended on one thing. I had to guess one jump ahead of Seaver. I looked at the wad in my pocket again to make sure it was straight. I had a half-inch of prop money with Terry's two fifties on the outside but they were stiff enough so that it looked good. I heard Seaver coming.

He opened the door and I looked up from where I was swishing a whisky and water around in a glass. "Hi!" I said, "can I make you a drink?"

He was looking around the room. "Where's Donlin?"

"Passed out," I said, "I mixed him a sleeper on purpose. Just so we won't have any trouble." I took the dough out carefully and I held it so that it didn't flop around.

Seaver didn't say anything but he looked plenty.

"Now," I said, "there's just one thing. Donlin wants to be sure you're not going on blackmailing him." I hit the blackmailing hard.

He had had his hand out but he jerked it back. "What's the idea of making cracks like that?" he said. "What is this—a frame? I suppose you got somebody listening."

"Sure," I said, "there's a dictaphone under that table." He jumped and I grinned at him.

"I'm not going to talk in here," he said, "come on outside."

I steered him down the corridor and into the washroom. Seaver looked around carefully but it was pretty obviously empty. I sat down on the edge of a basin and tapped the bills against my knee.

"There's four grand here, Seaver," I said. "I kept out my end. Okay?"

"Sure, sure." He put out his hand again. "Come on, let's get it over. We agreed on everything."

I didn't see his hand. "Yeah, but look. Donlin's getting stubborn. If I'm going to get the rest I've got to convince him you won't be threatening him for more dough after you get this."

"What's he want me to do, sign a paper?" Seaver was a nasty little guy but then I'd known that before. "Stop the stalling," he said, "either he's kicking through or he isn't."

"Sure he's kicking through," I said. "He knows you've got him on a spot. He'll get the rest of the dough for you tomorrow all right. But he wants to be sure you'll keep your mouth shut, that's all."

Seaver shook his head. "I don't blame him for that," he said in that nasal voice of his. "I'd want to be sure too, if it was me. But in this kind of a deal there isn't any way to be sure of anything. I don't ask him to trust me—he'll just have to take a chance. Anyway he ought to know I got enough dirt on plenty other people for my program."

It sounded like enough to me. "I'll tell him that," I said and I handed him the bills. "I think we've fixed everything all right. Let's go."

It was dark in the corridor and I took his arm. "Let's stop back in Terry's dressing-room a minute," I said.

We went in. "Sit down," I told him, "I want to play the talking machine—I've got a new record."

"What's the idea?" Seaver's eyes were shooting around the room, jumping like a shorted sun arc. "What are you trying to pull?"

I picked up the phone and called Halliday in the mixing-room. "Got it hooked up in Terry's room?" I said. "Okay, let's have the playback!"

Seaver's face was so funny I began to enjoy it. He had his eyes glued on the loud-speaker in the corner all the time our voices were coming through it. It was a good, clear recording. When it came to the line about his program, he got up.

"Ah, you can't bluff me," he said. "So you had a mike set up in the washroom to make a wild track. Well, it doesn't prove anything. I'm going."

"Sure, you're going," I said and I took hold of his arm. I wasn't gentle. "Let's have those bills first—there's two good ones in the bunch anyway." He handed them to me and I took him by the lapels of his coat. "Now, listen," I said, "maybe you don't think that proved anything but even you couldn't be that dumb. I'll guarantee you I'll run that wild track for everyone in Hollywood and not one of them will miss your voice. Not to mention the crack about your program. You'll be so washed up in Hollywood you won't get a job selling ear muffs. Maybe the police will be interested too, we could always see. Well—" I shook him a little, "had enough?"

HE WAS licked and he knew it. "Okay," he said, "let go of me. I'm through as far as this is concerned. But I'll—"

"No," I said, "no, you won't do anything of the kind. In fact you're going to be very kind to people from now on. Especially to Mr. Donlin." I opened the door and let go of his coat. "Good night, Mr. Seaver. Next time don't have such little faith in human nature." He was in the hall and I stepped up in back of him and booted him one that would have done all of sixty yards if I'd been punting with no wind. He went flat on his face and I shut the door.

I told Halliday to have the film developed tomorrow just so we wouldn't be taking any chances and then I dropped him at his place and headed for Terry's. I was going to tell him the

(Continued on page 80)

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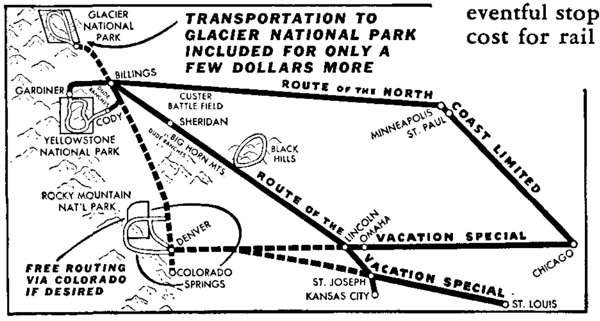
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One More Goodby

Continued from page 78

good news if I had to drown him in black coffee to make him appreciate it. Going in the door, the first thing I saw was Marsha.

She was standing there in the hall almost like she was waiting for me. Lord, but she was beautiful!

"What are you doing back?" I asked her. "I thought you had gone hours ago."

"Terry called me."

"Yeah? When?"

"An hour ago. He said it was terribly serious, so I came."

"And so?" I said.

"He told me, Johnny. Everything."

I started to pass her. "Where is he?" I asked her. "I've got to see him right away. There isn't anything to worry about. Seaver was just bluffing."

She caught my arm when I started again. "Johnny! What are you talking about? Terry told me the whole thing. That girl and Seaver and the rest of it. It's the truth. What have you been doing?"

"Oh!" I said and I told her.

SHE waited for a minute when I'd finished, looking at me. "You've changed a lot, Johnny," she said. Then she walked over to the table and leaned against it. I went after her.

"How do you mean?"

"I can't imagine you doing that for anybody when I used to know you, Johnny. You were a pretty selfish young man."

"Was I? What makes you think I've changed so?"

"I know you have. You had to get over thinking you owned the world first—but underneath I always knew you were pretty swell, Johnny."

I couldn't take much more of this; it was getting me down. The Sydney Carton act wasn't agreeing with me at all; I hadn't had enough practice at it.

"Listen," I said and I took her hand quickly. "I'm going to duck now. I'm starving—I haven't had any dinner. You tell Terry everything's fixed and I'll see you both soon. Goodby, Marsha." I dropped her hand and started for the door.

"One more goodby, Johnny?"

I stopped. There was something in her voice that would have made anyone stop. I turned around and looked at her.

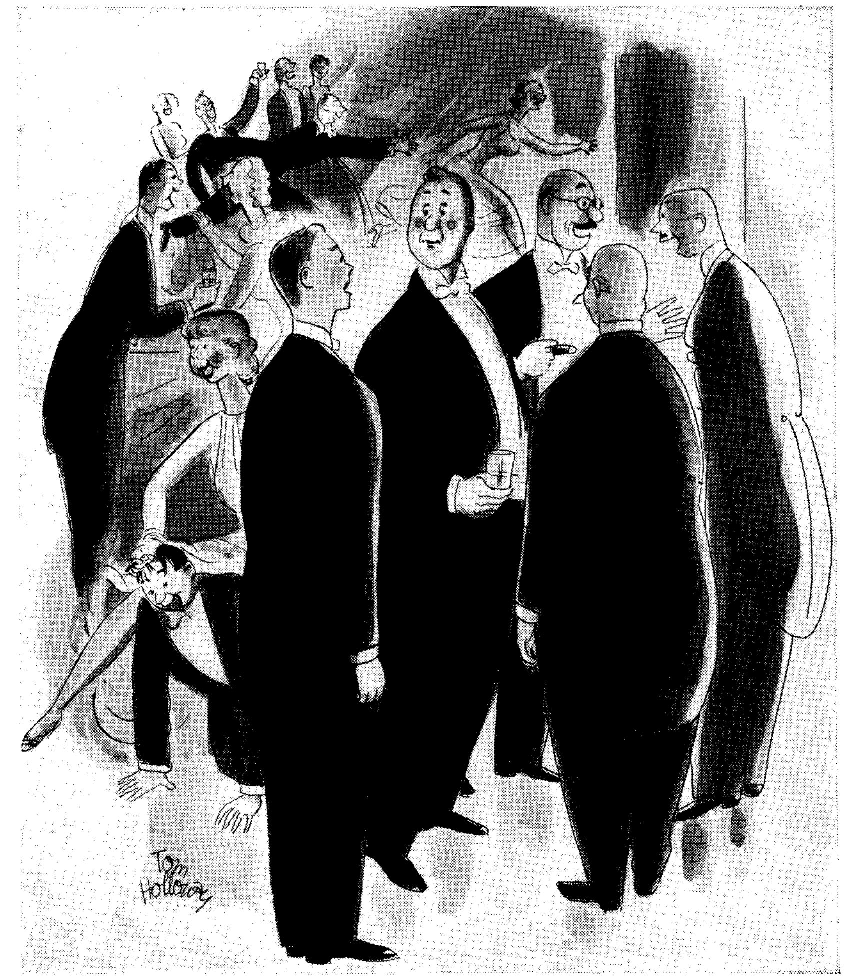
"I guess it'll be the last one, Marsha," I said. I grinned, but I'll bet it wasn't much of a grin the way I felt just then. "I'm afraid I've just about worn that gag out."

"I'm afraid you have too," she said. "You see, Johnny, I can't tell Terry because he isn't here. He went away when I told him I wasn't going to marry him."

"You what? You didn't—not because of this mess! You wouldn't run out like that, Marsha!"

"Not because of this mess. That wasn't it. Because of you, Johnny." She came running and I was too dumb even to help her out. She had to put her arms around my neck before I had sense enough to grab her. "Oh, Johnny, you fool! If I loved you before you were even a nice person—can't I now that you are? I knew when I saw you this afternoon I wouldn't ever want anybody else—and after what you did tonight—well, if not having a lot of money agrees with everybody the way it does with you—I'm for it!"

"I'm for it too," I said. "I'm for everything and everybody except one. No more goodbys." I looked down at her and waited until she turned her face up and I knew what to do then all right. I did it very thoroughly, too.


Tom Holloway

"I crave your permission, sir, to speak to your daughter, Miss Elsie, on a matter both near and dear to my heart" TOM HOLLOWAY

Public Wage Slaves

Continued from page 14

What then, of positions equally responsible that are *not* political? Take, for instance, the case of Harry Hopkins, head, hands and feet of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration from its inception. Aside from the fact that he has had the spending of four billion dollars in the last two years, the lives and hopes of some twenty million men, women and children have been in his keeping.

Mr. Hopkins' salary is $10,000 a year. No one will dream of saying that the business of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation compares in magnitude with the FERA and the WPA, yet the chairman of its board has received as high as $250,000 a year, and according to official Washington records it is the rule for any company doing a gross business of $8,000,000 a year to pay its president around $50,000.

Jesse Jones is chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a concern with $500,000,000 capital and the right to borrow up to something around six billions. It is to Mr. Jones and the RFC that the Big Business of America—banks, railroads and insurance companies—has turned during the depression, and his loans, amounting to $5,636,000,000, played no small part in averting vast and general ruin. It is safe to say that no one questions Mr. Jones' competence. His lending policy has been so shrewd that three billions of the five have already been repaid; his operations, up to date, show a handsome profit, and he has managed to keep down his operating cost to one half of one per cent, a most remarkable showing.

The Underpaid Mr. Jones

Mr. Jones enjoys a salary of $10,000 a year. On the other hand, the presidents of the great banks in New York and Chicago, and the chairmen of their boards, draw down from $55,000 to $100,000 a year. Until governmental pressure forced a lowering, the presidents of the principal railroad systems received from $75,000 to $150,000, and the presidents of the leading insurance companies are still compensated on that princely scale. Assuming that Mr. Jones was *not* competent, and that Uncle Sam wanted the head of a big bank, a great railroad or an established insurance company, what chance would there be to get him?

Stanley Reed, Solicitor General of the United States, is the government's trial lawyer, handling all important litigation and appearing before the Supreme Court in every important case. He is paid $10,000 a year, and virtually every day sees him pitted against famous counsel who get as much for the one case as Mr. Reed does for his whole twelve months. A private legal authority, it will be remembered, recently split a fee of $35,000 for simply passing on the constitutionality of a law for a client. There is really no limit to what a first-class lawyer can make in private practice. The Cities Service Company paid one of its directors and his law firm $364,000 in one year, and between 1928 and 1933, when it was securing its mail subsidies, the International Mercantile Marine paid out $734,158 in legal fees.

Joseph B. Eastman is Federal Coördinator of Transportation, which takes in motor transport as well as railroads. Mr. Eastman gets $12,000 a year, for which he is supposed to ride herd on every railroad and motor truck in the United States, studying them with a view to recommending changes that will promote economy and efficiency. As the result of twenty-one years in the public service, state and federal, he has the respect and esteem of the transportation industry, and no one has ever questioned his character and high ability. Bearing the tremendousness of Mr. Eastman's job in mind, and also his $12,000 pay check, it is interesting to note how the various railroad systems reward their high men. Up to 1932, for instance, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad and the chairman of the Executive Board of the Southern Pacific received $150,000 annually; the president of the Baltimore & Ohio $125,000, and $100,000 per annum was the compensation of the presidents of the following railroads: Chesapeake & Ohio, Delaware & Hudson, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, New York Central, Southern Railway, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific.

Pay Cuts for the Railroaders

This condition, to be sure, obtains no longer, for, under pressure by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a big lender to almost every road, and the insistence of Mr. Eastman, who is charged by law with full authority over all "waste and preventable waste," the maximum salary for railroad presidents is now $60,000. Even so, there is considerable difference between $60,000 and the Eastman $12,000.

Some positions of prime importance that Mr. Eastman is trying to fill are the direction of the field force which takes in sixteen districts, each with its rate experts, accountants and supervisors, and the direction of the sections of Finance, Certificates, Traffic, Accounts, Statistics, Research, Complaints and Safety and the Legal section. Each man must have a good working knowledge of his section in order to coördinate operations, avoid duplication and obtain speed and efficiency. The best that Mr. Eastman can offer in the way of salary is from $6,500 to $7,500. Is it any wonder that he goes about in a state of profound agitation not unmixed with dismay and indignation?

The Securities and Exchange Commission exercises supervision over the stock exchanges of the country and also passes on every issue of securities, the purpose being to guard investors against wildcat promotions and "get-rich-quick" rascals. For the first eight months of 1935 alone, securities in the amount of $1,863,000,000 were examined. The salary of James M. Landis, chairman of the Commission, is $10,000, yet participating partners in any large firm of investment bankers make all the way from $200,000 to $1,000,000 in a good year.

They'll Never Get Rich

Turning to other governmental agencies doing a huge annual business and requiring brains, judgment and technical skill in administration, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation is now insuring eighteen billions of deposits, representing the savings of fifty million depositors. Leo T. Crowley, the director, receives $10,000 a year. Between May, 1933, and July, 1935, the Farm Credit Administration loaned $3,031,000,000 to 441,000 applicants for long-term mortgages. Its head, W. I. Meyers, is paid $10,000 per annum.

The Home Owners Loan Corporation, created to save the small home owners of the nation from foreclosure, has made 908,000 loans to date in the amount of $2,743,000,000. The chairman, John E. Fahey, draws an annual salary of $10,-

(*Continued on page* 83)

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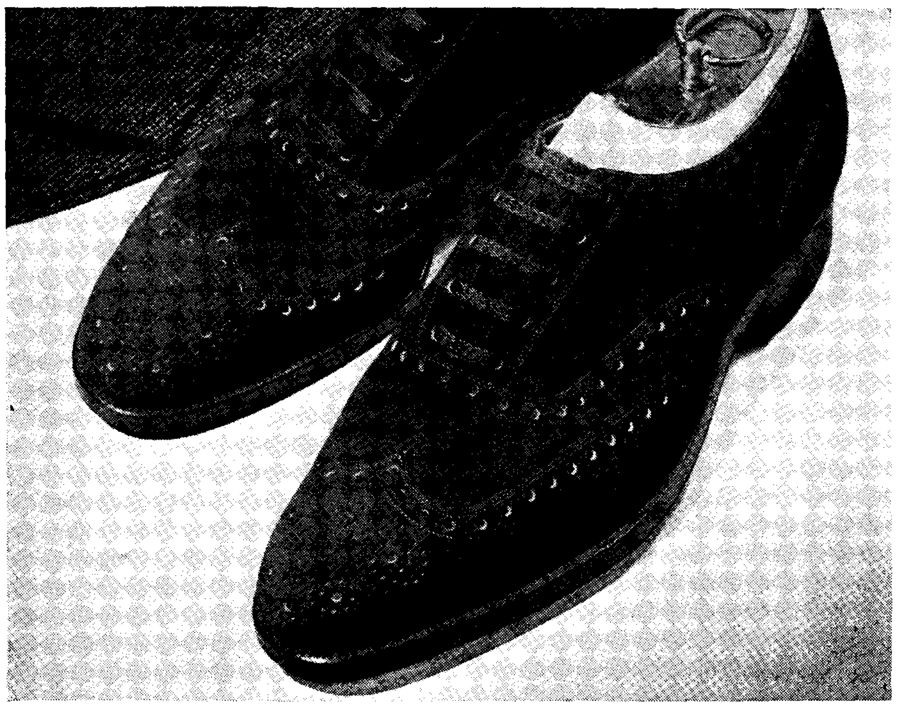

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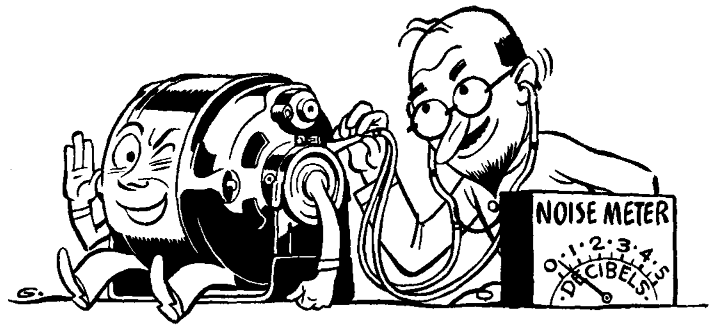

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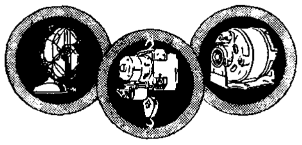

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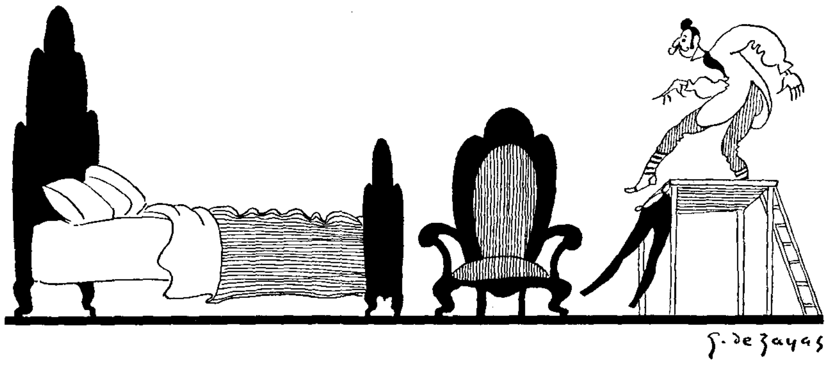

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For a time in 18th-century America a serious problem of the fashionable gentleman was how to get into his trousers—with ease and dispatch. The difficulty was eventually overcome by the invention of a platform, with a staircase, from which he gently lowered himself into his glove-tight breeches while they hung in position from a pair of hooks on its side.—*By Thelma L. Kellogg, Vanceboro, Maine.*

The counter-espionage service of Great Britain is estimated to have saved the empire at least $500,000,000 throughout its domains during the World War. A large part of this figure represents the value of battleships, docks, shipyards, ammunition plants and other buildings that enemy agents had planned to destroy or disable before they were caught by these internal spies.

Virtually all of the abnormal increase in insanity in this country is traceable to the development of cerebroarteriosclerosis, or hardening of the brain blood vessels, in elderly people. Aside from this one cause the rate of admission to mental hospitals—68 per 100,000 of population—has shown no variation in the past 25 years.

No two women in history had a stranger relationship than Elizabeth Tudor (1533-1603), Queen of England, and Mary Stuart (1542-1587). Although they were blood cousins and maintained, for decades, a bitter and tragic religious and political quarrel, they never once met or saw each other, and both are buried in Westminster Abbey.—*By Elizabeth Croisant, Evanston, Illinois.*

Among the most uncanny decorations are those of the grotesque animals painted on the sides of elephants' heads during festivals in India. They are drawn in such manner that the one visible eye of the painted animal is represented by the eye of the elephant which, in moving, gives the painting a lifelike effect.

Although many species of birds, fishes and insects have a highly developed sense of direction, others have difficulty in finding their homes even when they are very close to them. An outstanding example of the latter class is the Pine Processionary Caterpillar of France, which spins a life line, when leaving its nest, so it will know how to get back to it.—*By W. J. Church, Stillwater, New York.*

The national income of the United States, the total amount of money earned by all individuals and all kinds of companies, grew from 43.6 billion dollars in 1933 to 53.7 billion dollars in 1935, an increase of 23.1 per cent in 24 months.

In many small communities of several Christian countries, the age-old custom of burning effigies of Judas—in the fields, streets and homes—still takes place on Easter Saturday.

The most popular animal exhibitions in the United States are dog shows. During 1935, more than 200,000 dogs competed in bench shows, sanction matches and field trials before approximately 1,000,000 spectators.

The only city in the world whose houses have traffic passing over their roofs is Moselek, Iran. Situated on a mountainside, its long rows of one-storied houses are built in step formation, and the roofs of one row serve as the street for the row next above.

Several centuries ago in Europe, the testimony of a witness was valued according to a rating that had previously been given to him by the court. For example, statements made by a wealthy and influential citizen with a rating of 100 would outweigh and counteract evidence given by a number of men whose combined rating totaled only 90.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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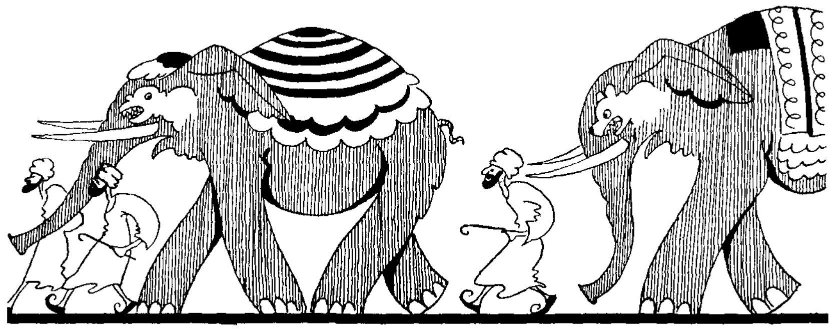

Public Wage Slaves

Continued from page 81

000. Whatever may be thought of the Tennessee Valley Authority, it is one of the largest single undertakings in the world. With the Muscle Shoals development as a base, it is reorganizing the life of a great section, and its policies will affect vitally the economic and industrial life of the nation as a whole. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, head and front of the enterprise, receives $10,000 a year.

It is interesting to compare the pay of these men with the rewards offered by private industry. The public utility corporations of the country, for instance. The North American Company handed $52,108 a year to its president, and $50,260 to the chairman of its executive committee. The president of the United Corporation received $75,000 a year and has options on 100,000 shares of stock. The president of the United Gas Improvement Company received $100,000, and a vice president $31,000. Another vice president was paid $35,000 and a special executive assistant $25,000. The president of the Pacific Gas and Electric received $70,000 and the president of Standard Gas and Electric $64,000. The directing genius of the Associated Gas and Electric Company admitted that he had drawn down $11,000,000 in nine years.

It is in those branches of government devoted to science and research, however, that the niggardliness of 'Uncle Sam is best shown, for men who have either saved or added millions to the wealth of the nation, and whose discoveries have been of incalculable value in the nation's fight against disease, are toiling away in laboratories at an annual wage of four, five or six thousand dollars. Many have paid for devotion with their lives, the records of the Public Health Service, in particular, containing a long list of men who have died in the course of experimentation. The pay of these heroic public servants starts at $2,000, and even after a lifetime the most they can hope to get is $7,088.

Heroes of Science

During the long series of experiments to determine the cause and cure of pellagra, Dr. Joseph Goldberger and fourteen of his fellows tested every known theory by deliberately attempting to give themselves the loathsome disease, risking imbecility and death. In the course of the six years that Dr. Edward Francis toiled away to determine accurately the cause of tularemia, or spotted fever, five of his associates died, and he himself went through a siege with the infection. It is the Public Health Service that has led the world in the successful fight against bubonic plague, and there are few men in the organization who have not, at one time or another, walked on the edge of the grave as they did their part.

Dr. Walter Reed's work in connection with yellow fever is too well known to need comment, and he is only one of many Army medical men who have contributed largely to the protection of the world's health. The Panama Canal could never have been built had it not been for the work of Gorgas, who turned a pest-hole into a place where men could live and work. As in the case of the Public Health Service, the medical men of the Army and Navy are lucky when promotions bring them to as high a salary as $5,000.

The Geodetic Survey and the Bureau of Standards, both in the Department of Commerce, furnish instances of invaluable service at dog's wages, but perhaps the most typical illustrations are afforded by the Department of Agriculture, a governmental agency that has been pronounced "the most useful institution on earth." Primarily a research organization, its scientific triumphs have helped not only agriculture, but industry as a whole, and not a home or individual in the land but has felt the benefits of its work.

Just as its scientists have waged victorious battle against the weevil, the bark beetle, the grape-root worm, the San Jose scale, the black stem rust and scores of other plant enemies, so have the department's explorers made possible the highest utilization of our land resources. Their far-flung wanderings brought pima cotton from Egypt, alfalfa from Asia, the soy bean from the Orient, durum wheat and the hard red Kharkov winter wheat from Russia; the navel orange from Brazil, Rhodes grass, Napier grass and the purple vetch from South Africa, and nuts, fruits and plants from every other corner of earth.

Where Private Gain is Forgotten

Department of Agriculture studies in connection with the cattle tick led to the knowledge that yellow fever, malaria, typhus, sleeping sickness and Rocky Mountain fever were transmitted by an insect host or carrier, and opened new doors to medical science. Only recently Dr. William Robinson, a Department entomologist, announced his discovery of allantoin, an effective treatment for infected non-healing wounds and the stubborn bone disease called osteomyelitis. Dr. Dorset, chief of the Bio-Chemic Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry, developed the preventive serum that checked the ravages of hog cholera, saving untold millions to the farmers of the country.

Dr. C. F. Marbut, who died in China recently, was acknowledged to be the greatest soil specialist in the world, yet the maximum of his salary and the salaries of the others was only $6,000. The average pay for a botanist, horticulturist, chemist or entomologist ranges from $3,000 to $4,000, a fraction of the amount paid by private industry.

Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, not only keeps an eye on more than 200,000 miles of federal highways, but works unceasingly on improvements and economies. The pneumatic tire was a development of his research. Road losses from snow, frost and water run into the millions annually, and already the Bureau has worked wonders through experimentation with the subgrade soils that support a roadbed. Mr. MacDonald, recognized as an international authority, receives $8,500, but the pay of his scientists, technicians and engineers runs from $3,000 to $5,000.

As a matter of course, private industry raids the government service regularly, and not a week passes but some high-class, well-nigh indispensable public servant yields to the lure of a doubled and trebled salary.

Even so, it is amazing how many refuse tempting offers, sticking loyally to their poorly paid government positions. In every department there are men who have made, and are making, heavy financial sacrifices, but as Mr. Eastman pointed out in his protest to the Civil Service Commission, "it is unwise to make this sacrifice too great, for there is a point at which the compensating advantages and the desire to serve the country will be outweighed by financial considerations."

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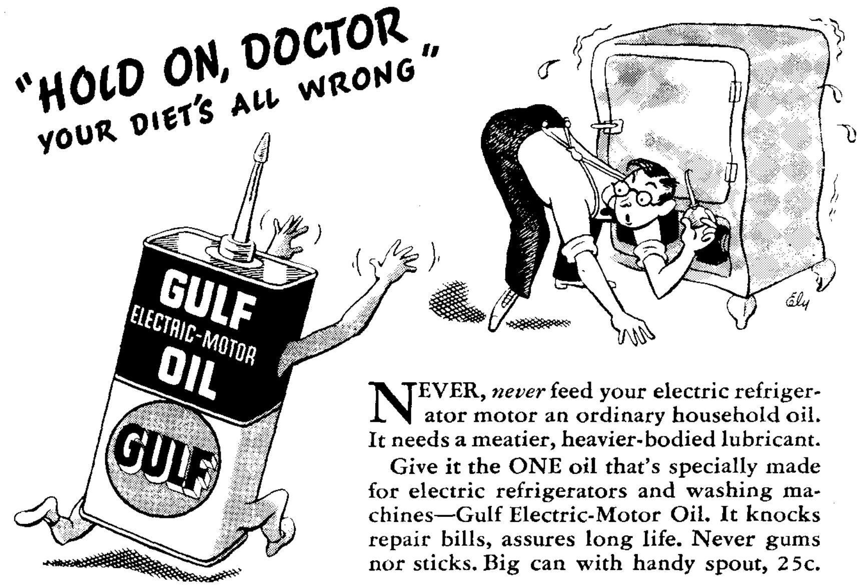
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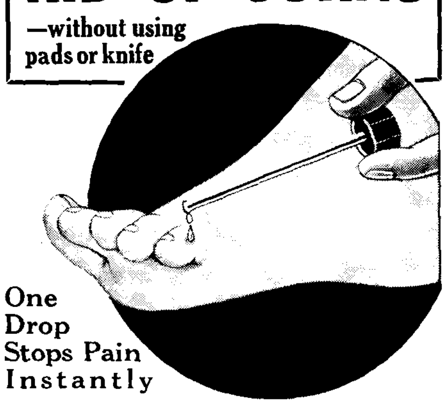

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FREEZONE

Cruze, Director

Continued from page 17

Glorious Day, the leading part having been written for the fat man who had lost out. They said: "Maybe Will Rogers could take Arbuckle's place."

Rogers was starred. Cruze wrote the story himself, having bought the idea from a man he met in a bar, and it concerned a gay spirit called Ek, a soul from Valhalla, who came down to earth and kept getting into the wrong bodies. Rogers did his best, but the thing was a box-office flop. The figures: It cost $59,000 to make, earned a hundred thousand in the theaters, which was tin-whistle money in those jovial days. Rogers seemed awkward as a movie actor and officials said his proper place was on the stage and not in front of a camera. Little did they wot of the talkies, which even then were stealing quietly up the hill.

Out of the bag, Director Cruze pulled a six-reeler known as "Hollywood." It was a first-rate story—and who should know better than I, as I wrote it?—the first movie story about the movies. It proved fair entertainment and seemed to establish a belief among producers that lingers to this day—that a movie about the movies may be a fine job and all that, but it will probably lose money for all hands. They feel the public doesn't care to be peeking behind the scenes.

In "Hollywood" was a lengthy and wildly insane dream sequence that caused comment. Then came the New York play, "Beggar on Horseback," by Connelly and Kaufman, and that also contained a dream sequence faintly reminiscent of the mad scenes in "Hollywood." The studio thought so well of the play that they bought it, turned it over to Cruze and he had another good one.

All the while he was drawing about eight hundred a week, or fair to medium pay, but was heading for the big dough, unaware. Emerson Hough, who always feared winding up in the poorhouse, and with no good reason whatever, sat down in his home, wrote a saga of pioneer days and called it "The Covered Wagon." It was a stout novel and full of meat. Studio bosses immediately purchased the movie rights—price eight thousand to Mr. Hough, who expected nothing of the kind, and in talking it over Mr. Lasky said to Mr. Zukor: "Possibly Cruze could do this."

Makings of a Masterpiece

Mr. Zukor agreeing, the studio hands knocked out an ordinary two-weeks scenario and prepared to manufacture another unpretentious program picture, expending thereon some reasonable sum, say a hundred thousand dollars. "Get a lot of rough, tough-looking hombres," they instructed Cruze, "and see what you can do with this."

When the cast was assembled, it contained players like Ernest Torrence, Alan Hale, Tully Marshall, Lois Wilson, Charles Ogle and J. Warren Kerrigan and presently they entrained for Utah, Jens' home grounds. There was found a wild and woolly location, miles and miles from railway or town, a river for the wagons to flounder through, tents for the male actors to gamble in nights and not go crazy, policemen to run the camp and stop fights and doctors for those who came down. If you got sick, you could get a drink and if you didn't get sick you could also get a drink. It was prohibition. The flu came along and knocked them over in shoals. Snow fell on the tents. Some of the horses got the flu—or at least they died and looked fluey.

The bad weather was very bad indeed and the imitation pioneers suffered privations almost as dire as the old boys who crawled across the land in covered wagons on the way to gold. When the stuff began showing in the studio, the executives said: "This looks like something."

Zukor and Lasky then removed the lid, cast aside notions of a program picture and The Covered Wagon started for the big league. Cruze began spending money freely and covered wagons rolled through the projection room for weeks. When the picture was ready for release, the head men figured they might have a gold mine, and so they had. In the next two years, it earned $3,000,000 and Cruze was automatically a genius.

They called him into the front office with the mahogany furniture, signed him to a five-year contract, beginning with $3,500 a week and climbing to $7,134.50 or some such uneven figure. Cruze himself cancelled the extra hundred and demanded a flat seven thousand, for then he could truly speak of himself as an employee making a thousand a day, even money. Players in The Covered Wagon could get jobs from then on at any figure they asked. Without waiting for real estate to improve, Cruze hurried down to the Coachella Valley and bought five thousand acres of land for his old age. He still has it.

Epics to Burn

He labored for Famous of Paramount for twelve long years and in the early stages he was expected to smack out eleven pictures a year, which he continued to do until they decided he was an epic-maker. The Covered Wagon was an epic, so they assumed everything would be an epic. He was permitted to take six months—eight months, a year—always aiming at another epic. . . . The next job was Old Ironsides, which, as stated, went clear over the catcher's head into the stands.

The first time he ever lifted a megaphone was in 1918, the picture "Too Many Millions," so he has been directing eighteen years. He produced a gangster drama with Tommy Meighan away back yonder, long before folks heard of James Cagney and George Raft. When the first machine gun broke into the movies, it was in a Cruze flicker.

Finding himself with a contract calling for a million dollars, Mr. Cruze became a country gentleman, stepped over to the Flintridge section, a quietly aristocratic community, purchased some acres of land and built a Spanish house that contained everything *au fait*, except possibly the King of Spain.

The grounds were only thinly covered with trees, shrubs and flowers, so he invested $90,000 in beautiful weeds. On Sundays, he held open house and the ambulant celebs of Hollywood flocked to his domicile and ruined the rugs. You could find anybody at a Cruze Sunday afternoon—famous producers, noted actors and actresses, New York notables, novelists, playwrights, inventors, nuts, college professors, blackmailers and plain thugs.

Open house in those arid times meant limes, gin and seltzer, along with a modicum of food, the food being of minor importance, and out in the spacious patio were tables and tables, all groaning under their batteries of gin. Friends, strangers and countrymen—anybody could stroll into the patio and drink himself cockeyed, meanwhile disclosing certain interesting facts about himself to all who would listen. It was a great place for a hungry extra to tackle a producer for a job.

With prosperity on the upglide, he

tty Compson, who had leaped The Miracle Man, and having Betty, he looked askance at his Spanish abode, with its priceless tings, tapestries, Sarouk rugs and ide fireplaces. He decided it was too mall for a man who really liked Spanish homes, and set about building one that would knock out everybody's eye.

He purchased more land, acres to the orth, acres to the west, acres to the south, and soon he was lord of a vast estate. Workmen came with machinery and bodily lifted the Spanish house, sliding it two hundred yards away, leaving behind only the foundations, site of the new and marvelous Spanish home-to-be. That was just before the depression moved into high gear. It was shortly before the five-year contract expired. It was about the time the silent drama gave way before the garrulous onslaught of the talkers and the world changed almost overnight.

There's Nothing in This

When the first talking pictures commenced to drag the customers in, Cruze sat back tolerantly and said: "This is a passing fad. It will last about six months. Lucky for me, as I will never be able to direct a movie where the characters talk."

So all of Jens Bosen's affairs seemed to blow up at once. Paramount began to act distinctly frigid, relationships were strained and one day the director suddenly resigned, telling them he could stand this no longer. Betty Compson divorced him, explaining that the Sunday afternoons were wrecking her nervous system. Instead of driving to a studio and directing, Mr. Cruze sat in his home, often alone, scribbled on bits of paper, his attitude being that of a gent who is ll washed up, finished, done, ready for the undertaker and his six candles. He sat a long time and finally, just to be doing something, he went into a hospital and had them remove a yard or two of unessential machinery, probably hoping the operation would kill him, which it did not.

Two hundred yards away lay the foundation and site of the house that was to arise and confound, the finest Spanish house in either America. It is still there—the gaunt and yawning foundation and some cracked plaster. A little beyond is the swimming pool, once a lively hullabaloo of beauteous damsels and suntanned athletes from the studios—no water in it for six years.

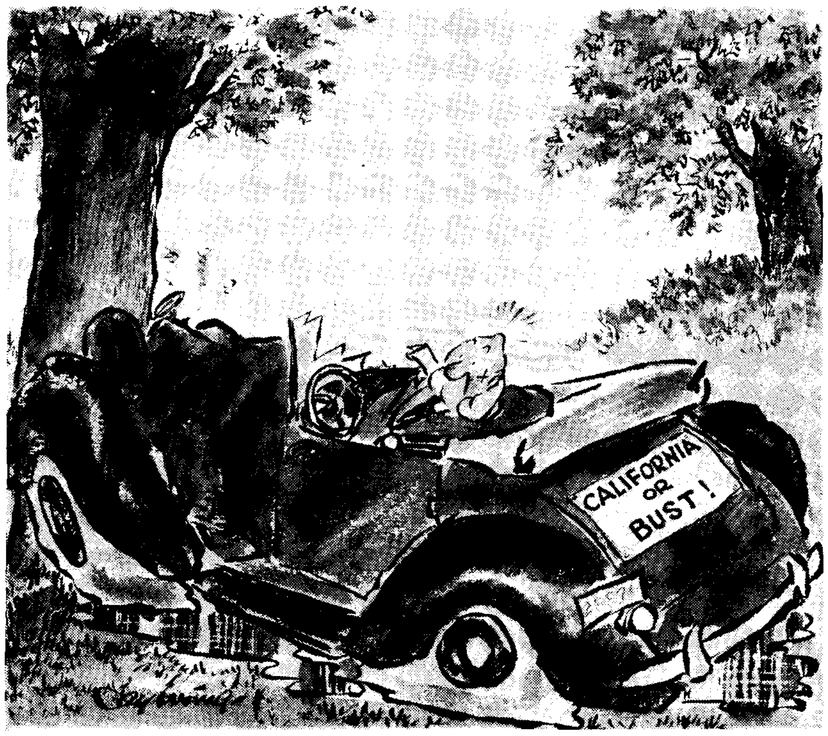
The Sunday afternoon soirees came to a decided close, for there is no sense in buying three hundred dollars' worth of gin for comparative strangers when you are off the pay roll. After a year sped by, he decided the talkies were not a passing fad, came out of his hole and started all over again.

"About two per cent," he says, "of all stage plays are successful and the others fail, and likewise about two per cent of talkies are truly successful. In the days of silent pictures, when a character opened his mouth to speak, everyone in the audience fitted the unheard speech to the manner of his own life. If the pretty heroine spoke, the college lad heard her say what he wanted to hear her say. The coal miner heard her in his language. The aging banker heard something else, and all from the same character. Now look. She speaks and everyone in the theater hears the same thing. That is one reason why talking pictures have not the same high rate of success as the silent ones."

However, Mr. Bosen of Ogden slowly pushed his way back into the business and began stepping up the speed as he learned the tricks. He made Washington Merry-Go-Round for Columbia and then went over to Fox and turned out David Harum with Will Rogers—the same Rogers that didn't click in the silents. Cruze wrote most of the dialogue and Will blessed it with his okay. It made more money than any Rogers picture up to that time.

Jens is now in the mellow years, slightly bald, built like Kid McCoy and he wears white flannels and a cap. In sixteen years, I have never seen him in other than white flannels. He never attended previews of his pictures, as he would have to dress. Years ago, he set forth for Europe on the French Line, and suffered intensely during the sojourn. He probably shocked the line by going to dinner in a white sweater and flannels. He drinks gin, and so do you at his house, or you are temporarily a total abstainer. He puts on no airs, never did put on airs, and never put on airs about not putting on airs.

When this is written, he is plunging into Sutter's Gold at the Universal Studios and that means location trips to northern California and the rough life of the Covered Wagon. Who knows but the lightning will strike again?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JAY IRVING

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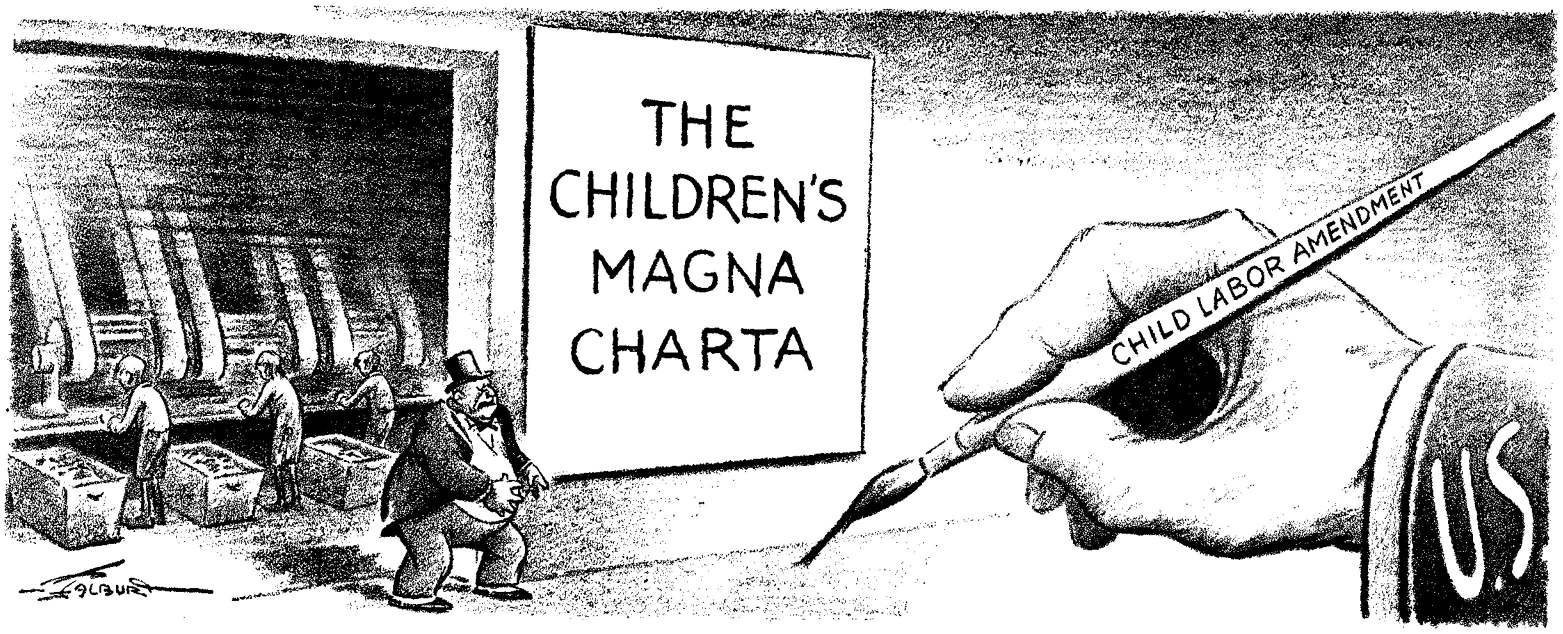

Profitable, Reasonable and Right

WHEN during its brief life the NRA put a temporary end to child labor, everybody said, "Good, this is a real gain." For nobody interested in the welfare of his country advocates the employment of young children in factories and shops.

Everybody knows that childhood is the time for education and training. American civilization is based on the idea that the young will be so schooled that when they row up they will be fit to assume the burden self-support and the responsibility of self-ernment in a free republic. This is the ence of the American system which is que in the world.

The NRA faded out because the Supreme urt decided that the law which created it beyond the powers granted Congress the Constitution. With the disappear-of the NRA child labor returned. In many places sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls and youths were discharged by employers who then hired fourteen- and fifteen-year-old children because they were cheaper.

Nobody, not even the employers, thinks that this is a sound development. The better employers say that they were driven by competition to a policy they could not approve. In these affairs too often the least scrupulous competitor calls the tune. The worst conditions tend to become standard.

Few who had observed earlier efforts to regulate child labor were surprised by the Supreme Court's NRA decision. Twice previously Congress had passed laws intended to abolish child labor and twice the Supreme Court had said that such laws were not authorized by the Constitution. Everybody interested knew that.

So a child labor amendment had been drafted. It was a non-partisan amendment approved by leading Republicans and Democrats. It would doubtless have been ratified years ago but for the opposition to any increase in federal authority engendered by our disastrous experience with the national prohibition amendment.

Calvin Coolidge, who was famed for his conservative common sense, summed up the moderate attitude in his speech accepting the presidential nomination on August 14, 1924, when he said:

"Our different states have different standards, or no standards at all, for child labor. The Congress should have authority to provide a uniform law applicable to the whole nation which will protect childhood. Our country cannot afford to let anyone live off the earnings of its youth of tender years. Their places are not in the factory, but in the school, that the men and women of tomorrow may reach a higher state of existence and the nation a higher standard of citizenship."

This was reasonable twelve years ago and it is good sense today. President Roosevelt in his turn urged the ratification of the same amendment a year and a half ago, while the NRA still existed, when he said: "One of the accomplishments under the National Recovery Act which has given me the greatest gratification is the outlawing of child labor. . . . It is my desire that the advances attained through the NRA be made permanent. In the child labor field the obvious method of maintaining the present gains is through ratification of the child labor amendment. I hope this may be achieved."

Already twenty-four states have ratified the amendment. Favorable action by twelve more is required, before Congress is empowered to deal with child labor. The legislatures of only eight states have been in regular session this year, but others may be called in extraordinary session to consider measures in compliance with the national Social Security acts. It should, accordingly, be practicable to obtain ratification.

The amendment is merely an enabling act which reads as follows:

"Section 1. The Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

"Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

Ratification of the child labor amendment would merely make it possible for Congress to pass laws within the limit of the authority granted by the amendment. The specif[illegible] statutes actually passed would of course be determined by Congress.

The fact is that child labor is, as Calvin Coolidge observed, a national and not a state or a local issue. The industries which employ children are engaged for the most part in interstate commerce. So long as manufacturers in one state are free to employ children, their competitors in other states which have high standards are at a disadvantage.

Take the textile industry, for example. Between 1920 and 1930 the number of children fifteen years old and younger employed in the textile industry decreased 59 per cent in the United States. Within that same decade, in contrast to this national tendency, two important textile states, South Carolina and Georgia, reported an actual increase of 20 per cent in the number of children employed. Cheap child labor is used as a competitive weapon regardless of the consequences.

The amendment should be ratified with all possible dispatch. At a time when men and women are involuntarily unemployed least of all can there be justification for taking children out of school and putting them to work in industry and commerce.

The ratification of the child labor amendment would not give rise to foolish legisl[illegible]tion. The amendment has nothing to do with education or anything other than child labor.

The issue is very simple and very plain. We don't have to live on the wages of children. We know that premature labor menaces the normal development of the children employed. Public decency requires the elimination of this ancient abuse. Ratify the child labor amendment and it will be possible swiftly to end it.